"I WAS FLABBERGASTED WHEN I GOT THE FACTS...

now I know all auto insurance is not alike!"

How State Farm's Membership Plan Gives You

MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY...

FACTS many car drivers do not know...

State Farm Mutual is the largest exclusive writer of automobile insurance in the world. More than a million car owners have been insured the State Farm way.

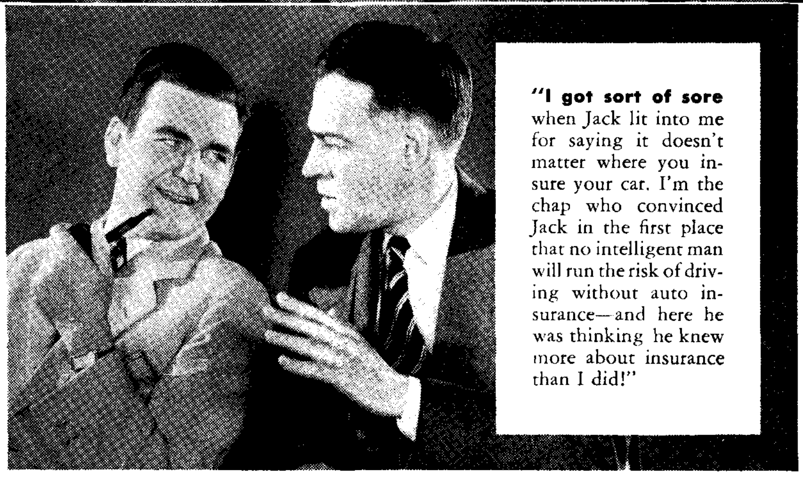
Last year State Farm settled agreeably over 200,000 claims—a claim was paid every 2.6 minutes!

State Farm does business today in 40 states, in the District of Columbia, and the province of Ontario, Canada.

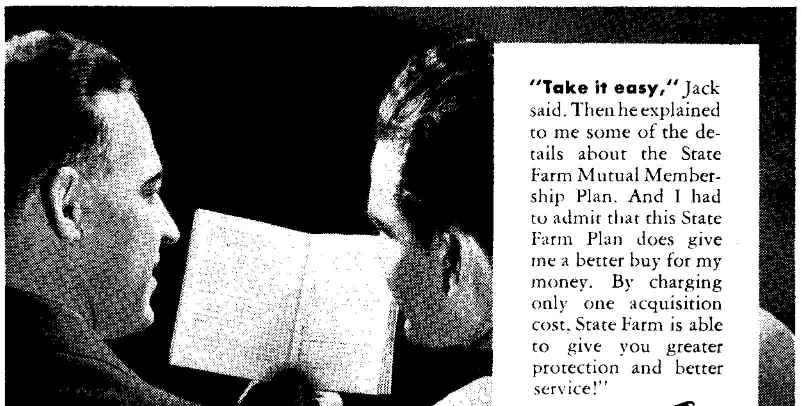
More than 7,000 State Farm representatives are ready to serve you in case of an accident. These men are located all over the country so they can come to your assistance whether you are thousands of miles from home or in your own driveway.

State Farm is a mutual company operated solely for the benefit of policyholders. *State Farm Mutual policies are absolutely nonassessable.*

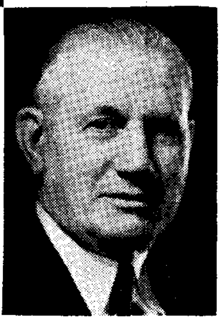
This is the home office building of State Farm Mutual in Bloomington, Illinois. This enormous 12-story building is owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.



"I got sort of sore when Jack lit into me for saying it doesn't matter where you insure your car. I'm the chap who convinced Jack in the first place that no intelligent man will run the risk of driving without auto insurance—and here he was thinking he knew more about insurance than I did!"



"Take it easy," Jack said. Then he explained to me some of the details about the State Farm Mutual Membership Plan. And I had to admit that this State Farm Plan does give me a better buy for my money. By charging only one acquisition cost, State Farm is able to give you greater protection and better service!"



by G. J. MECHERLE
Founder and Chairman of the Board, State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

"We set out to make automobile insurance so inexpensive, no responsible car owner would drive without it. That was why a group of us founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922.

"We threw overboard the out-moded practices that tend to raise the cost of auto insurance.

"One of these was the practice of writing a new policy every year. State Farm policies are *renewed* from year to year, so long as the risk remains the same.

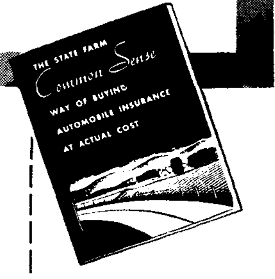
"We also pay our salesmen only one commission.

"In this way, State Farm policyholders pay the acquisition cost of a policy only once—not once a year, but once a lifetime.

"This Membership Plan effects very substantial savings in the cost of auto insurance—and makes it possible for State Farm to offer broader protection and better service.

"Altogether, over a period of time we have been able to save our policyholders more than $40,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance.

"Since there isn't space on this page to go into detail about this Membership Plan, I hope you'll fill out and mail the coupon below. Then we can send you a little booklet which tells you exactly how State Farm operates to give you more auto insurance for your money."



MAIL TODAY—for Free Booklet

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies C-71
Bloomington, Illinois

Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me without obligation, your booklet, "The State Farm Common Sense Way of Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost."

Name..............................

Address..............................

City................ *State*............

STATE FARM
Insurance *Companies*
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

July 12, 1941

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THIS WEEK

JULY 12, 1941

SHORT STORIES

DAMON RUNYON
Cleo. Two loves had Fat-Fat. Page 11

R. G. KIRK
Lost in a Fog. But saved for romance. Page 13

THOMAS McMORROW
The Fortunate Cop. Blauer always gets his man. Page 70

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Hang of It, by J. D. Salinger. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN AUGUST
Advance Agent. The second of nine parts. Page 24

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Dina Cashman. The fourth of thirteen parts. Page 26

ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Guns Are Coming. And plenty of them—given time. Page 14

JIM MARSHALL
For Freedom's Skies. Your defense in the air. Page 16

KYLE CRICHTON
Amazing Maisie. Ann Sothern, whose life's confused by her role. Page 23

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Plymouth Fights Back. They'll never give up. Page 25

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 32

BILL DAVIDSON
California Comet. Hal Davis, the fastest man in the world. Page 56

●

WING TALK. Page 6

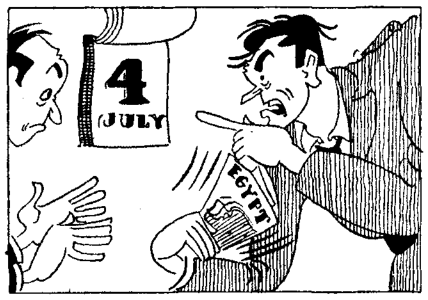
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIAL
Air Power Comes of Age. Page 86

COVER—Photograph by LARRY KRONQUIST

ANY WEEK

THE place not to write a column these days is Washington—and we're about to prove it. The streets are thronged with hot, tired tourists whose feet hurt. Government offices are besieged by ladies and gentlemen with missions, plans, schemes and things to sell. They'd all chuck what they're doing and take a government job if given anything resembling a chance. Everybody knows precisely what's going to happen tomorrow—got it straight from a man close to the President. And if he didn't get it from unimpeachable authority, he knows anyway. We spent an hour in the War Department. One officer told us that he'd bet us five to one that we'd not go to war against Germany. Another said we'd be in by July Fourth—that that patriotic day had been set, in fact, for our entry. Symbolism or something. The day, said he, marks our freedom from England and will be doubly celebrated hereafter as the day when we saved England from serfdom. He spoke so fervently that he had to loosen his collar and fan himself with a map of Egypt. Still another soldier told us that he was too busy to think about the war, being on a particularly difficult assignment. His job was to hunt through the departmental files for speeches made by important generals. "We're destroying them as fast as we find them," he explained. "They're doing the same thing over in the Navy Department and up in the State, Interior and Treasury departments. We're not taking any chances of having guys like you dig up predictions, prophesies and opinions uttered by the brass hats a year ago."



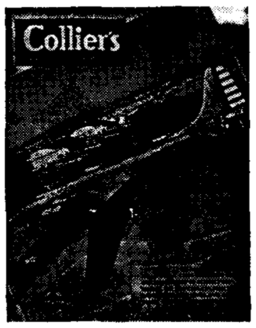
BUT we were full of understanding. We too make mistakes. Some time ago we printed in this page an item about Britain's giving a contract for cavalry equipment to the lowest bidder—which happened to be a Japanese firm. Mr. Howard Swiggett of the British Purchasing Commission in Washington, wrote to us denying that any such contract had been let. He was right—it wasn't. We got the story from a wholly reliable correspondent who has an enviable record for accuracy. The trouble is that he got it from the head of a leather manufacturer whom he knew well. The manufacturer was wrong. So was our correspondent. So were we.

IN THE universal furor, perhaps you've forgotten that Hawaii is a part of the United States. But Hawaiians haven't. They're seeking admission to statehood with a vigor that deserves more success than they have much chance of realizing. Anyway, they'll be glad to know that at least one of our admirals thinks kindly of them—as a foreign country. He was one of the seven admirals on a censorship board which sat on an article recently published in this magazine about Pearl Harbor and the Pacific fleet. And we mean *sat.* When the piece reached him there wasn't much he could delete and leave anything for the next admiral. So he worked on phraseology. He struck out the words "bat-nose beauties" which was supposed to be descriptive of some of the café girls in Honolulu. We asked why. "I'm doing this," said he, "in the interest of our national Good Neighbor policy. Please remember, sir, that this country wishes to cultivate the good will of all our sister republics."

SOMEHOW we got around to discussing things (meaning the war) with a group of congressmen. It was very comforting to talk at last to somebody who knows no more about the present and the future than we do. One of them, speculating somewhat vaguely on the economic consequences of Hitler, worked around to reminiscing. In 1928, he said, he had forty thousand dollars. In 1929 it vanished. He was rather perturbed. One of the oldest members of the House comforted him. "Why, my boy," said the old man gently, "you're young. You can start in all over again. Look at me. I'm an old, old man. I don't know what I would have done after that stock-market crash if I hadn't had a million dollars in cash and a couple of million dollars invested in United States government bonds."

FOR some reason your letters have been unusually uninspired this week. Our instinct is to picket you as unfair. But after a few false starts we gave it up as impractical. We're falling back therefore on a few minor incidents. A friend of ours told us about a lad he knows who was defeated in his almost furious efforts to be deferred by his draft board. Presently, however, the government, taking an unusually firm stand, won. "All right," said the young fellow, "I'll go, I'll go. I'll do my best. I will even submit to bayonet instruction but I'm warning you now that I'm not going to grunt when I stick my bayonet into those dummies." They told him that grunting was required, that grunting signified a will to kill. "No, sir," the lad persisted, "I won't grunt. All I hope is that the whole war will stop soon—the sooner the better." They told him that everybody hoped that the war would end soon—with victory for democracy. "Nuts," said the lad. "I hope it's over soon because of what my father told me about the last war. He said that there was a general moral letdown after the first World War."

INCIDENTALLY, we had a nice little conversation with Mr. Cat Robinson of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Robinson is a welterweight boxer who fought in one of the extremely minor bouts after Joe Louis all but murdered Buddy Baer. Mr. Robinson was to enter the ring as soon as it could be cleared of the remains of Mr. Baer. This took time and Mr. Robinson, swathed in a venerable bathrobe, huddled in a chair beside us, awaiting his chance to get inside the ropes. "Looks like they aren't going to let you fight tonight, Mr. Robinson," we said. "Sho does," said he meekly. "Mebby it's all fo' the best. Seems to me, somepins always happenin' jest befo' I fights." Mr. Robinson was so meek that we were sorry for him. "Maybe nobody'd notice," we said, "if you'd go back to the dressing room, put on your street clothes and go home." Mr. Robinson shook his head dolorously. "Mebby you're right, suh," said he. "But I promised this Mr. Villa I'd be on hand." He had more to say but Mr. Baer had been towed out and he popped in. In a few seconds Mr. Robinson underwent a furious change. The bell rang and he became a dire calamity, charging across the ring with assassination in his heart. Fortunately, his opponent, Manuel Villa of Mexico, was just as bent upon slaughter. The carnage was bloody but even. Mr. Villa was kissed by Mr. Robinson at the conclusion of the holocaust and as the latter passed us on his way back to his dressing room he said: "Mighty glad I didn't disappoint Mr. Villa. He one of the nicest gentlemen I ever done meet."
W. D.



WE COULDN'T get it all on the cover without tipping its tail up. It is the Army's spectacular B-19 bomber, the largest warplane ever built. Its wings spread 212 feet, weight fully loaded is 82 tons and bomb capacity 18 tons. Each wheel assembly alone weighs 2,700 pounds and the wheels are 8 feet high. Powered by four 2,000-h.p. Wright-Duplex Cyclone engines, it has a nonstop range of 7,750 miles. It could make two round trips from Dakar to Brazil without refueling.

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The Bell System is putting in about 400 million dollars' worth of new equipment this year.... The busier this country gets with production and defense, the more everybody telephones. Our #1 job is to do our best to keep pace with the needs of the Nation in this emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

- *"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY. (N. B. C. RED NETWORK, 8 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME.)*

OWNER OF LOW PRICED TRUCK 'A',
"I checked up on Dodge. It's Dodge for me this time!"

OWNER OF LOW PRICED TRUCK 'B',
"I compared costs . . . It's a Job-Rated Dodge for me!"

3 TRUCK BUYERS GO TO MARKET
. . and "Job-Rated" wins again!

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Look at Low Priced DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

AND LOOK AT THESE DODGE LOW PRICES

Chassis . . $500 AND UP (WITH COWL)
Chassis . . $595 AND UP (WITH CAB)
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Above prices are delivered at Detroit, Federal taxes included. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra. All prices shown are for ½-ton except stake model which is for ¾-ton. 112 standard chassis and body models available.

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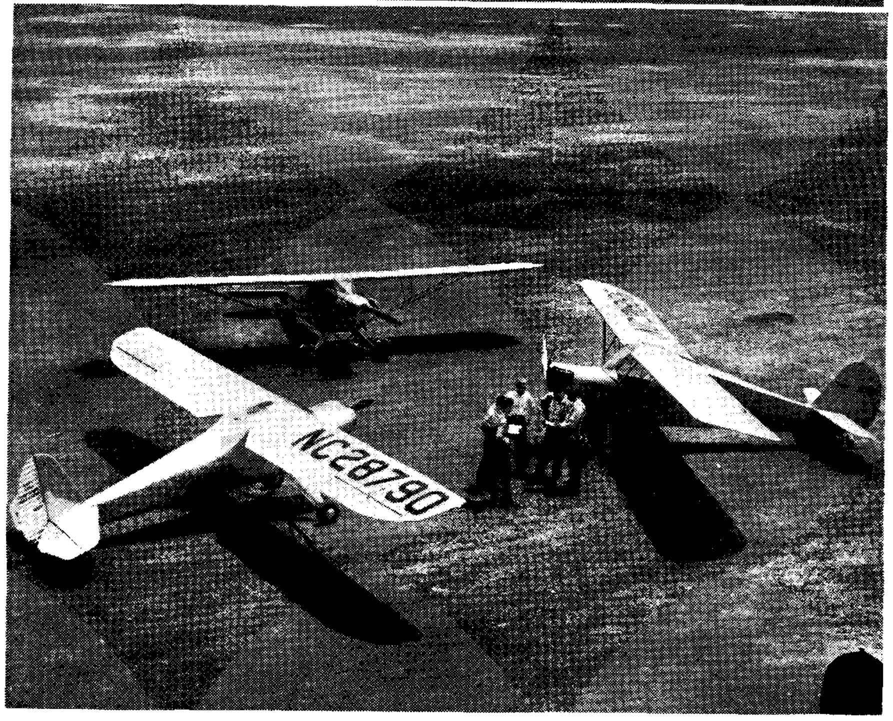
*Job-Rated MEANS: A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB!

WING TALK



RUDY ARNOLD

Three types of trainers for whose construction the OPM has released precious aluminum. Left to right, a Luscombe, a Piper and an Aeronca

With a Civilian Pilot Training plan under way all over the country, there's a scheme afoot in Washington to start training boys in elementary schools in the fundamentals of aeronautics. The idea is to feed these young fellows into the CPT schools along in 1943 and 1944, relieving these schools of a lot of preliminary instruction work.

The new plan tentatively has three phases:

First, the Bureau of Education would supply textbooks and model planes—both rubber- and engine-powered—to elementary schools; prescribe courses in model flying; organize prize contests in model flying every two weeks.

Second, the Bureau would buy hundreds of gliders, disassembled, and give one to each high school, along with textbooks and a planned course in glider flying.

Third, a Youth Aviation Patrol would be organized under the National Youth Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and including CPT students not accepted by Army or Navy; this patrol would be given light Cub-type planes for use in observation and radio training.

Under this plan, units would be organized along both coasts and both borders. From six to eight boys would be assigned to a ship and work in shifts over their areas. Some would be trained as observers and aerial cameramen, others as pilots and radiomen. Amateur "hams" on the ground would act as relay stations and send reports to officers in charge.

Backers of the plan say it would build up "air consciousness" among schoolboys—and create "salesmen" for all our preparedness in the sky.

The plan is a copy, more or less, of the German movement of a few years back, by which Nazi youth were taught that flying is a dominant force in both war and peace.

Meanwhile, the original Civilian Pilot Training Program is busily at work producing private pilots at the rate of about thirty-five hundred a month. This plan originally was the invention of Robert H. Hinckley, of Utah, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. He got presidential approval of a scheme to train ten thousand college students as pilots, at government expense. Congress was enthusiastic and Hinckley got the money, and the plan got under way to mingled cheers and jeers. That was in midsummer, 1939.

Actual training started in September of that year. Between then and now about fifty-five thousand students have taken the course and put in the required thirty-five hours aloft. In addition, fourteen thousand pilots whose licenses had lapsed got "refresher" courses and are now available as primary instructors.

Hinckley's original plan was to stimulate private flying and plane ownership. No one, back in 1939, thought much about the need for building up a big air force. It wasn't until recently that this need became apparent enough to turn the CPT schools into pools of potential pilots for Army and Navy.

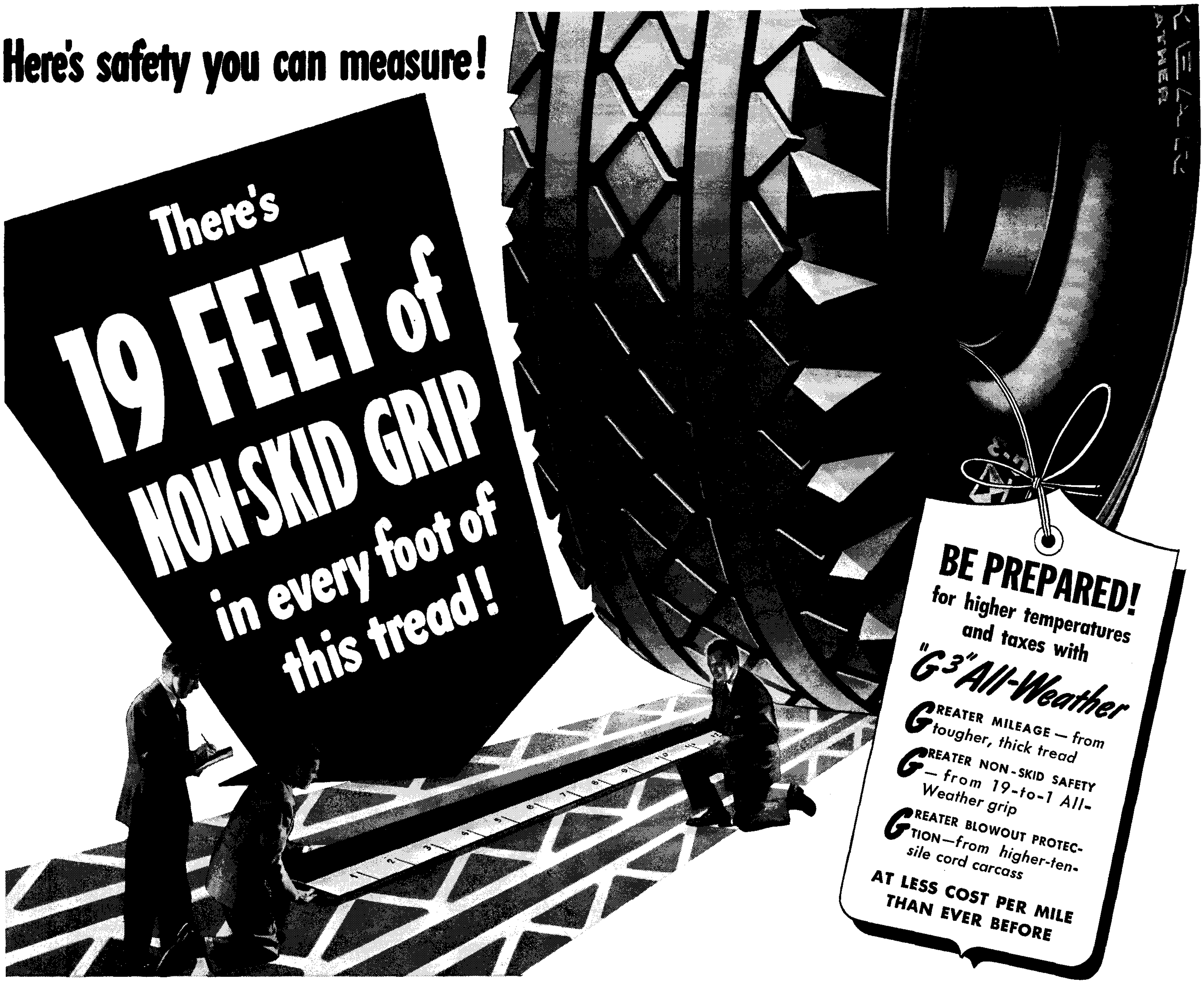
It must not be supposed that graduates of CPT schools can take command of a fighting plane or a bomber. But they know how to fly; how to look after themselves in the air; how to land. They have flying sense, and are mentally and physically fit for flying. They are much better Army and Navy material than lads who join the fighting forces without any air experience.

All of the fifty-five thousand graduates of the course will not end up as naval or military fliers; some of them will go into transport work and other civil-flying activities.

Training for civilian flying is decidedly different from training to be military and naval airmen. The boys in the service must not only learn to fly, but fly as Army and Navy airmen and they must be thoroughly indoctrinated in military and naval tactics, procedure, language and, above all, how to bomb, shoot, navigate and fly tight formations. Hence it follows that a good civilian pilot will not necessarily be equally good as a military or naval pilot. He may not like guns and bombs and military procedure, for up to now all service pilots must volunteer.

(Continued on page 83)

Here's safety you can measure!


There's
19 FEET of
NON-SKID GRIP
in every foot of
this tread!
BE PREPARED!
for higher temperatures and taxes with
"G-3" All-Weather
GREATER MILEAGE — from tougher, thick tread
GREATER NON-SKID SAFETY — from 19-to-1 All-Weather grip
GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—from higher-tensile cord carcass
AT LESS COST PER MILE THAN EVER BEFORE

In times like these . . your best buy is this longest-wearing "G-3" ALL-WEATHER . . at today's low price

THE news is filled with reasons why today you should buy tires that will last you a long, long time.

And there are good substantial reasons why this big and better first-line Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather is the world's biggest value for your money.

It gives you greater non-skid safety. You can see it in those massed rows of sharp-edged diamonds pointing in all directions — to halt tire-slip from any angle.

Want to check that? Just mark off a foot of tread. Then measure every one of those keen-cut gripping edges it contains. You'll find they total 19 feet in length — *19 feet of road-holding grip in every single foot of tread.*

Plus a big mileage step-up

But that's not all. This new "G-3" All-Weather is armored with the toughest tread rubber, fortified against bruising with the sturdiest cord carcass ever built into this famed long-distance tire.

In brutal high-speed tests it averages THOUSANDS of miles' longer tread wear than previous models. So big a mileage increase means many months' extra service to you.

You pay nothing extra for this plus mileage and safety — if you buy at present low prices. Today, first-line "G-3" All-Weather performance costs you less per mile than ever before.

P.S. New tubes save tires

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GOODYEAR

All-Weather—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

"And Lucy didn't like me—'til I banished double O"

"THE prettiest, nicest girl in town for a wife . . . could any man be happier? But I shudder to think how close I came to losing her just because of 'Double O'" (offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth). "Thank Heaven someone tipped me off and I got after the 'Double O' in a hurry."

Lots of otherwise fastidious men grow careless or forgetful about the "Double O". . . and thus risk their chances. What a mistake!

There's a delightful morning and night double precaution against the "Double O" which thousands of popular men insist on daily.

For the breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And to make teeth more brilliant and flashing . . . to add to the attractiveness of your smile, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discolorations that make teeth unattractive. For 8 years skilled scientists labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you . . . want to put your best foot forward, start using the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more wholesome smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath. Your common sense tells you it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath* *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Fox hunting in this country has grown so in recent years that there are now 131 clubs belonging to the Masters of Foxhounds of America, more than forty per cent of them being located in the three states of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. In 1940, these clubs, using packs of dogs totaling 2,880 couples, staged 5,500 hunts.

The late Dr. Annie Jump Cannon, during her forty-four years' work in the Harvard College Observatory, discovered a double star, three hundred variable stars and five of the ninety novae that have been observed in our galaxy in the past few hundred years. Furthermore, she classified, according to their spectra, almost 400,000 stellar bodies, or more than any other person in history.

Of every one hundred pounds of milk produced by American cows, three go to calves, three go into ice cream, five into condensed, evaporated and powdered milk, six into cheese, forty-one into butter and the remaining forty-two are consumed as fluid milk and cream.

In the past, on an average of every ninety days, America has had a fire that destroyed more than $1,000,000 worth of property. Among the larger ones were the $2,000,000 Coney Island conflagration of July 13, 1932, and the $46,000,000 Chicago Stockyards fire on May 19, 1934.

Although Eskimo dogs prefer to and usually do sleep outdoors in the coldest weather and even in the worst blizzards, it is not uncommon for them to freeze to the ground and be snowed under sufficiently to die of suffocation.

The romance of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini in 13th-century Italy has been the subject of more famous music, literature and paintings than any other true love story. Operas include one by Debussy, symphonic poems include one by Tchaikovsky, poems include those by Dante and Leigh Hunt; paintings include those by Doré, Watts, Rossetti and Cabanel; and plays include those by d'Annunzio, Pellico, Echegaray and Maeterlinck.

When the complete Japanization of Korea began in 1938, the Japanese military authorities frequently ordered large groups of school children to go to their city's railroad station when Nipponese soldiers were passing through and bow low to the troop trains to demonstrate their loyalty.

Ex-King Prajadhipok of Siam, who died recently in England, has gone down in history as the only monarch who drew unemployment insurance. Several years before he was deprived of his throne in 1935, he wisely insured himself against the loss of his job.—*By John B. Hitchins, Sharon, Massachusetts.*

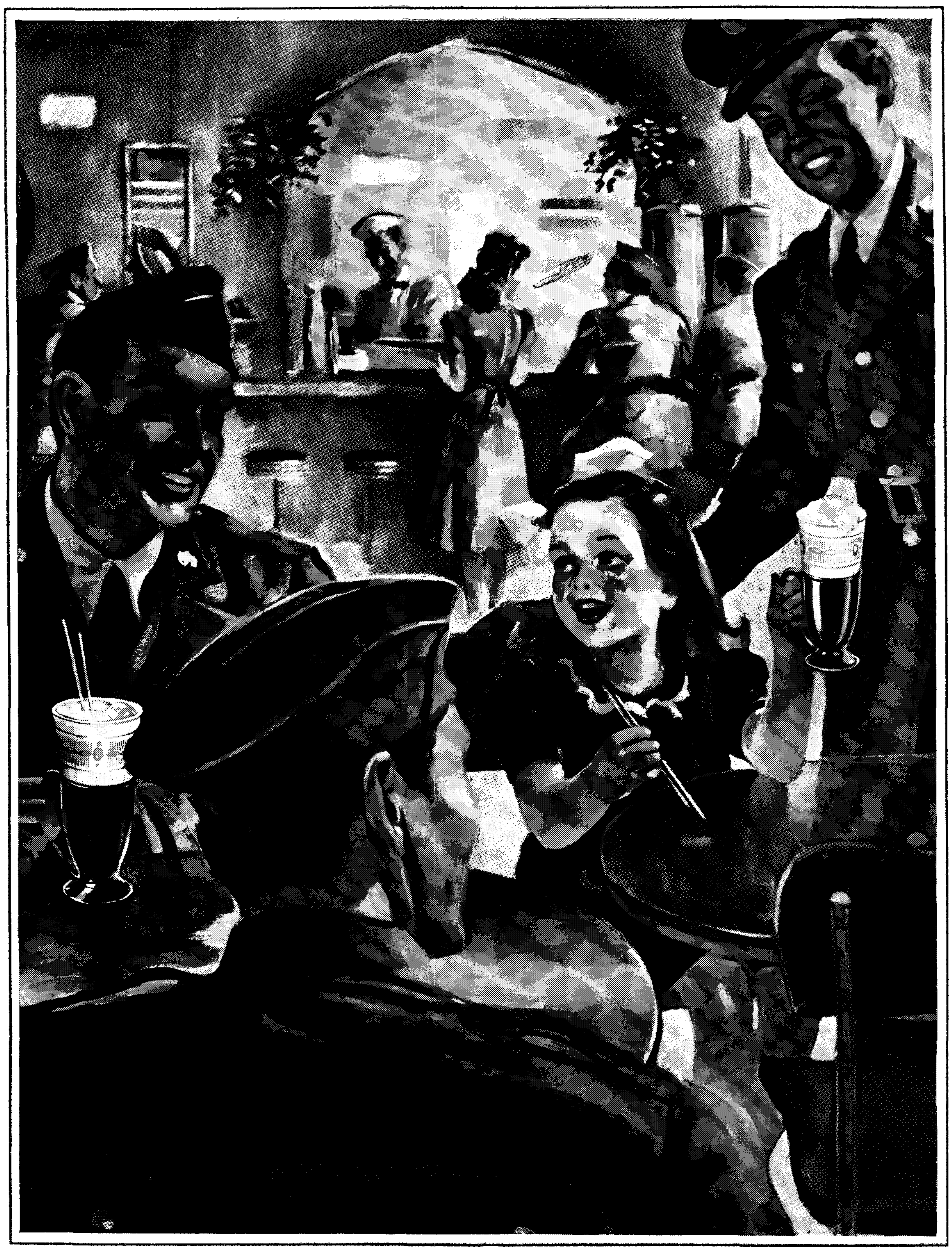
As sunburn is caused by the ultraviolet rays of the sun and not by its heat, some of the worst cases ever recorded have occurred on mountaintops at such low temperatures that the victims' faces froze while they were being "burned."

Man possesses no less than 180 vestigial organs that, although probably once of vital importance, are now of little or no use to him. Among them are the vermiform appendix, the ear-moving muscles, a certain fold in the eyes, the Darwinian tubercle of the ears and the tail at the base of the spine.

During the past thirty years, one American soft-drink company has filed more than 1,100 lawsuits to protect its trade-mark against infringement.—*By Ethel Kee, New York, New York.*

Fencing is the only sport in which the contestants wear jackets that button on either the right or left side, depending on the arm used; tennis is the only sport in which the player or set of players may win the larger number of games and lose the match; and trapshooting is the only sport in which the professionals compete for trophies and the amateurs compete for money.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



"Soldier man, why do they serve our sodas in Dixies?"

"TO keep us well, youngster! Uncle Sam's taking no chances on our catching something from somebody else's glass."

Mouth-to-mouth contagion from public drinking utensils can only be checked by sanitizing with intense heat or chemicals—and that takes time. Merely dousing in soap and hot water is not enough.

That is why fountains near Army camps are being urged to serve in paper cups to protect the health of our soldiers. For each Dixie Cup is used but once and thrown away.

What's good for the health of the Army is good for the general public, too. That soda fountains are swinging to individual service in Dixie Cups is significant of the general awakening to the importance of our national health.

THE DIXIE-VORTEX COMPANY
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DIXIE CUPS

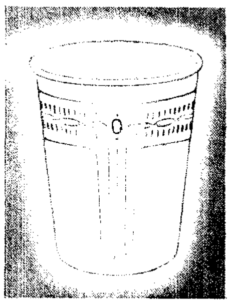
In offices and factories, Dixies protect the health of workers from mouth-to-mouth contagion when drinking water.

At soda fountains, restaurants and milk bars they assure you of protection against careless glass washing.

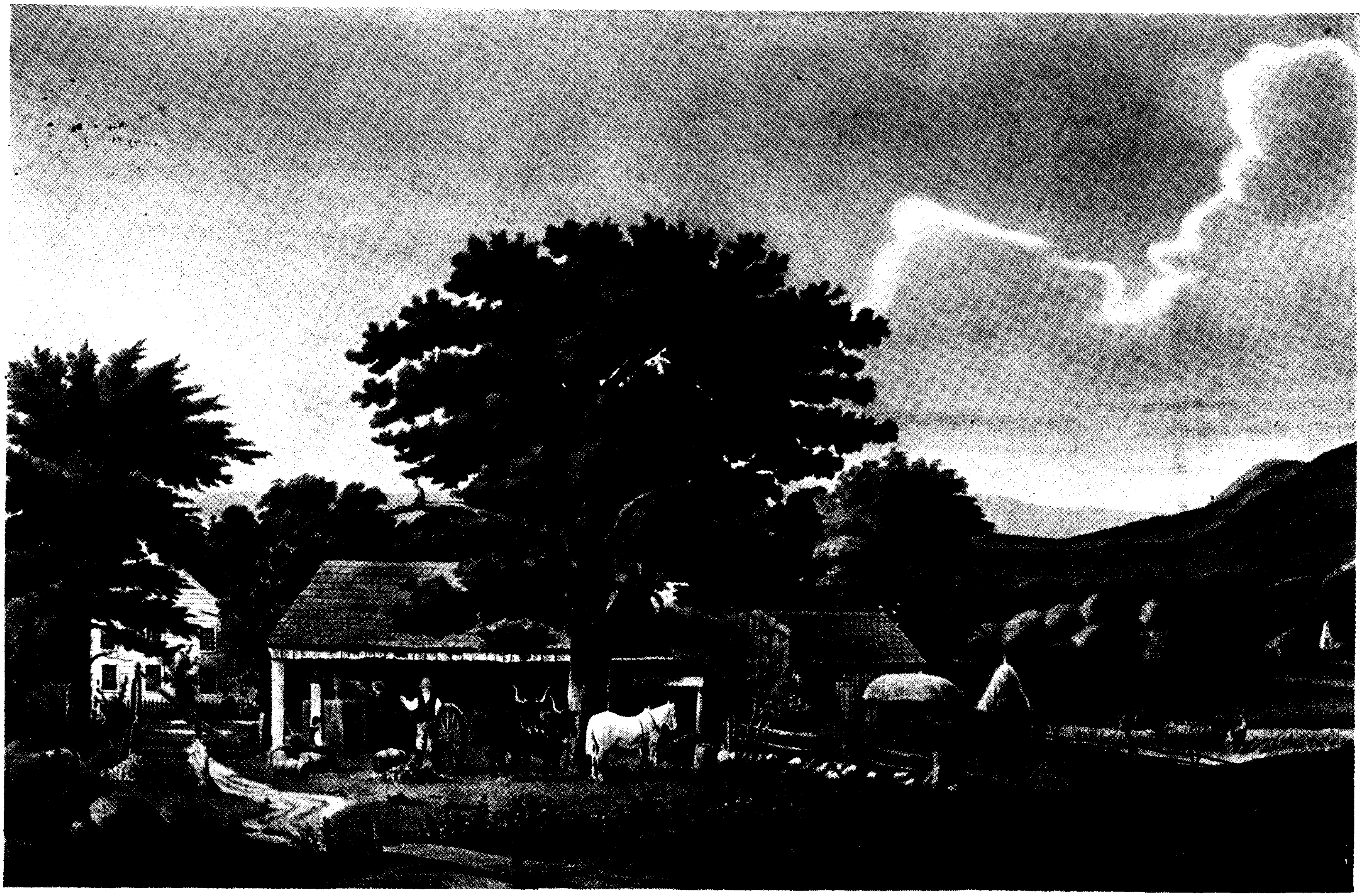
For parties, at home or outdoors, they are the convenient way of serving hot and cold drinks, salads, etc.

For meals in your office or on the job, leading restaurants and fountains use Dixies for all their "carry-out" orders.

Food manufacturers use them for packing ice cream, cottage cheese, butter, and many other food products.



DIXIE CUPS are safeguards of health at all times... everywhere. In the office, in the shop, in public places, at soda fountains, on trains and airplanes, the common drinking vessel is a thing of the past. The expanding uses of Dixie Cups are but an indication of the trend of the times.



AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND

LITHOGRAPHED 1866 BY CURRIER & IVES

Life with Grandfather

When this picture was painted some 70 years ago, life was a lot simpler than it is today.

If you had been living then, the chances are very good that you would have been a farmer and lived on a farm like this.

The farm would have consisted of, say, 80 acres of land. You would have had a family of three or four, maybe even seven or eight children; and as soon as they were big enough to carry a milk bucket, they would have started to help you in your work.

You would have had cows which provided your family with milk, hens that kept you well supplied with eggs, orchards whose fruits your wife canned, and your bread would have been made from the wheat that you planted and reaped yourself.

At the start of the winter you would have butchered a couple of pigs, smoked the hams and the bacon, and salted the rest away in barrels. You might have shared a young steer with the farmer who lived next to you or with one of your relatives who lived in town.

You'd have had very little hard cash and few emergencies you couldn't cope with without it.

For if you became sick or were laid up by an injury or even passed away, the family income didn't stop the way it usually does today. Your children and your wife took over the management of the farm. The hens kept on laying, the cows kept giving milk, the fruit ripened in the orchards, and the grain grew golden in the sun.

Today, most of us don't have the farm to fall back on. We have only our pay check.

And so we should often be out of luck if it weren't for one thing which man, to meet the needs of our modern scheme of life, has developed. This thing, this dependable friend which comes to our rescue in time of need, is insurance.

And just as life is pretty complicated today, so are your insurance needs complicated, too.

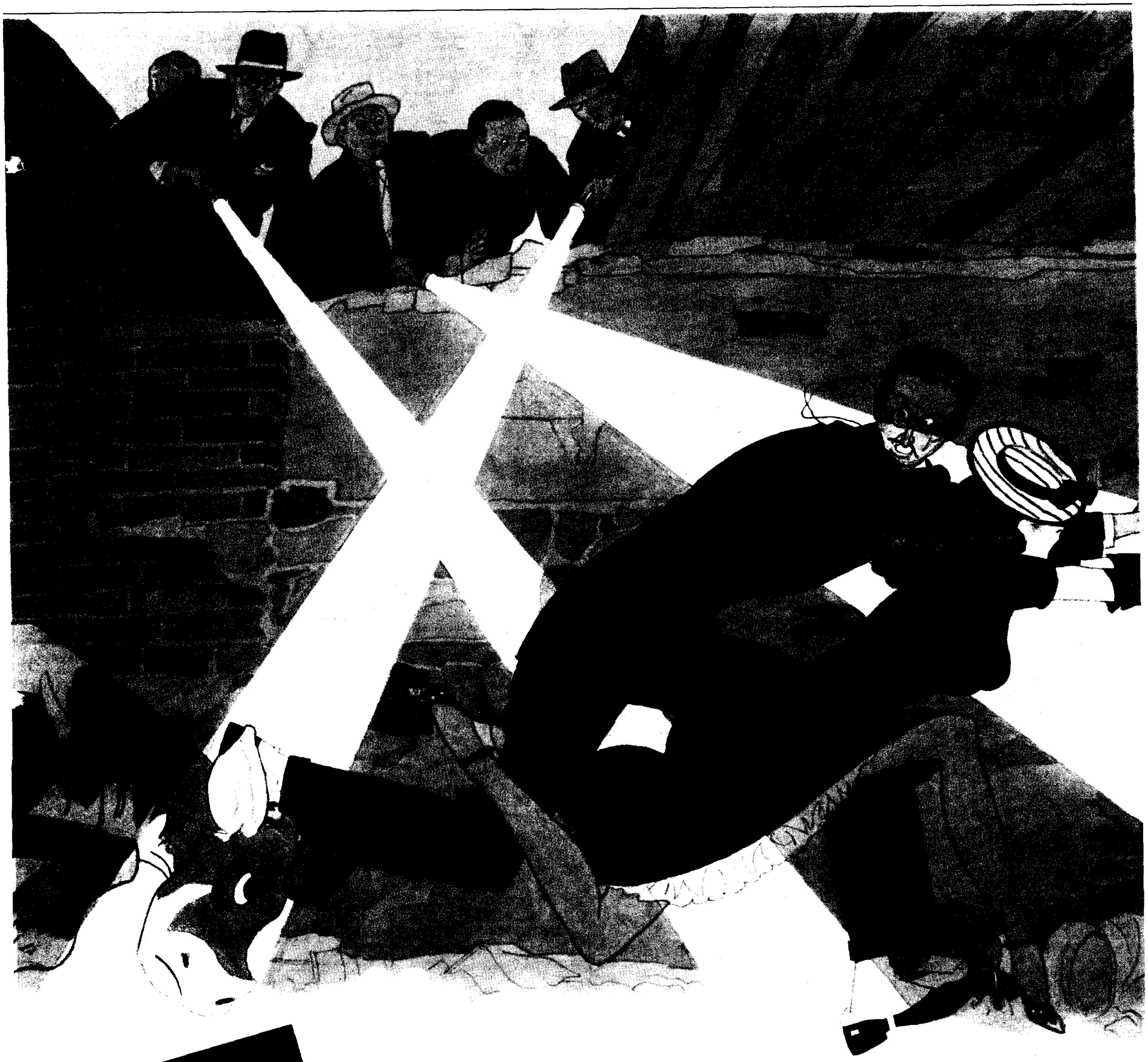
Since this is the case, it's best not to decide what kind of insurance you need all by yourself. To help you guide your decisions, you should call in a man who has made a serious study of insurance. The Travelers insurance man is this kind of person.

He is well-trained in business and is constantly furnished with new data that keeps him abreast of the times. This information enables him to analyze your insurance needs and to suggest the kind of protection that will fit you best. And, like a physician, a lawyer, or any other professional man, his judgement is matured by experience with thousands of cases, many very similar to yours.

Call in a Travelers agent or your own insurance broker, and have him advise you about your particular insurance problems.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for July 12, 1941



Cleo the Calf is chasing Cleo the Pretty and Henri back and forth in this space

CLEO

BY DAMON RUNYON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Presenting Fat-Fat, the ardent patriot and successful horse player—supported by Cleo the Calf and Cleo the Pretty—in a timely drama of frustration and fulfillment

ONE pleasant spring day at the Bowie race track, there comes to me a guy by the name of Fat-Fat, who is a horse player by trade and who is called by this name because he is not only fat but he is double fat. In fact, he is very fat indeed. He has a paper in his hand and he seems greatly pleased and he says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "The Beard wants me. Yes," he says, "Uncle Sam at last calls me to join the colors. I have here a summons to report to my draft board in New York City. I understand you are seeking means of transportation there and I will be pleased to have you accompany me in my car as my guest. Why," Fat-Fat says, "I can scarcely wait to get my uniform. It is long my ambition to serve my country and besides," he says, "when Cleo my fiancée sees me as a soldier maybe she will speak to me again after giving me the back of her neck for all these months."

So there I am speeding through Delaware with Fat-Fat in his big, open automobile for at this time he is quite strong in the funds department what with putting over several nice parlays at Bowie and my presence is without doubt a great comfort to him as Fat-Fat always likes to have someone to converse with. But it seems to me he can do just as well alone, as when Fat-Fat gets sunk down behind the wheel all his chins pile up around his neck and he is never able to turn his head one way or the other to see who he is conversing with or how they are taking it. In fact, he just talks straight ahead.

He never talks about anything whatsoever but this Cleo he is in love with, but as most of his words get lost among his chins I never hear half of what he says so I do not try to answer him and anyway Fat-Fat does not care whether you answer him or not as long as you do not try to change the subject from Cleo.

She is a brown-haired pretty who has a dancing background and at the time I am speaking of she is working for Buddy DeSylva in a show by the name of Panama Hattie and she is regarded as one of the prettiest of all the pretties in the show. To tell the truth, she is regarded by some as a gorgeous and it is generally conceded that she is by no means an intellectual, or anyway not offensively so.

I am not very well acquainted with her but Fat-Fat tells me that she is a hard-working and conscientious pretty and that after the show is over at night she hastens right to her home in the Bronx and I have no doubt this is very true, although I also hear from other sources that she generally routes herself to the Bronx by way of the Stork Club, Leon and Eddie's, La Martinique and similar detours.

Well, as we go buzzing along, suddenly we behold an interesting spectacle at the side of the road. A cow is lying on the ground quite still and a little calf is standing beside it on very wobbly pins going mah-ah-ah, like that, and a guy in overalls and a dirty shirt, who is without doubt a Jasper, is also standing there looking most depressed, and seeing all this, Fat-Fat stops the car and gets out and views the situation a while and the following conversation ensues:

"Hello," Fat-Fat says. "What comes off?"

"A truck kills my cow," the Jasper says. "I see it disappearing over the hill just as I come up."

"Why," Fat-Fat says, "this is quite pitiful. What about the midget here?" he says, pointing to the calf. "Why is it making such a row? Does it get hit too? I see many a cow in my time," Fat-Fat says, "but never before do I see a midget one."

"Look, Fat-Fat," I say, "this is not a midget. This is a baby cow that is called a calf and a fine specimen it is, too, and it is bawling because its mamma is lying here cold in death. It is now an orphan."

"Well," Fat-Fat says, "I never see such a sawed-off cow before so naturally I think it is a midget cow. I never realize there are baby cows. I always figure they come full-size. Look at its big, soft brown eyes. Who do they remind you of?"

I LOOK at the calf's eyes but they do not remind me of anybody's except a calf's and I so state to Fat-Fat who is now squatted down petting the calf and gazing into its eyes while the calf is still going mah-ah-ah.

"They are Cleo's eyes," Fat-Fat says. "I never see such a resemblance. Mister," he says to the Jasper, "is this a boy baby cow or a girl baby cow?"

"Why," the Jasper says, "it is a cow calf so it must be a girl. If it is a boy it will be a bull calf and not a cow calf at all. Now," he says, "I must lug this calf nearly two miles to my home back here in the woods. I do not see how they wander so far away in the first place."

"Why not shoo it along ahead of you?" I say. "Or maybe we can find a piece of string and you can pull it."

"No," the Jasper says, "I will have to carry it. It is too young and it is already plumb tuckered out from walking. This is a terrible blow to me as the cow is my sole possession in the way of livestock and she supplies milk for my children. She is a Jersey and a wonderful milker. Now," he says, "I have no means of getting milk for my children or for this calf either."

"Mister," Fat-Fat says, "will you sell this baby cow to me? I will give you a hundred dollars for it. It will make a wonderful present for Cleo my fiancée and something to remember me by when I am in the Army serving my country, and," he says, "more than anything else she is sure to consider it a most touching gesture when she learns I buy a baby cow just because its eyes remind me of her. Cleo is really very sentimental."

Well, at this I remonstrate with Fat-Fat and try to explain to him that such a purchase is most ill-advised. But Fat-Fat will not listen to me, and the upshot of it is he gives the Jasper the hundred dollars and the Jasper, who is practically stunned by the transaction, lifts the calf into the back seat of the car and tells Fat-Fat he must feed it milk out of a bottle for a spell.

So away we go with the calf lying down in the seat and going mah-ah-ah, but presently Fat-Fat finds he cannot keep looking around at the calf on account of his chins preventing him from turning his head and he makes me do the driving while he gets in the back seat with the calf and before long he is calling it Cleo and I can see that this is now the calf's name.

We stop at the first town we come to and Fat-Fat buys a baby's nursing bottle with a nipple on it at a drugstore and then he buys some milk and gets a guy in a hamburger joint to warm it up and he feeds Cleo in a way that is astonishing to behold. I never know before that Fat-Fat is so handy in this respect but he tells me he often performs a similar service for his baby brother and his baby sister, too, when he is a kid over on Tenth Avenue. By the time we reach New York City, I can see that Fat-Fat is greatly devoted to Cleo the calf and I can also see that Cleo the calf thinks very well of Fat-Fat, which is not surprising considering he is the source of her warm milk.

WE PULL up in front of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway around the dinner hour when the place is well filled with customers and Fat-Fat lifts Cleo the calf out of the car and carries her inside in his arms and naturally it is quite a surprise to one and all to observe this spectacle, especially when Fat-Fat sits down at a table in a booth and puts Cleo on the settee opposite him. In fact, there is so much commotion that Mindy himself appears and when he sees Cleo the calf he does not even shake hands with Fat-Fat and tell him he is glad to see him back but says to him like this:

"Wrong bettors, yes," Mindy says. "Actors and newspapermen and song writers, yes. But," Mindy says, "calfs, no. You cannot keep these cattle in my gaff, Fat-Fat."

"This is Cleo, Mindy," Fat-Fat says.

"Cleo?" Mindy says. "Ha-ha-ha-ha," he says. "Cleo just leaves here for the theater full of goulash with the guy with the one eyeglass she is running around with while you are absent. I think he is a nobleman refugee. Everybody is a nobleman refugee nowadays. I do not like his looks. But," Mindy says, "this is neither here nor there nor

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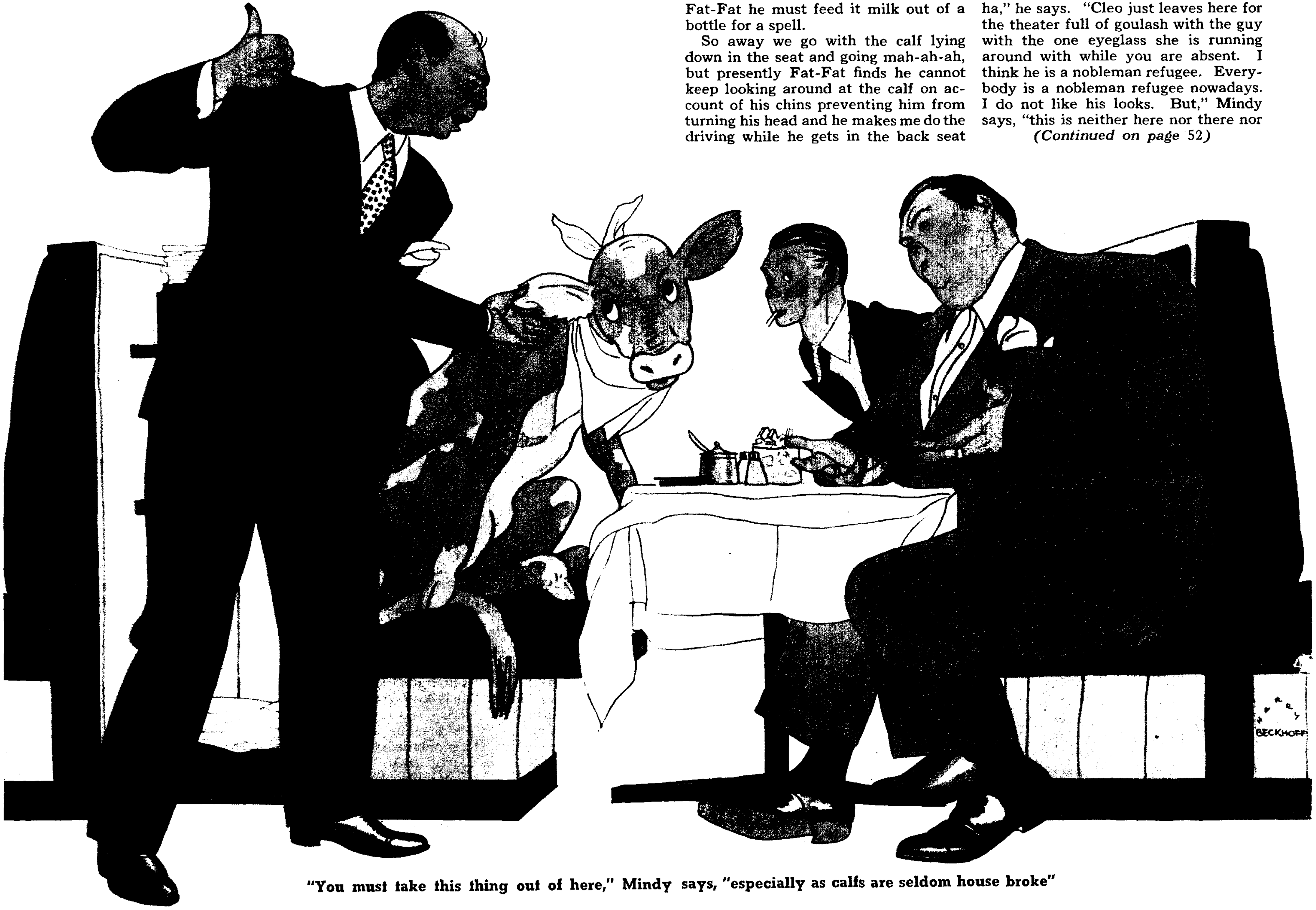


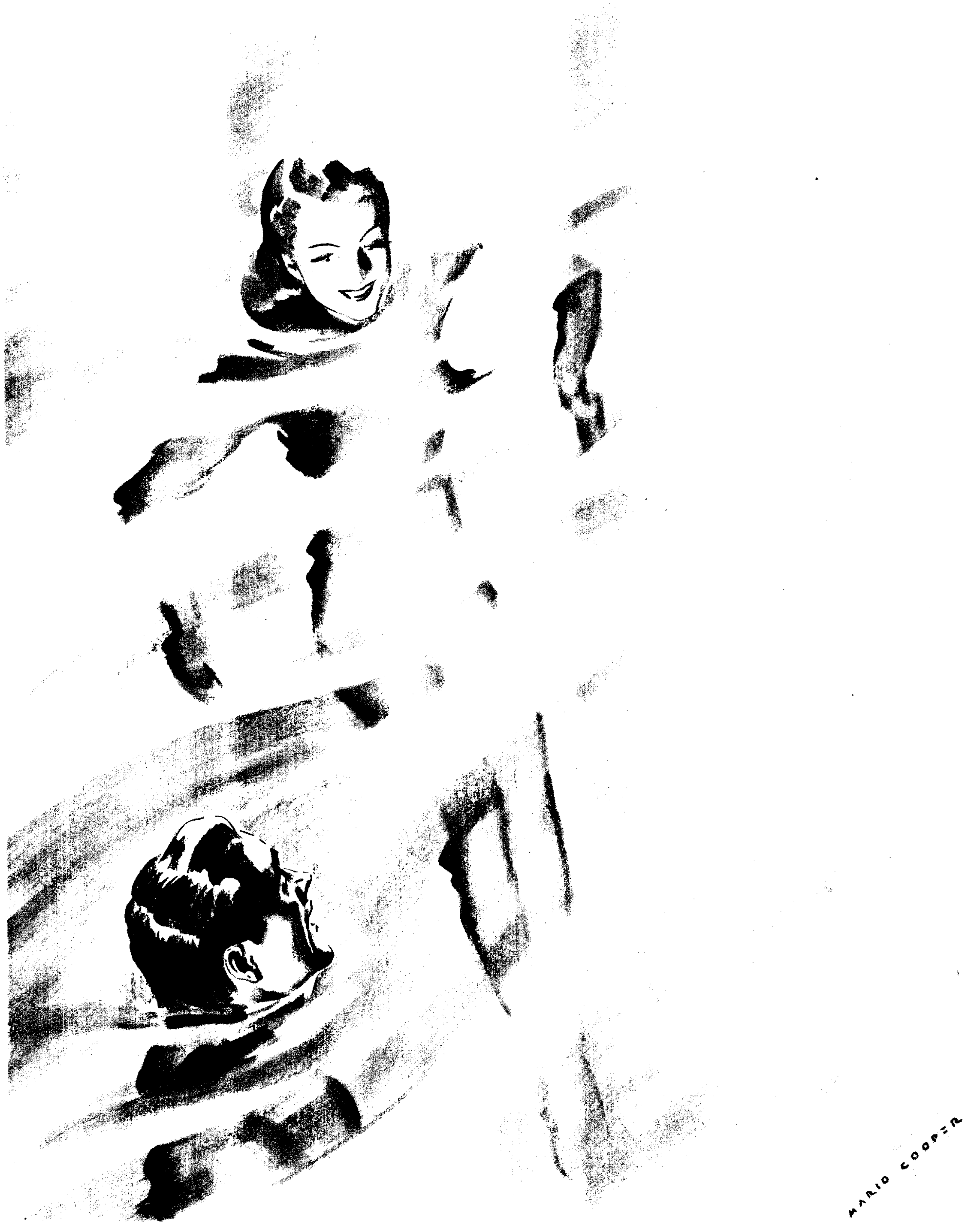
"You must take this thing out of here," Mindy says, "especially as calfs are seldom house broke"

Lost in a Fog

By R. G. Kirk

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

All this would have happened without the earthquake and the tidal wave, but they certainly helped to hasten the happy climax



"You're not sure where you are—are you?" she inquired. "How long have you been wandering about?"

YOU could have used the fog that day to top a lemon meringue; but here this girl came, six-beat-crawling through it, with no more worries than a barracuda—and the beach of southern California at least a mile away in heaven knew what direction.

She seemed a bit disturbed to find she did not have the entire Pacific Ocean for her private swimming pool—and with some reason, it appeared to the observant eye. She quickly dropped her legs and, hanging vertical in the sea, supported herself with easily sculling hands.

"Good morning." What a voice! "You are just in from Hawaii?" What a smile! "I trust you left things in good order there." What a marvelous good morning! I had recognized the girl.

"Good morning." I stopped swimming at respectful distance. "Everything," I assured her, "was in excellent control when I struck out from Hilo. You are headed that way, I would judge."

"Next stop, Kealakekua," she announced. "I'm on my way back to my little grass shack. So goodby now."

But no stroke brought her body to the surface. It evidently was my move. That's what *she* thought. Leaving her, bet your last belt of wampum, was the thing farthest from my mind. This Nereid was Alua Karlin.

I had never seen Alua Karlin, actually, before; only her pictures. But it was she for sure—the girl in the little motion-picture gem, Sea-Change. Her parents, so the reviewers said, were Texans who had moved to Hawaii in her early childhood.

I had seen Sea-Change half a dozen times, and had each time felt more strongly than the time before how easy it would be to fall in love with a girl like Alua Karlin. And, right now, there she was, in the same ocean with me, which I found exciting, and, in fact, not a dozen feet away—which I found unbelievable; and I was very swiftly learning how hard it would be *not* to fall in love with a girl like her. Leave her?—She was alone, except for me, swimming in dense fog, very far from shore.

"I feel you shouldn't try that little stroll you mentioned," I advised. "Not that the Kona coast is too far for a crawl as good as yours. But though I left the island tranquil, I wouldn't want to answer for its reception of a girl in the kind of suit you're wearing."

She tried to bluff it.

"These shoulder-strapless suits do seem to draw attention," she remarked. "They look a bit—ah—shall we say precarious?"

"Lady," I said, "precarious is not the word. With your drive in the water you would swim right through one of those strapless suits like a trick seal swimming through a barrel. But you never will swim out of the one you're wearing. It is the good old-fashioned kind. I'll bet you've had it all of twenty years."

"Twenty-one," she admitted, after that, "and good as the day I got it."

SHE had a smile worth any man's seven million dollars; sly, yet so wholesome it would keep Lothario himself at distance—in any situation.

"Your swimming costume," I assured her, "has my unqualified endorsement. But, how did you get across the beach in it?"

Instead of answering my questions she asked some. "You're not sure where you are—are you?" she inquired. "How long have you been wandering about out here, befogged?"

It's a nice jaunt around the old three-master, Albatross, anchored for angling parties in the bay off Santa Ysabel del Mar. I use it often as a training swim, and this morning I was half a mile, maybe, on my way back to the beach when the unexpected blanket had rolled over me.

"Oh, I'm somewhere in Santa Ysabel Bay," I told the girl. "I'm not alarmed. But you?"

"I love the fog," she said. "Just listen to it."

I knew what she meant: The almost silent rustle of soft velvet draperies; the almost unheard whisperings back of them.

"I love to leave the beach and swim straight out into it," said the girl. "Beyond the sound of surf, until my world is just a little patch of curtained water. I love the breathing hush, the mystery, the solitude."

"Ah, yes," I said, "the solitude. From the Latin solus, meaning alone. Well, bless me, look what time it is. I really must be going. But you do have some sort of waterproof wrist compass, I suppose, to guide you back to land?"

"My compass swims along with me," she said. Then, wiping the water from her lips, she gave a pretty whistle, chording two notes as some few whistlers can.

We stayed quiet, listening; till presently a sound of strong and steady breathing reached our ears.

"Here Bos'n," called the girl. And like a fog plow there swam into view

(Continued on page 29)

THE GUNS ARE COMING

By Walter Davenport

Our Army's going to be the world's best. Our Navy already is, although a one-ocean fleet. Be patient. Give them time. There's no magic to turn the world's greatest peace-tooled industrial democracy into an arsenal overnight. Even so, we're breaking records. Even half-armed we're the only power Hitler fears. He's thinking of us as we'll be in 1942. American bombast? He doesn't think so. Here are today's tough facts. Tomorrow's up to you

Collier's Weekly:

The aircraft, the tanks and the other materials of war which are reaching us from the United States give joy to our fighting men and are the admiration of our mechanics and technicians. Our gratitude for these weapons of victory is matched by our admiration for the skill of those who construct them. Together, British and American industry will increasingly outmatch the best that our enemies can produce.

BEAVERBROOK

WE'VE been at it a year. We've mortgaged ourselves for forty-four billion dollars, which is just a beginning. Our chief defense against Adolf Hitler is still the Atlantic Ocean, our Navy, and what's left of the British navy. The War Department bids us be patient. That's good advice. We'd better take it. It tells us to wait until next spring. Next spring, the War Department says, we'll have enough guns, tanks, wings, munitions to begin to defend ourselves. After that, having beaten plowshare factories into munitions plants and wanded paper mills into airplane assemblies we'll begin to be ready to keep on defending ourselves. Don't let us add to the unavoidable mistakes we've made in the past twelve months, particularly the avoidable one of kidding ourselves. That's what the War Department begs of us.

Overnight, the world's greatest industrial nation, geared to peace to the last cam and cog, tried to do what it took Hitler six years to accomplish. It has taken us a year to discover that we couldn't. With a scream that was heard around the world, we appropriated forty-four billion dollars to bury Hitler with. In a year we've been able to spend less than six billion of that. And that six billion has been devoted to nothing more fatal to Hitler than a start toward getting ready to begin to commence. And nobody knows this better than Mr. Hitler. And even so, the United States is the only power on earth he's afraid of. His most important job just now is to do what little he can to make our next twelve months as confused, irresolute and unproductive as the last. Happily it won't be.

We've spent six billions. We've awarded contracts for about $15,000,000,000 worth of war materials, only a part of which is for combat implements. Some is for plants wherein arms will be made. Much is for shelter, food, clothing and pay for a million and a half amateur soldiers, who must sit around armed only in a manner of speaking. It will be a long time before the truth will come out, so we won't concern ourselves with who's to blame. Let the Army blame the Navy. Let the Office of Production Management blame both. The Office of Production Management squabbles within its own walls—able, patriotic men quarreling about method and procedure. Industrial management blames labor, shouting that strikes have cost from ten to fifteen million man-days of effort since the first day of 1941. Communists, Nazi agents, political machinations, irresolution, self-deception—all these are blamed. Although we haven't been able to spend the seven billion dollars we've set aside for aid to Britain under the Lend-Lease Act, nearly seventy-five per cent of what war materials we've been able to produce have gone to England—at least started in her direction. And this diversion of our production is blamed for the nudity of our defenses. This, incidentally, isn't so. If every plane and every ounce of steel we've consigned to Britain under the Lend-Lease Act had remained right here we'd still be months, perhaps two years, from being ready to wage modern warfare beyond the continental limits of the United States and adjacent waters.

Let's start with our warlike objective. After setting that down we might look at what we have. We started out, a year ago, to build an Army of a million and a half. Perhaps, we said, we'd make it four million. That Army would be a proud thing, as modern in equipment and training as America itself. There'd be ten and perhaps twelve armored divisions—panzer units like Hitler's. In more than two hundred camps and cantonments this swiftly trained and eager Army would be roofed over by 65,000 planes. It would bristle with 350,000 machine guns. Its artillery would consist of 55,000 guns from sixteen-inch monsters down to trench mortars which would be as mobile as the famous French seventy-fives—which latter, by the way, have all but been discarded by some modern war plotters. The program called for ten thousand tanks from the light eight-ton ditch-dippers to forty- and fifty-ton wallopers mounting three-inch and even five-inch cannon. There'd be almost half a million semiautomatic rifles—the Garands—and a million and a half ordinary Army rifles. This Army would be equipped with antiaircraft guns the size and power of which was yet to be determined. The Army has finally decided that the only size worth bothering with are the 90-millimeter barkers. We've found these the hardest to make. And, while we're about it, you may as well know that we have fewer than six of them. We're not permitted to give you exact figures.

This gives you some idea of what we set out to do about an Army. Of course no one was fool enough to say that we'd have these within a year, although it soon became a popularly accepted fact that with upward of fifty billion dollars to work with, miracles were inevitable. And nobody took out time to disabuse the public's bedazzled mind. We've worked no miracles.

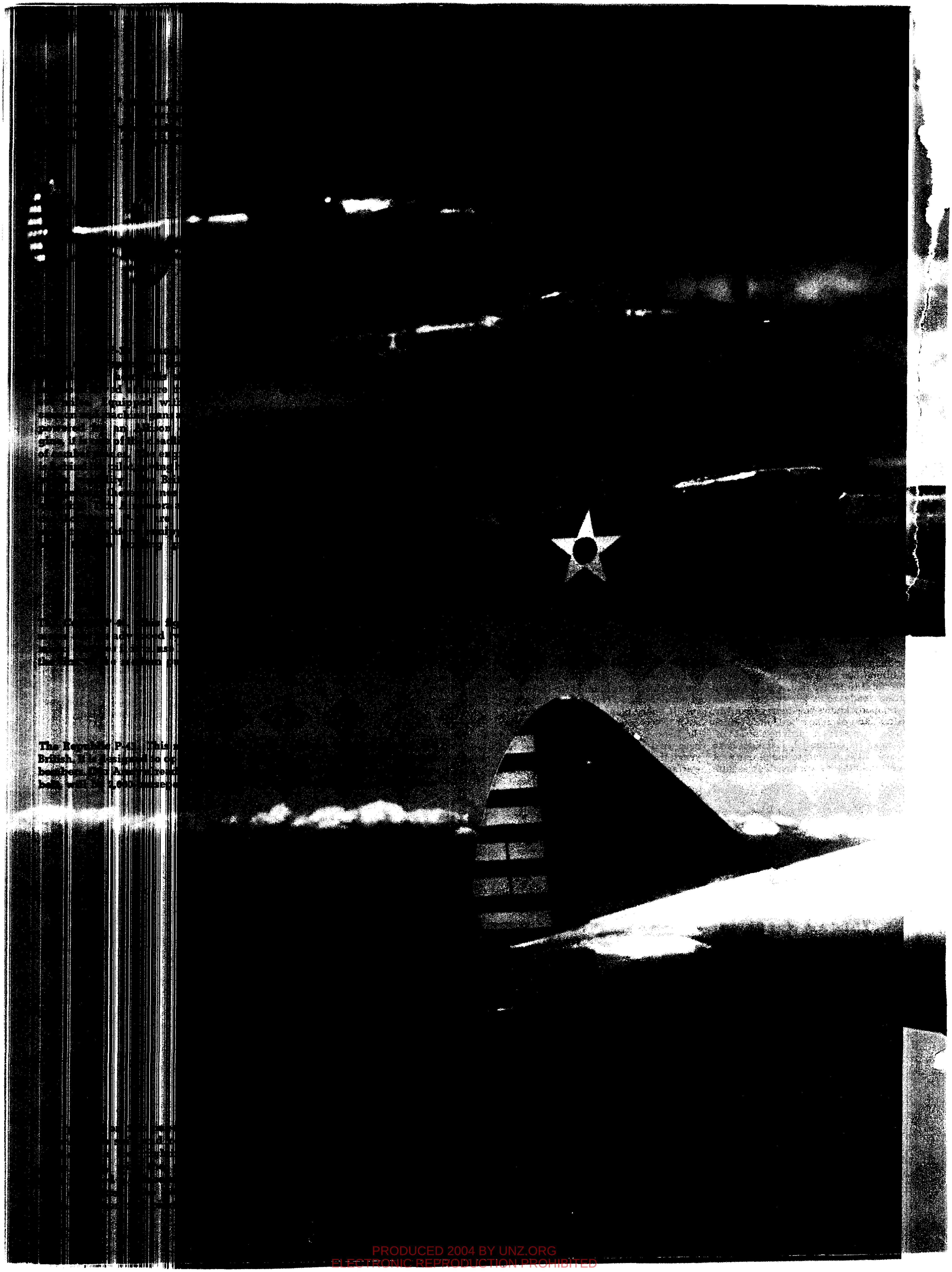
In the production of only two of these weapons are we on schedule. In fact we're ahead of schedule in turning out Garands and machine guns. As you are reading this three new machine-gun plants will be in full blast. We'll be turning them out as well as the semiautomatics—the Garands—faster then we can make ammunition for them. We have nearly 200,000 Garands. We're adding 1,200 daily.

We're coming along with increasing vigor with light tanks, turning them out up to thirteen-tonners at a rate of eighteen or twenty a day. They carry 37-millimeter cannon, slightly more deadly than popguns against other tanks armored with modern steel. But we're behind schedule on medium and heavy tank production. Unless there has been a

(Continued on page 34)

Collier's commissioned Artist Georges Schreiber to visit several factories and put on canvas his impression of our plane builders at work. Schreiber is an American citizen, born in Antwerp, Belgium. When his citizenship papers came he started out to learn about America. He traveled by car for three years, visited every state in the Union and painted scenes of every region. His work hangs in the Syracuse Museum, the Brooklyn Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Museum of the City of New York. The Metropolitan Museum bought two of his paintings in one year

A medium-sized tank being assembled in the Rock Island Arsenal. At present we are behind schedule in turning out these tanks but production will be well under way by the late summer



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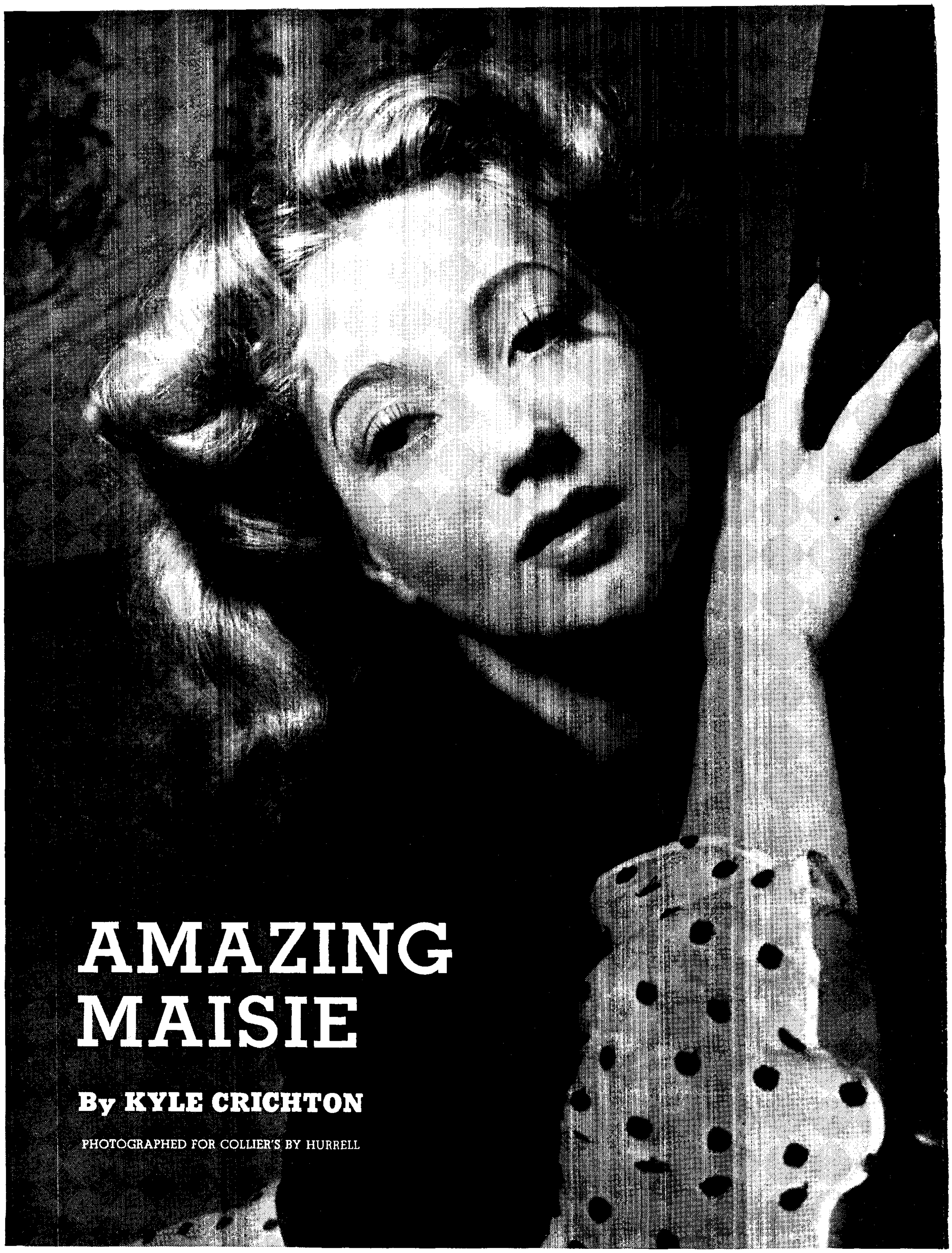
The Republic P[illegible] This [illegible] British. It is designed to [illegible] bombers. Our A[illegible] [illegible]



AMAZING MAISIE

By KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

Her name is Miss Ann Sothern, but she's known more widely simply as Maisie, her well-known movie role. Sometimes Ann gets pretty sick of it

THE publicity department at M-G-M in Hollywood can get itself into a state of ecstasy over the fact that a letter addressed to "Maisie, U. S. A." will wend its way unerringly to the home of Miss Ann Sothern, North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, California. The M-G-M people maintain that this proves the value of the Metro product whereas it may merely be a testimonial to the efficiency of the United States Postal Service. Miss Sothern has her own view.

"Very pleasant," she remarks, ". . . provided I don't get stuck with Maisie."

Sothern, it may be said, is no schnuck; she has been around. She knows that Maisie has saved her life and she also knows that Maisie can throw her for an awful loss. She is grateful for Maisie but she is aware that when an actress gets confused with a character, the public gets sick of the actress when it gets sick of the character.

"So, me," says Miss Sothern, "I'm on this tightrope. Maisie is my pal and I love her but I don't want her to get her arms around my neck. When she falls off I don't want to fall off."

As a result she is playing such nifties as Lady be Good and Panama Hattie in addition to the Maisie pictures and considering herself very fortunate. The truth is that Miss Ann was not always on a tightrope—nothing as pleasant as that. She was a dead pigeon, she was washed up, she was through. After eleven years in and out of Hollywood she was as moribund as last year's comic strip. At this point she made a gesture. She announced that she was quitting until she got a real part; no more silly ingénues; no more phony glamor girls; a real part.

For a year she stayed washed up, spending that time in making personal appearances with the orchestra of her husband, Roger Pryor, and keeping a weather eye on Hollywood. Outwardly she pretended to be happy but this never fooled anybody who knows the movie business.

Her agent had no slightest difficulty when he interrupted the tour to say that she could have a chance in Walter Wanger's Trade Winds, the small part of a fly stenographer, just a little dumb, who follows her employer (Fredric March) around the world and eventually gets him married to another girl (Joan Bennett). The sensation she created was something less than world-shaking, but it brought her to the attention of J. Walter Ruben of M-G-M, who had bought the Maisie stories originally for Jean Harlow and had held them back because of her death and because he had never been able to find anybody for the part.

Ruben had trouble selling the idea of using Sothern. She had been dropped by M-G-M as far back as 1929, when she was a pretty girl with a shape and nothing more, and she had been no Hollywood forest fire since. Ruben got his way eventually because Maisie was after all a "B" picture and nobody cared a great deal. The success of the picture was so pronounced that the studio—in good M-G-M manner—announced that the idea would be carried out in a series. Only public ennui will be able to stop it now.

From the beginning it was plain that Miss Sothern was going to be in the profession because her mother, Annette Yde-Lake, was a concert singer, her grandfather, Hans Nilson, was a violinist and everybody in the Lake household but Papa Lake did something instrumentally. Harriet Lake, which was our heroine's name before she took the Ann Sothern tag, was born in Valley City, N. D., but the family moved to Minneapolis and it was when Mrs. Yde-Lake was on a tour to southern California that Paul Bern saw Harriet and signed her for M-G-M .

Progress in Reverse

She was almost no good whatever, and it was something of a surprise when Florenz Ziegfeld gave her a part in Smiles with Marilyn Miller. The Broadway experience was nothing extraordinary, and she plodded her way through two horrors called America's Sweetheart and Everybody's Welcome and eventually landed in the Chicago company of Of Thee I Sing. This was making progress in reverse and she was glad enough to be tempted again by Hollywood. In the Ziegfeld shows she had been in the pony chorus, glad of the chance. Columbia had a part in a musical called Let's Fall in Love and she landed that, heaving a long sigh.

They changed her name to Ann Sothern, changed her hair to blond and made her about as sweet and cloying as a banana split. A few of the fifty pictures she did at Columbia were not bad and critics who have a memory for everything can recall that the combination of Sothern with Gene Raymond (he also having been changed from Raymond Guion) made fair examples of the fast-moving and ironic comedies that have lately been so popular.

An indication of the progress she was making at Columbia may be gleaned from a questionnaire she filled out for the publicity department. "What makes you most angry?" was the question and her answer was, "Being asked to pose for leg art."

The Maisie series has made her famous and she will get a chance now to do the singing and dancing she learned as a kid. There was a lot of publicity nonsense last winter when Sothern came east to see Ethel Merman in Panama Hattie. The photographers got a collection of historic shots showing Merman coaching Sothern in the proper way to do the role. These will be buried in a deep cellar with the hope that history will never uncover them.

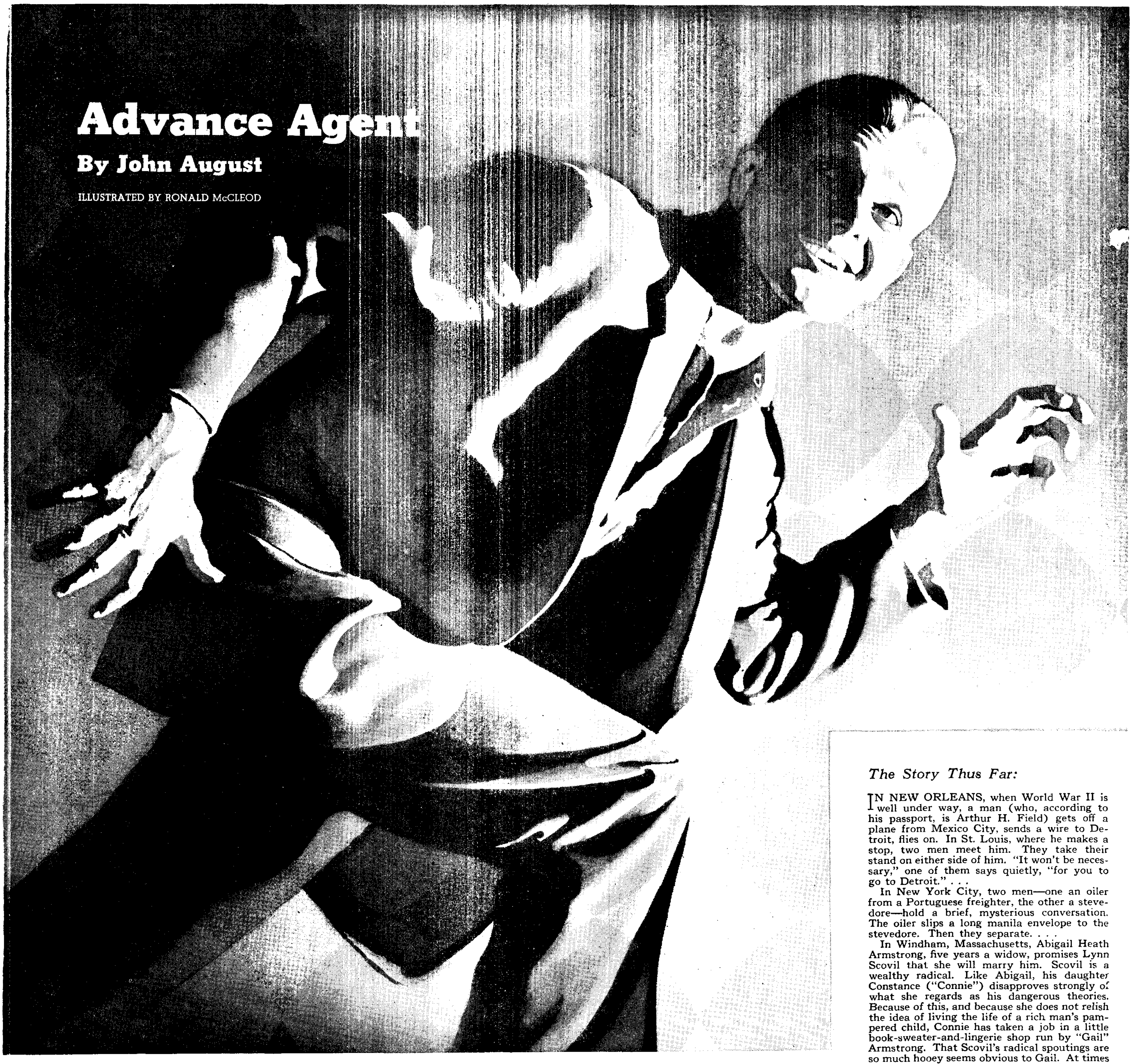
There was another marvelous story about how Miss Sothern (if you call her Annie she won't speak to you again) selected a kid named Roy Lester to be her jitterbug partner in Ringside Maisie. She picked him from a photograph and

(Continued on page 68)

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McCLEOD



He was certainly running from the policeman, but he was enjoying the chase

II

LIEUTENANT RÖMER made one mistake—and men on ventures like his are not permitted mistakes. It turned him from his goal, upset the careful plan he had worked out, and projected him into a series of accidents for which he had made no allowance. His mistake came from overeagerness: he was pressing too hard.

A little past noon he woke in the park, woke with his mind polarized in a single thought: he had to get to Detroit. From now on he must live on the edge of the longest chance, against the odds; and it was certain that he would fail unless he moved fast. Time was inexorable and, minute by minute, it was running out.

His impulse was to wire again to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company, asking for money. If they had interpreted his first telegram and accepted him, it would come today. But his unpremeditated burglary weighed on him and an inquisitive policeman could wreck everything. He would be safer with more distance behind him. Better to start west. He would find out where he could get a plane to Detroit. When he knew that, he would, at the first convenient place, wire the company to send him money there. Yes, he decided, start west, find the nearest airport, and wire for funds. He started out.

Three hours later he had made ten miles. This was the day when no one was picking up hitchhikers. A river of cars and trucks flowed by him and none slowed to his thumb.

Then Mr. George Stout picked him up. Mr. George Stout, driving a brilliant green convertible coupé, proved to be a genial man who loved to talk, whose talk could not easily be dammed. He was going to Rochester, on his way home from a selling trip. He sold hardware, and he was eager to explain the hardware business. When that was finished it was his pleasure to learn all about his companion. The lieutenant answered idly at first but had to invent a plausible biography, for Mr. Stout probed and probed, an interested and neighborly man who liked to know things. As the miles fell behind and they approached the mountains, the lieutenant began to enjoy the game.

It was less enjoyable when Mr. Stout came back to the hardware business. For it now appeared that Mr. Stout had spent several days showing his line in southern Ontario. He was eloquent about the difficulties of selling hardware

(Continued on page 42)

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW ORLEANS, when World War II is well under way, a man (who, according to his passport, is Arthur H. Field) gets off a plane from Mexico City, sends a wire to Detroit, flies on. In St. Louis, where he makes a stop, two men meet him. They take their stand on either side of him. "It won't be necessary," one of them says quietly, "for you to go to Detroit." . . .

In New York City, two men—one an oiler from a Portuguese freighter, the other a stevedore—hold a brief, mysterious conversation. The oiler slips a long manila envelope to the stevedore. Then they separate. . . .

In Windham, Massachusetts, Abigail Heath Armstrong, five years a widow, promises Lynn Scovil that she will marry him. Scovil is a wealthy radical. Like Abigail, his daughter Constance ("Connie") disapproves strongly of what she regards as his dangerous theories. Because of this, and because she does not relish the idea of living the life of a rich man's pampered child, Connie has taken a job in a little book-sweater-and-lingerie shop run by "Gail" Armstrong. That Scovil's radical spoutings are so much hooey seems obvious to Gail. At times—quite often, in fact—she wonders if she loves the man whose smooth little speeches seem to hypnotize her. . . .

In eastern Ontario, a young German flier—Oberleutnant Friedrich Römer—makes his escape from a train en route to a prison camp. It is night. Breaking into a closed garage, he steals a mechanic's brown grease suit (which he puts on), a small amount of money and a road map.

The rest is easy. Reaching the St. Lawrence River, the fugitive steals a boat, rows to the American shore. In the town of Malone, New York, he substitutes overalls for the grease suit. Then, fairly sure that he is safe, he sends a telegram to a New York address. One sentence in the message (apparently an innocuous one having to do with a business transaction) reads: "Please notify your Detroit office to expect delivery within four days." Another reads: "Hope for contact with New Orleans representative." The message is signed "Philip Garfield."

That attended to, the ex-prisoner looks for a park. He finds one. He stretches out on the grass. So far all is well, he thinks. But the real dangers now begin, and— He ceases to think. He goes to sleep.

Plymouth Fights Back

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Plymouth, England.
The Honorable James A. White,
Chairman of Selectmen,
Plymouth, Massachusetts.

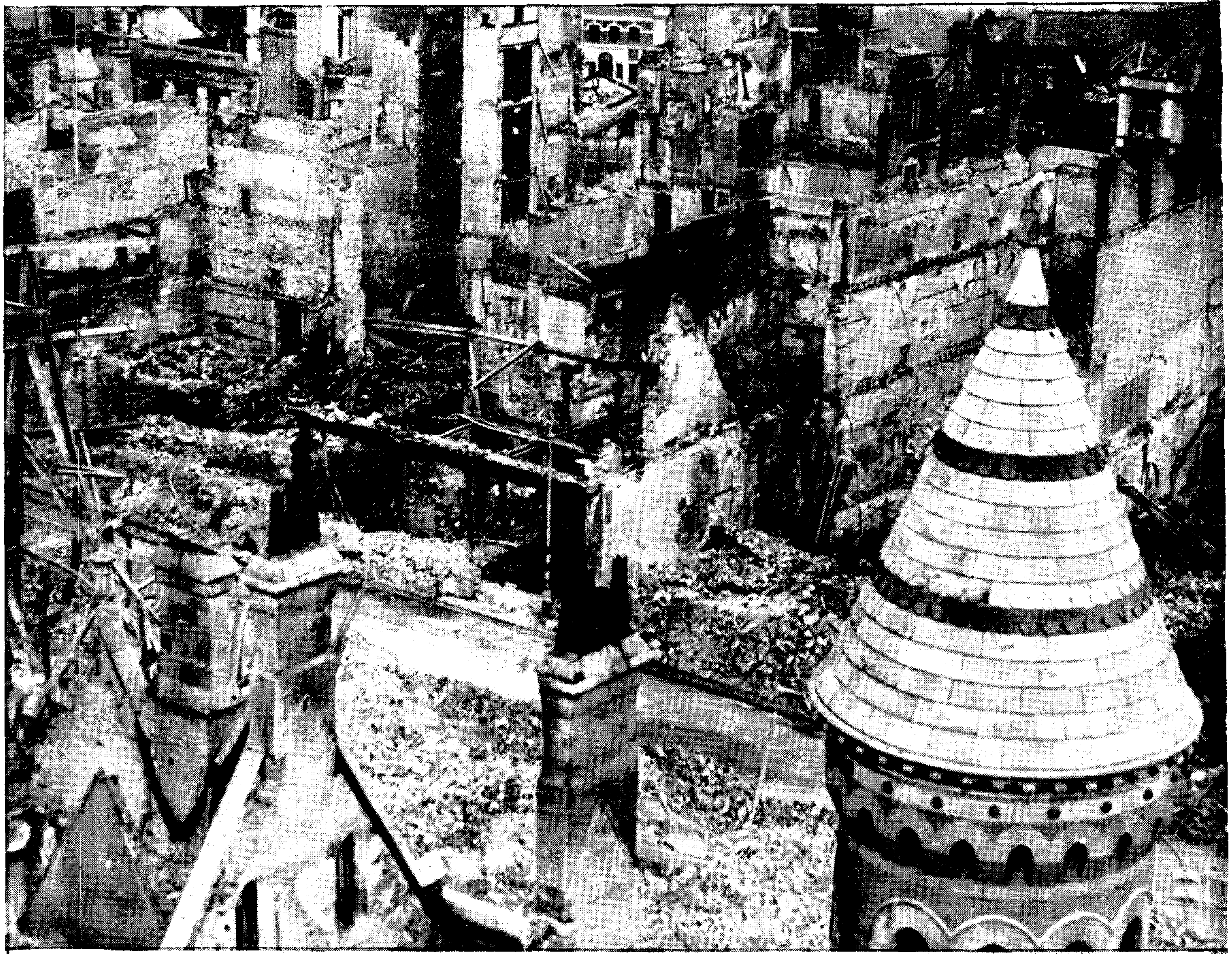
Dear Mr. Mayor:

I am writing to you from Plymouth, England. I am sure you would like a report as to how your mother city is fighting back after having absorbed as great a beating as any city in the history of warfare has ever been asked to endure. During that time Plymouth has had five superblitzes which came within a period of seven days. We don't call it a blitz unless at least one hundred German bombers come over, otherwise it is merely an air raid. I am going to write about how Plymouth endured this ordeal; how Plymouth took it. Plymouth has refused to take a complacent beating. Plymouth is defiant, militant as befits the city of Sir Francis Drake. Plymouth thinks only in terms of attack. And mind you, Mr. Mayor, much of Plymouth is in ruins. It might be interesting, Mr. Mayor, to know how a city so stricken and with so many of its citizens dead or wounded can fight back.

Plymouth was not a very large city, but with its suburb of Devonport it has a population of two hundred and four thousand. There were no factories, virtually no industry, in Plymouth, outside of the docks, and the city was more than ninety per cent residential. That's what gave the city its clean, tidy look; that and the fact that most of the houses were built of native limestone. Plymouth was a city of shrines. There at the water's edge was the tablet commemorating the departure of the founders of your city in 1620. There commanding the hoe, the large limestone plateau one hundred and twenty feet above the water, was the statue of Drake. Down in the town proper there were twenty-five ancient churches, each steeped in tradition. There was the famous fourteenth-century church of St. Andrews teeming with memories; Katharine of Aragon knelt here giving thanks for her safe return from Spain; here the congregation rose to welcome Drake back from Nombre de Dios. Mr. Mayor, you in Plymouth, Mass., know all about the shrines of Plymouth; the shrines that stood in Plymouth until a few weeks ago.

Then within an hour many tangible evidences of the past glories of Plymouth were wiped out by the invader. Two hundred bombers, each carrying at least a thousand pounds of explosives, flew over the city dropping death and destruction from the skies. Plymouth was ablaze. Drake, you know, in addition to being perhaps the greatest of English admirals was also a great engineer. To give Plymouth drinking water he built a leat bracket, a stone-lined trench bracket from Lake Burrator on Dartmoor just twelve miles away from Plymouth. Gravity brought the clear, sparkling waters of the lake to Plymouth town. For fifty years the reservoir has been a curiosity, nothing else.

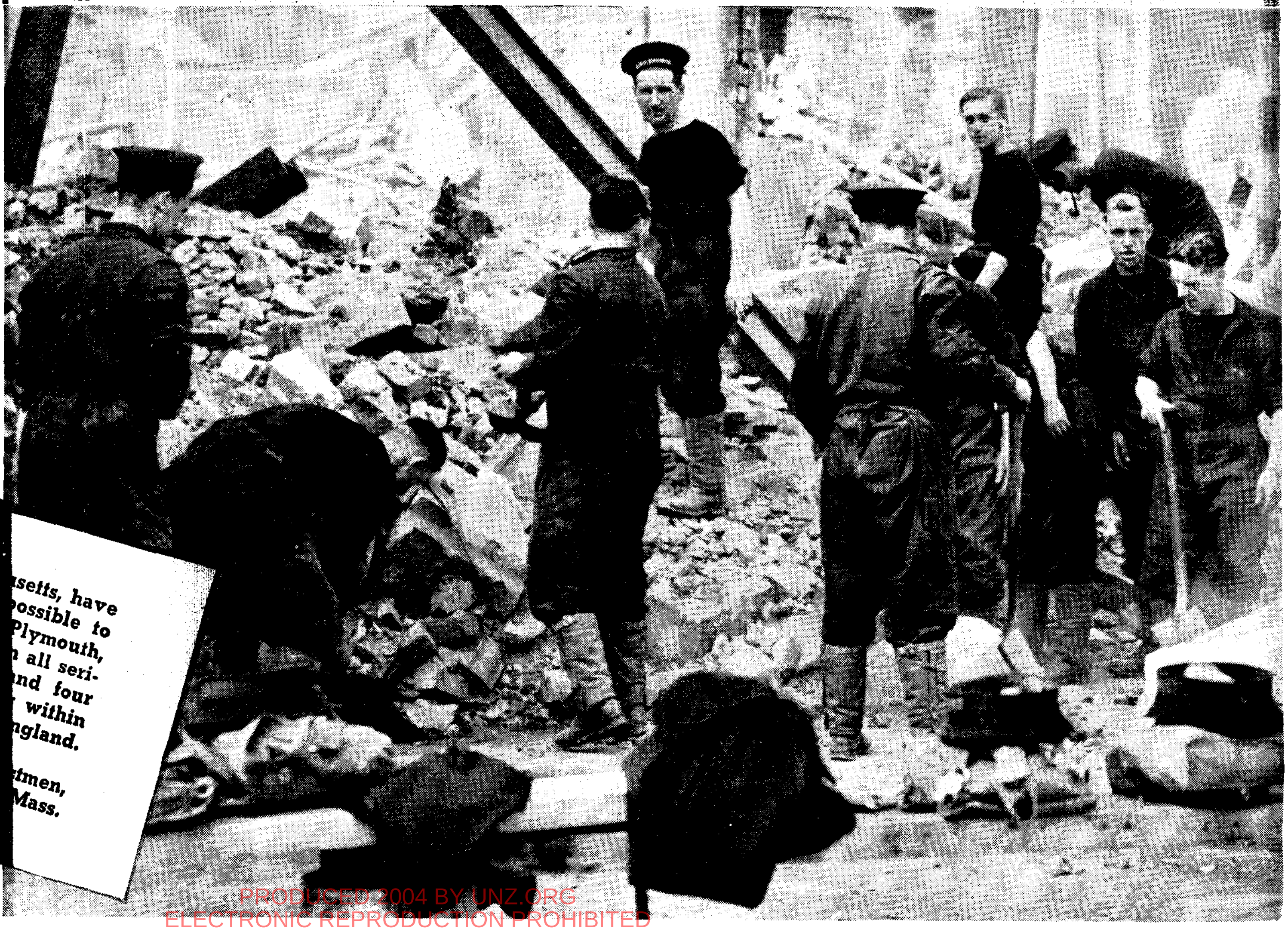
(Continued on page 84)



BRITISH COMBINE

So complete was the destruction that the ruins above cannot be identified with certainty. They are believed to be what's left of Plymouth's city hospital. Below, bluejackets clear debris from a roadway in the center of the city

WIDE WORLD



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DINA CASHMAN

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far

LIVING with her poverty-stricken family in a shanty at Railway Flats, near San Francisco, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman works in a grocery store. To find relief from boredom in the evenings, she goes to Cotta's, a cheap restaurant-dance hall. There she meets Vere Holland, a young Yale law-school student, and falls in love with him. . . .

Seeing much of each other, Dina and Vere enjoy an outing together at Paradise Valley in the Sierras. They have a glorious time. But, later, when Dina is home again she makes a terrifying discovery: She is going to become a mother!

In need of some wise person—some dear friend—in whom she can confide (Vere has gone back to Yale), she turns to Tom O'Connor. O'Connor adores her. He is well aware, though, that Dina regards him merely as a loyal friend. Now, confronted with this problem, he gives her good counsel—tells her that (since she has heard nothing from Vere) she should go to New Haven, meet the man she loves and marry him. He offers to pay her fare east; he offers to do anything he can to help and protect her.

Dina is not at all sure that she should go to Vere. While debating the matter with herself, she suddenly remembers that Vere had once or twice spoken of an uncle—Rogers Holland—who sends him money at fairly regular intervals. Recalling that Vere had stressed his uncle's generosity, Dina decides to call on him—if she can find him—and put the problem up to him.

She gets Holland's address. She calls on him—a wealthy man, he lives in beautiful Burlingame. And she finds him to be a loquacious man who is willing to discuss her affairs—*but who is not interested in helping her.* He, too, it appears, has a problem: Jilted by the woman he loved (and still loves), he is giving a dinner on Thursday evening. The woman has married *someone else—Andrew Havens, an artist. She and her husband will be at* the dinner. How can he arouse the jealousy of Mrs. Havens, make her feel that he cares for someone else?

Now, meeting Dina (who is beautiful) he has the answer—Dina must come to the dinner and pretend to be one of his closest friends. At first reluctant to co-operate with him, Dina finally accedes to his wishes. And on Thursday evening (after Mrs. Bucket, Holland's housekeeper, has helped her with her costume) she finds herself at the dinner. She is there and she is conversing with—Andrew Havens.

IV

ANDREW HAVENS laughed, and they brought their heads a little nearer.

"I'm really very shy," he confessed; "and I know the cure for it, too."

"I wish I did!" Dina said.

"I never get up courage to use it," the man continued. "It's just to get on top of itself, if you know what I mean. Just to say, 'Oh, heck, everyone's shy and someone has to talk!' Then you just rattle along saying everything that comes into your head, and that starts the others, and the first thing you know they think you're a social asset."

"And what's that?" Dina asked, liking him at once.

"A social asset? A person everybody likes and invites places. Just from what I heard I should think that man on your other side was one."

"Mr. Tegbury? He might well be."

"Then you don't know him?"

"I've never met any of these people until tonight. Except Mr. Holland, of course."

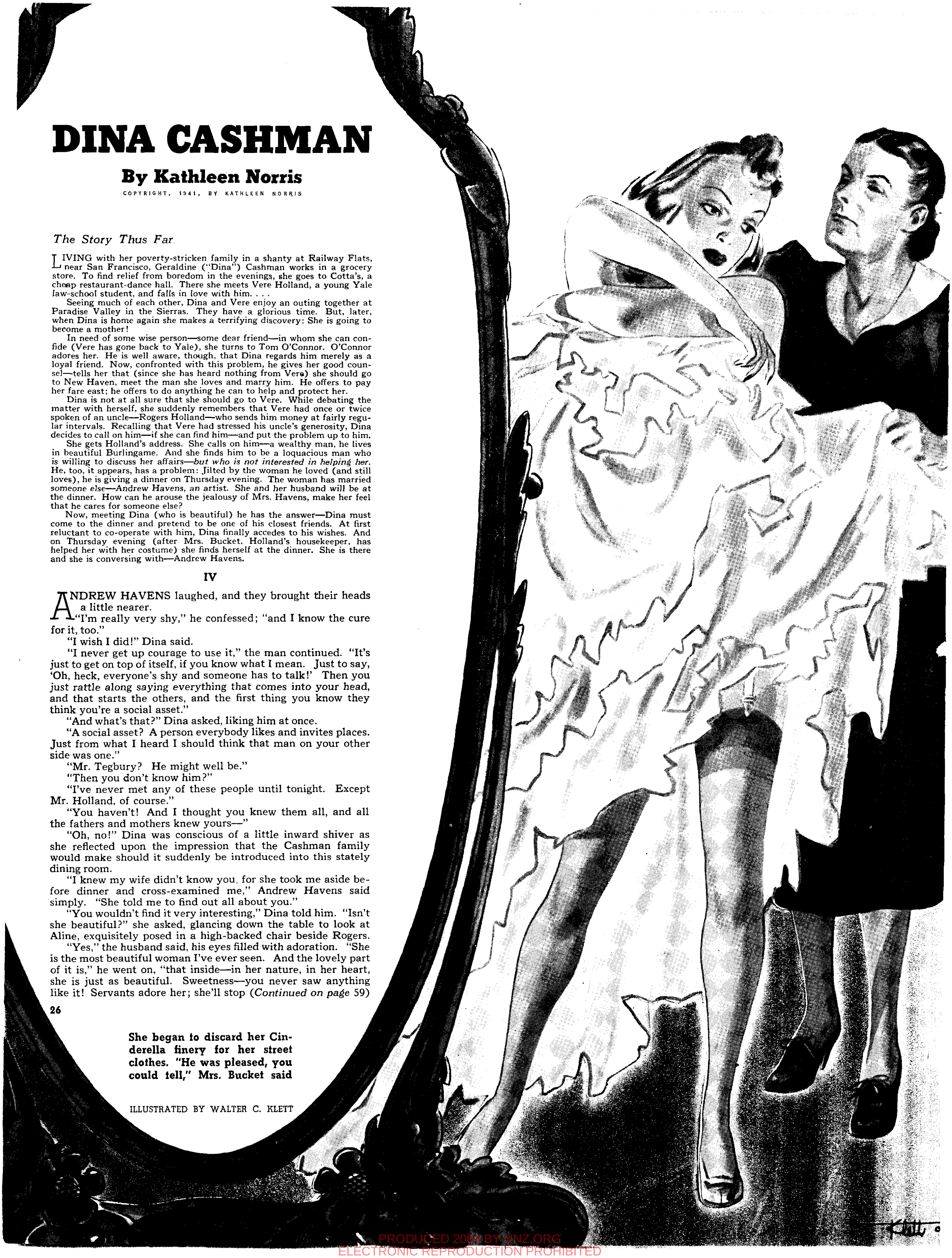
"You haven't! And I thought you knew them all, and all the fathers and mothers knew yours—"

"Oh, no!" Dina was conscious of a little inward shiver as she reflected upon the impression that the Cashman family would make should it suddenly be introduced into this stately dining room.

"I knew my wife didn't know you, for she took me aside before dinner and cross-examined me," Andrew Havens said simply. "She told me to find out all about you."

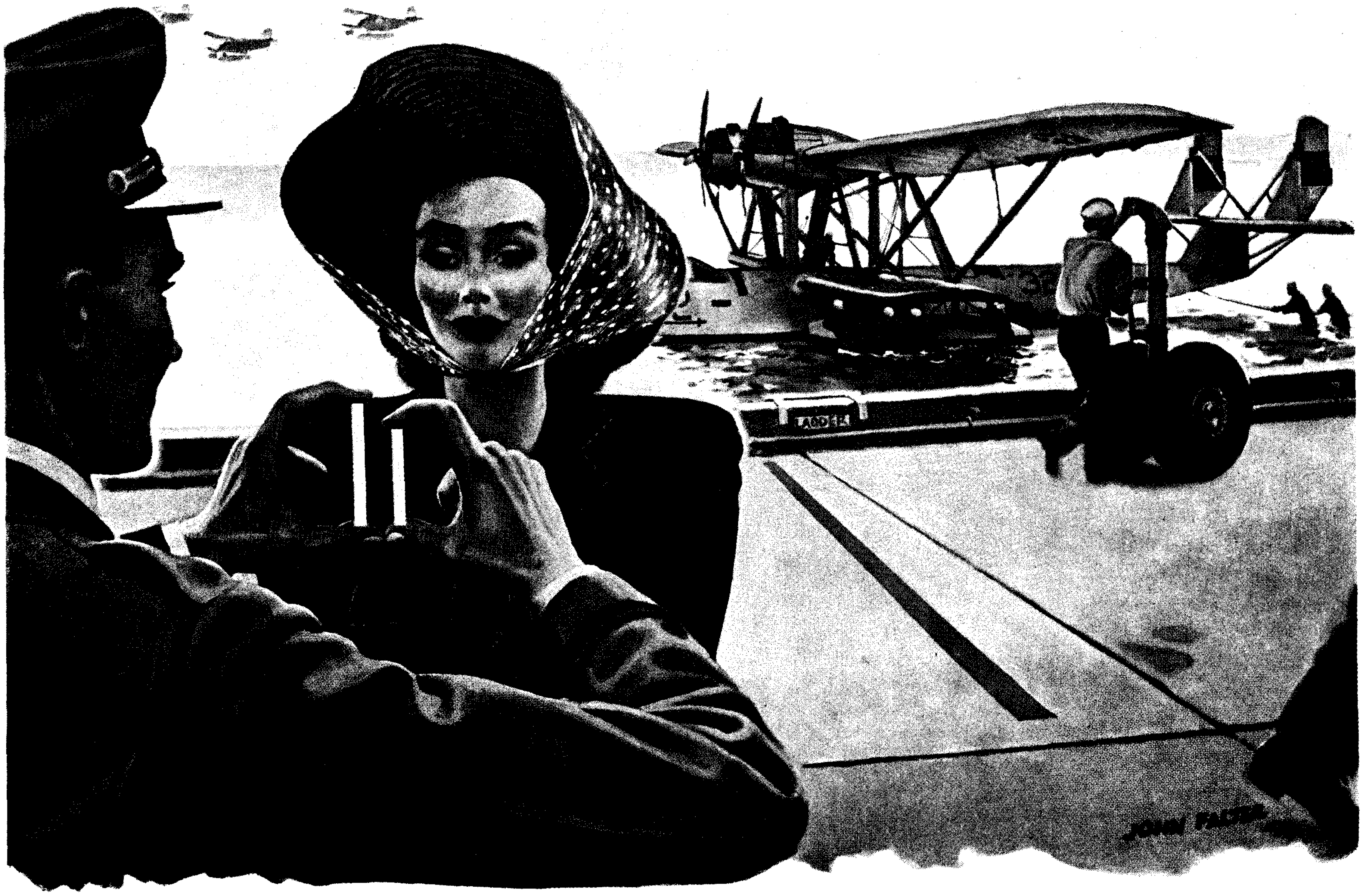
"You wouldn't find it very interesting," Dina told him. "Isn't she beautiful?" she asked, glancing down the table to look at Aline, exquisitely posed in a high-backed chair beside Rogers.

"Yes," the husband said, his eyes filled with adoration. "She is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. And the lovely part of it is," he went on, "that inside—in her nature, in her heart, she is just as beautiful. Sweetness—you never saw anything like it! Servants adore her; she'll stop (*Continued on page* 59)



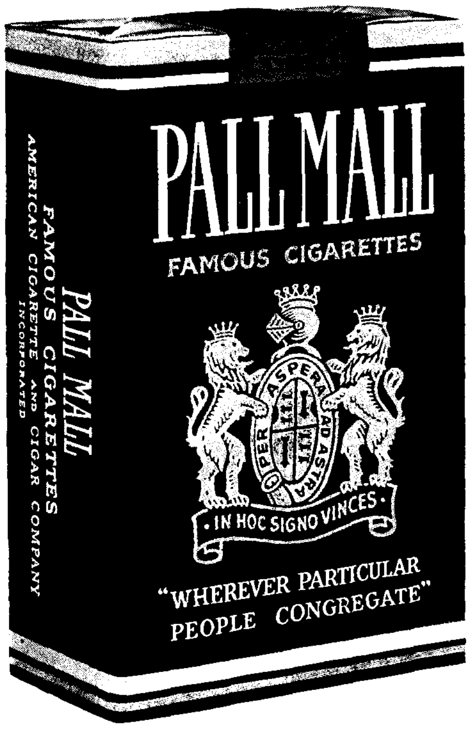
She began to discard her Cinderella finery for her street clothes. "He was pleased, you could tell," Mrs. Bucket said

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT


LADDER
JOHN FALTER

In cigarettes, as in naval patrol planes, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"*You'll like* Pall Mall's modern design— it filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

OF TRADITIONALLY FINE TOBACCOS

- Modern Design! . . . That's the keynote as national defense moves ahead on land, sea and in the air. For instance, modern design makes the big difference in today's streamlined naval patrol planes—a vital difference when lives are at stake.

Talk with the men who fly these planes. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, as in naval patrol planes, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design marks the greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a smoother, less irritating smoke. It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered naturally over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

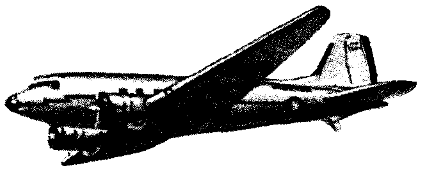
Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. The additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

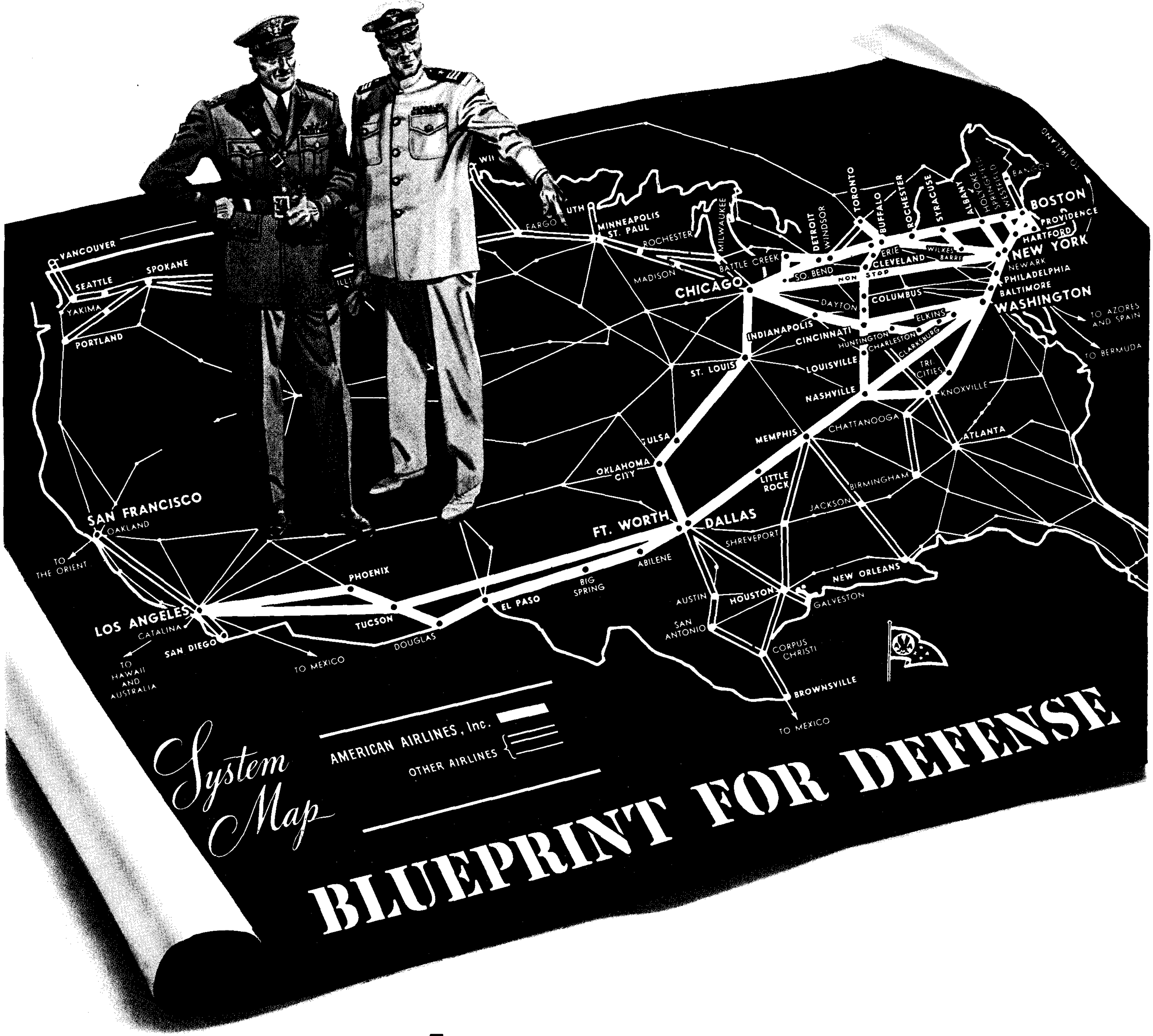
Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. "You'll like Pall Mall's Modern Design—it filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.




System Map
AMERICAN AIRLINES, Inc.
OTHER AIRLINES
BLUEPRINT FOR DEFENSE
VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
SPOKANE
YAKIMA
PORTLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
TO THE ORIENT
LOS ANGELES
CATALINA
SAN DIEGO
TO HAWAII AND AUSTRALIA
TO MEXICO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
DOUGLAS
EL PASO
BIG SPRING
ABILENE
FT. WORTH
DALLAS
SHREVEPORT
AUSTIN
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
GALVESTON
CORPUS CHRISTI
BROWNSVILLE
TO MEXICO
NEW ORLEANS
JACKSON
BIRMINGHAM
LITTLE ROCK
MEMPHIS
OKLAHOMA CITY
TULSA
ST. LOUIS
NASHVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
ATLANTA
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TRI CITIES
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CINCINNATI
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CHICAGO
MADISON
MILWAUKEE
ROCHESTER
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SO. BEND
NON STOP
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ELKINS
ERIE
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ROCHESTER
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HOLYOKE
SPRINGFIELD
WESTFIELD
BANGOR
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TO AZORES AND SPAIN
TO BERMUDA

TIME is of the utmost importance in national defense. The value of air transportation is, therefore, emphasized as never before. It is saving an almost incalculable number of travel days in bridging the vast distances of our country which separate essential phases of the defense program.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

Lost in a Fog

Continued from page 13

the grand black head of a Newfoundland dog. He went straight to the mermaid and she put a hand against his shoulder.

"Well, what was it?" she asked him. "A seal? A sleeping gull? You didn't catch him, eh? Too bad. Well, let's call it a day. Home, Bos'n."

First he came to me, so close in making my acquaintance that I felt his warm, clean breath against my face. Then he swung about, and without the slightest hesitancy set his course.

"He is magnificent," I said. "You're sure he knows?"

"Like the needle," she declared.

So we struck out after him, and after a good, long pull heard the thud of breakers. Then I eased my stroke, and dog and girl disappeared in the fog ahead.

Presently I heard her voice. "Thank you for waiting," she was calling back to me. "All ashore that's coming ashore!"

I rode one in, and waded out onto an unfamiliar beach, deserted but for a big black dog and one bewilderingly lovely girl. She now was very satisfactorily unconcealed in a swim suit that fitted her almost as perfectly as the enchanting outfit she had worn at sea.

WE WERE, I judged, some ten miles north of Santa Ysabel del Mar; for here a spur of mountain came down to the sea, part of the range that makes the north coast of the bay. At the foot of the slope, against a clifflike outcrop of gray rock, a lovely little sea house stood. An upthrust of the gray rock rose out of the beach and ran between the house front and the sea—a natural protection from the surf, however stormy.

Watching Aula Karlin swim and dive in that entrancing cinema idyll, Sea-Change, I had thought her the loveliest thing that ever breathed. Now, as I crossed the beach approaching her, she tilted up her exquisite jaw line and gave her head a shake. And there I was—in love.

Go right ahead and doubt that all you please. But I knew that there was girl enough to last me for about nineteen millenniums; and the only thing for me to do was to try to make something out of it. So I introduced myself.

"May I present," I said, "Rufe Lyon. He has been doing postgrad English for his master's at U.C.L.A.—that is, when he's not swimming. In summer he's a lifeguard at Santa Ysabel. And—"

"And in the fall he throws footballs at people—especially into end zones," Alua Karlin interrupted. "I have seen him do it."

"That's marvelous! That's wonderful! We are practically old friends," I said. "So will you marry me?"

"Bos'n!" she whispered. "Here's a lad with ideas. Watch him!"

The big dog cocked his head uncertainly. He knew the meaning of the girl's command; but she was laughing. He came to me and stood between me and his mistress. But he made no threats. Instead, he wagged his tail.

She stooped and picked up slippers of peculiar pattern from her robe which lay upon a rounded boulder, one of many that protruded from the white sands of this mountain beach. She bent one charming knee and then the other as she put the slippers on. Her feet were champion swimmer's feet, which are never small, but which are nearly always, like hers, supple and voluptuously curved. She saw me watching as they slipped into their odd-shaped moccasins.

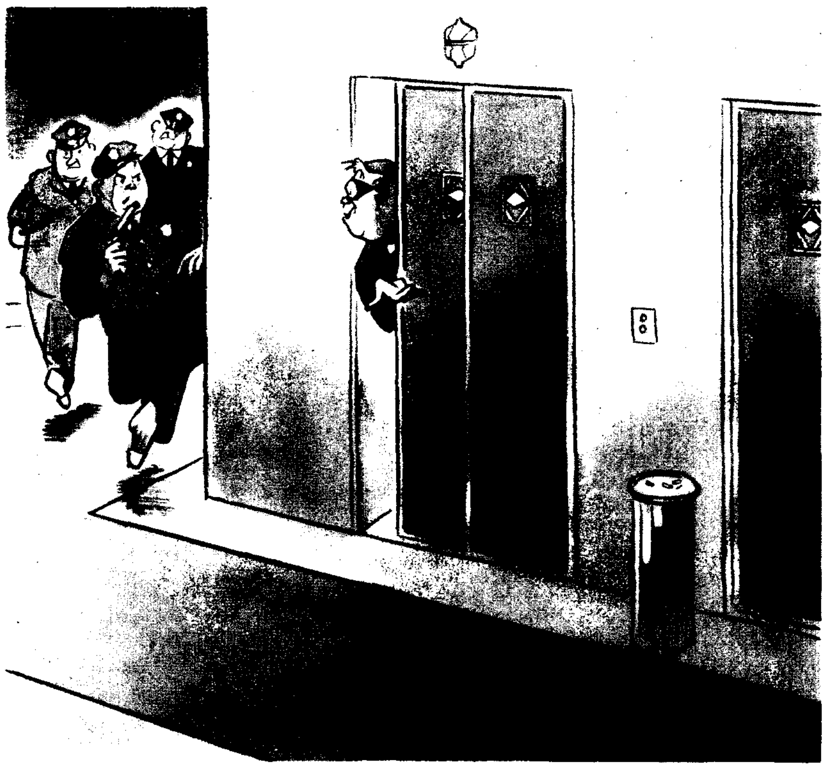
"Beautiful," I said.

"Yes, aren't they?" she returned. "From Ireland. Native footwear made by the islanders of the Ulster coast. Pampooties, they are called. My granddad's name is Donegan. I live with him when I come to the States. He brought these for me from his last visit to The Sod. But let's go in." She started toward the sea house by the cliff. "You're cold. I think our medicine cabinet holds a remedy for that."

A DRIFTWOOD fire warmed a restful room, whose one long window tried to frame the whole Pacific Ocean. There were big chairs which held their arms out to you. Alua Karlin pushed one close up to the hearth and said, "Try that." Then she clapped her hands. "I get my best swims, in my best swimming suit," she said, "on the days when Leo does his marketing. But he should be back by now."

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Next car, please!"

She clapped her hands again, and a Filipino boy, as clean and smiling as a Filipino boy alone can be, came in. "So sorry, Miss," he said, holding his cap in his hand. "Jus' come back now. Something?"

"Something to make this gentleman's bones glow bright red, Leo. Understand?"

The boy could not have possibly got any cleaner; but his smile did, incredibly, grow wider.

"Miss," he said, as he backed out, bowing, "I do, okeydoke."

Just then a voice called from a room adjoining: "All okay, mavournin?"

"Okay, Daddo," Alua Karlin answered. "A Mr. Rufus Lyon is our guest, fresh rescued from the sea. I will be in to see you presently. . . . My granddad," she explained. "He is convalescing from a long illness."

Leo came in with one glass on a tray.

"But, you," I said to my hostess when he offered it to me.

"Behold in me," she said, "the last of a strange, vanishing race. Teetotaler."

"I'm glad." I raised the glass. "It would be all wrong if such a mouth as yours ever had any fragrance but its own. . . . To you."

Leo had certainly done okeydoke. I felt my marrows turning incandescent.

"And now a bathrobe, Leo. Heavy. One to hold in heat." She turned to me: "I must put some clothes on and attend my granddad now. This house is yours. And when you say so Leo will be glad to drive you down to Santa Ysabel."

"Thank you," I said and rose. "I'll take advantage of that offer right away. Friends may be anxious for me."

She put out her hand. She had a swimmer's hands too: Not small. Strong, and very warm.

"If you had given me your hand before," I said, "I wouldn't have needed Leo's gentle stimulant. . . . Bos'n and you swim every day?"

"Straight out to sea," she said. "Foul or fair. Starting at ten A. M."

At ten A. M., next day, I parked my car along the coast road eight miles north of Santa Ysabel del Mar. I walked down to the beach, plunged in, and swam due west. It was a hot, still, brilliant southern California morning. I had never seen the sea so flat. After a half-hour, maybe, I turned north.

I do not know exactly why, but it seemed so much more exciting, meeting her far out at sea. Maybe it was because I knew that love of swimming was one thing that I had in common with her. Maybe because she was most beautiful in the water. The liquid flowing of her long curves left you breathless. . . .

I SWAM another half-hour, more or less, after I had turned north; and then, upon the mercury-flat surface of the bay caught sight of two spots far apart, the black head of Bos'n and the golden-brown head of Alua Karlin.

Bos'n had seen me and had started toward me, leaving her far behind. He came up to me, gave one grand deep bark of how-d'ye-do, and turned and swam back to his mistress, this time easily outspeeding me. But presently we three were together; three who loved swimming—and, I observed, not so much as a single shoulder strap between us.

"The lad still has ideas, Bos'n," said Alua Karlin, noting the bright-eyed interest I could not conceal. "But he is wrong about these newest strapless suits. I've tried this one, full power, and I have not been able to swim through it like a trick seal swimming through a barrel."

She did a log roll, and a tan-colored trifle of a swim suit showed, from breast to thigh; no shoulder strap at all.

"I know," I said. "They vulcanize 'em on."

"No," said the girl. "Thumb tacks! . . . But tell me; did you ever see so flat an ocean? What's the cause?"

"A desert wind will do it," I replied. "Once in a while an east wind comes down through the passes in the hills and blows the sea breeze back and flattens down the surf. It certainly is plenty hot today. Maybe it's desert heat we feel, even out here."

"Whatever kind of heat it is," she said, "I've never known such luxury." And she stretched out on her back and closed her eyes.

WE RESTED from the long swim, floating there. The big Newfoundland left us, gliding off silently westward through the shining water on some business of his own.

We two were wordless. There was the sun almost directly overhead, so strongly penetrating I could feel the heat go deep beneath the skin. And there, near me, like a basking sea nymph, lay the girl I loved. Words would have ruined such a perfect spell.

And yet I was not utterly content. I didn't like the sea as flat as that. It was so motionless that I think Alua Karlin went to sleep. It was entirely possible with a girl so buoyant, and so confident in the water, and in a sea so still. She lay with arms stretched back to serve as balance for her legs; and her breath came regularly, deeply.

She must have floated so a quarter of an hour, if not in sleep, then in that borderland of fading consciousness that touches sleep; and in a bed that cushioned her so delicately that she could not feel a touch of its support—a bed so friendly that she sank down into it until—

Friendly? She suddenly was awake, alarmed. The fearful sound had reached her too. Had we been swimming, ears not half submerged, and with the rush of water filling them, I think that neither of us would have heard it. But floating in complete quiet, our ears, below the surface, were very truly "to the ground;" for rivers, lakes and seas are all part of the earth, and water carries sound four times as well as air. And so it came to us, a faraway, faint, ominous, terrible rending—the actual impact of it on the ear softened as though by league on league of distance, but the impact of it on the imagination not subdued at all.

I raised my head and looked about on every side. There was no least sign of disturbance. The wide sea lay mercurially flat. Had I too fallen asleep there, floating? Dreamed? But no. For now the girl beside me said, "I must have been asleep. It was luxurious past words. What wakened me?"

Fear of the sea, greatest, perhaps, of all the human fears, had laid its hand

Now every day is Christmas for Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne—the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package—flat—convenient to carry—easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks—that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say—what a flavor—blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a *few* minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(*Moral:* You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
6 PIECES
5¢ INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

on me. I did not want that touch to chill her, swimming here, a mile from shore.

"Did something waken you?" I asked.

"Let us swim in," she said. "Where's Bos'n?"

I looked to westward; pointed. "See that swimming!" I exclaimed.

A long, wide-spreading V of lifted water followed him, like bas-relief upon a silver platter. A frothy ripple rose against his throat, leaving the V asparkle with bright, iridescent bubbles. He barked twice and repeated it as he went by us, swimming hard.

"I know the language," said the girl. "That double bark means 'Follow me.' Let's see if it is urgent."

She gave again the pretty two-note whistle. The dog paid no attention. She called, "Here, Bos'n! Come back here!" He never even slowed.

"Urgent it seems to be," I said.

I do not know, of course, if he had heard what we had heard or not. A dog's ears are not under water as he swims. But a dog's ears are keener than a man's; and besides, I often think a dog does not have to hear things, smell things, see things, to be aware of danger to his people. Some sense we do not have perhaps—

"He knows that granddad isn't very well," Alua said, "and that he would need help more than I in case of danger. Come then. Fast as we can swim."

I set my stroke and started after her. I have no champion's speed, but I know at what pace I can swim my best-time mile. It wasn't fast enough, that day, to keep up with Alua Karlin. And her pace wasn't fast enough to keep up with Bos'n.

He reached the beach ahead of her. I saw him race up toward the sea house. I heard his deep bark twice, and twice, and twice again. And presently Alua's granddad came out of the house, leaning upon the shoulder of the house boy, Leo. They looked seaward, and then, as though against protest, the older man was hustled to the car that stood beside the house, and boosted through the door. Then the car backed, swung about, and climbed the narrow private road that led up through a little canyon to the coast highway, the shaggy black dog galloping ahead.

BY THE time it came in view again a little later, where the small road, ascending, rounds the mountain spur a couple hundred feet above the house, Alua Karlin was wading out of the sea. It was as though she waded from a breezeless lake. She walked a few steps up the beach, then turned and waved to me; and she was very beautiful, poised there, tiptoe, in that precarious, strapless, thimbleful of suit, and it was almost the same shade as her sun-browned skin. She was an exquisite living statue done in bronze.

And then I realized something, all in a single instant packed with dread. She was a living statue really! Her slim arm had been flung aloft to wave me in to shore. But her raised hand had never moved. Her arm was stiff as metal. Her delicate strong body stood there frozen in its lovely pose.

One paralyzed moment; then she was alive again. Her arm dropped, pointing out to sea. But before I turned to see where she was pointing, I saw her rigid body suddenly turn supple as she ran, splashed out into the ocean, flung herself full length, and instantly was driving toward me with her powerful smooth crawl.

I took a swift look then, back past my shoulder; and my heart seemed to drain like a squeezed sponge as fear took hold of it. A very mountain, sweeping shoreward, was already straightening up its front. Behind that dreadful steepening was the drive of incalculable waters. Far out beyond the depth of any ordinary swell the bottom of the sea was starting to retard that moving mountain's foot. When its crest toppled forward all the beach beneath it would be ripped out to a depth of fathoms; and in the savage welter of it boulders of that mountain beach would batter to annihilation any living thing.

But there the girl I loved came, smooth arms reaching rhythmically forward, pulling the water swiftly back beneath her, threshing feet leaving a frothy wake behind. There she came, swimming toward that fearful wave. There she came, swimming toward me. So I knew.

NO CREATURE in the world, human or other, however good a swimmer, could give help to another in that water. No one could know that better than the girl swimming to me. She had no hope of helping. She was swimming to me simply to be with me. So I knew.

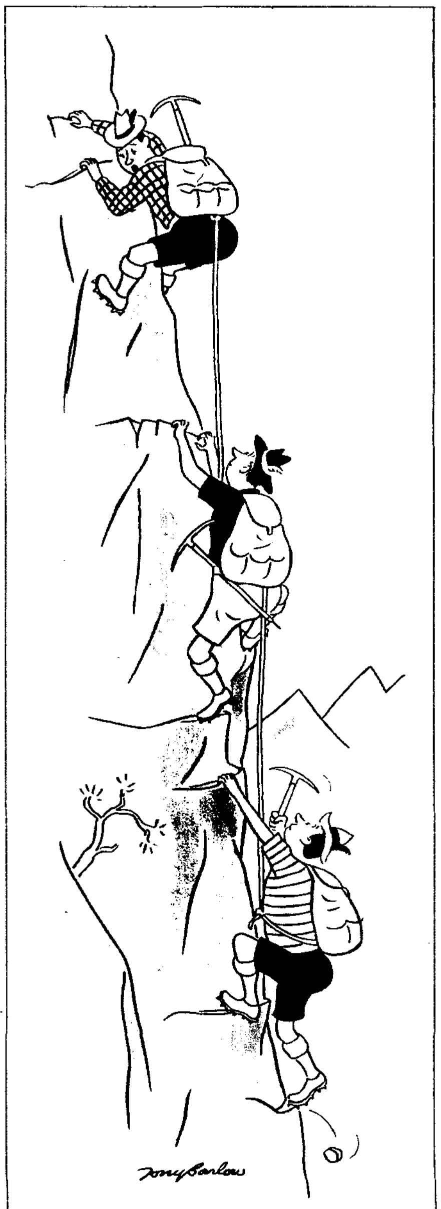
I could not understand it then—not any more than I can understand it now—not any more than I shall understand it after ten thousand years—the miracle of Alua Karlin's love.

I tried to be with her. I did not look back, for I was afraid to look. But when we were no farther than a dozen strokes apart I felt a dreadful lifting. I made one last great try to reach her. Down the front incline of that charging water I made startling speed, no doubt; but fast as I could swim, downhill, the wave crest traveled faster. It caught up to me, balanced me for a moment at its very top as though to toss me forward, then raced ahead and dropped me into the abyss behind.

I saw far up above me and ahead the water stretch like pulled molasses candy as the towering summit arched and lunged toward shore. Then came the thunderous impact. The glass-smooth surface all about me danced into a million little pointed waves as the sea bottom trembled; and beyond the giant comber's ridge white ghastly banners leaped high into view.

I am not very good at prayer. What I'm good at is swimming. Only I wasn't good enough. I couldn't reach the girl I loved by swimming. So I tried the other. So I tried prayer—as many a far less pious lad than I has done with death's hand reaching out for someone precious to him. I must have made a good try, unaccustomed as I am. Almost beside me, as I struggled vainly to swim uphill on the back slope of that terrible wave, a burst of bubbles broke, and there, within arm's length, Alua Karlin's golden-brown head glistened in the sun.

With singing heart I heard her take a great, deep gasp of air. I reached a hand to her, sure she would be exhausted; but she gave me a smile as sweet as it was brief, and with a surge of splendid power started straight for Shanghai! In my joy seeing her I had forgotten the backwash which that giant wave was sure to cause. I followed her at full speed.



"Now, everybody be careful—one misstep here and we'll have to start all over again"

TONY BARLOW

We presently were safe, and stopped and turned. Other huge ground swells now were marching in, half the height, maybe, of the first. We looked shoreward from the crest of one. On the high road above the beach we saw the small car, and we each held two arms straight up, motionless, a space, while treading water—a swimmer's signal that he needs no help. The same okay sign answered us. But had it not been for the Bos'n's warning care there would have been no answer from Alua's granddad. For now no sea house stood against the cliff; not one small stick of it, not one stone of its fireplace or chimney. The monstrous wave had battered it to rubbish against the mountain's end.

THAT devastation was entirely the ocean's work. Only the slightest tremor reached the coast that day. But scientists announced that there had been a great disturbance at the seismic center, out in the Pacific. There surely must have been. It was an hour or more before the swells diminished to a size where we dared swim ashore. But what did hours matter? There she was, safe at sea, and by my side.

"You might not think it, but in me," I said with my first easy breath, "—in me you see a very expert prayer. When ole Rufe Lyon really gets to supplicating—" But banter, somehow, seemed all out of place. "Thank God for you," I ended.

And here I state that if the scientists got no record of a second great disturbance out at sea that day, it was because the first had wrecked their seismographs. For when I said, "Thank God for you," she swam into my arms.

Thumb tacks! For strapless suits on such strong swimmers as Alua Karlin, I stand out for vulcanizing. Or do I?

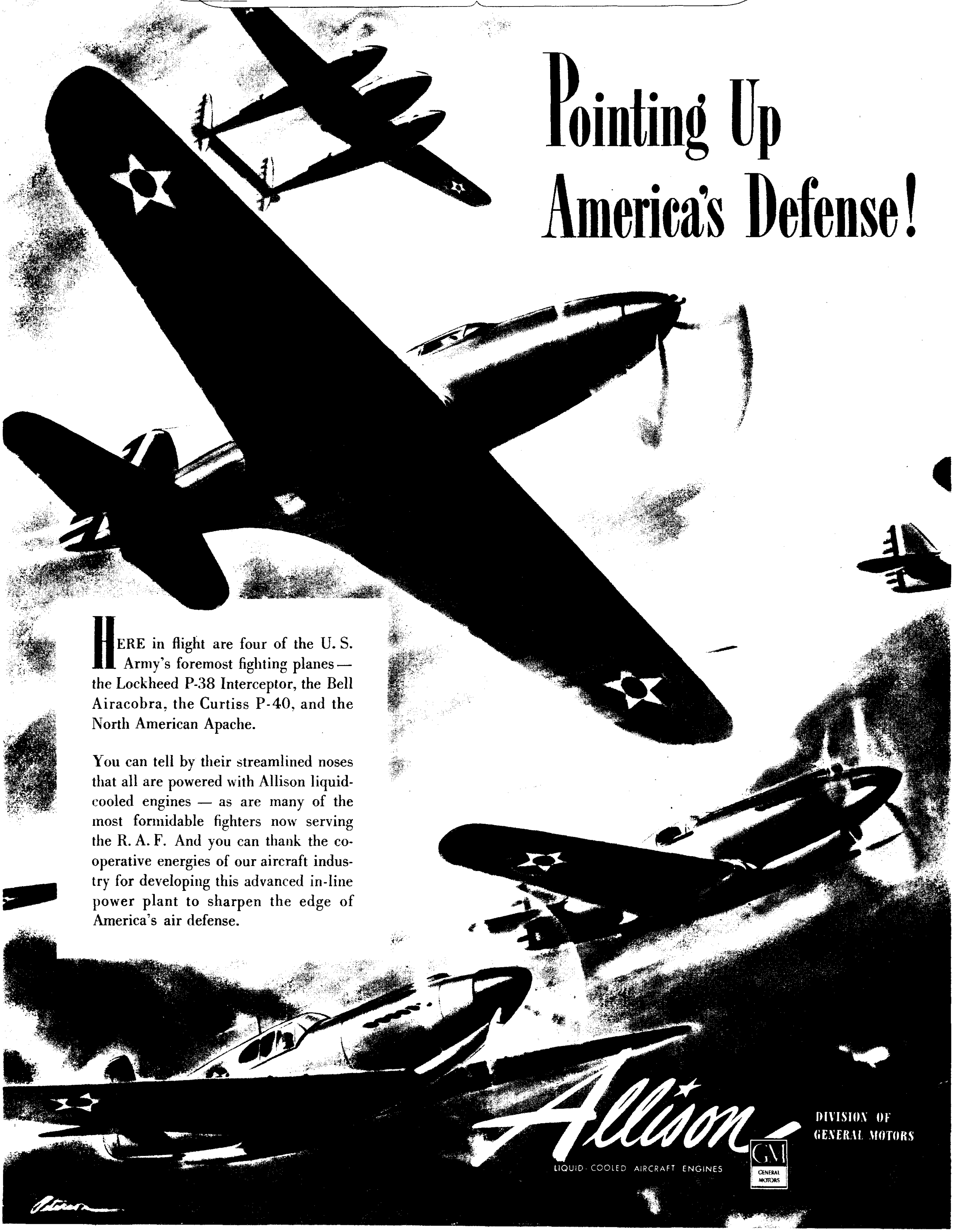
Her eyes were tokay wine, in which warm topaz fires glow. "Tell me, Rufe," she said. "How good a swimmer did I have to be to reach you—as though I didn't know!"

But I told her anyhow: "Good as a trick seal swimming through a barrel."

At which she pushed away from me—or tried to, more or less—and her head went under. When it came up she shook it, and a strand of wet hair, sunstreaked, golden brown, whipped about and clung distractingly across her mouth. It didn't interfere at all.

★★★ IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ★★★

Pointing Up America's Defense!

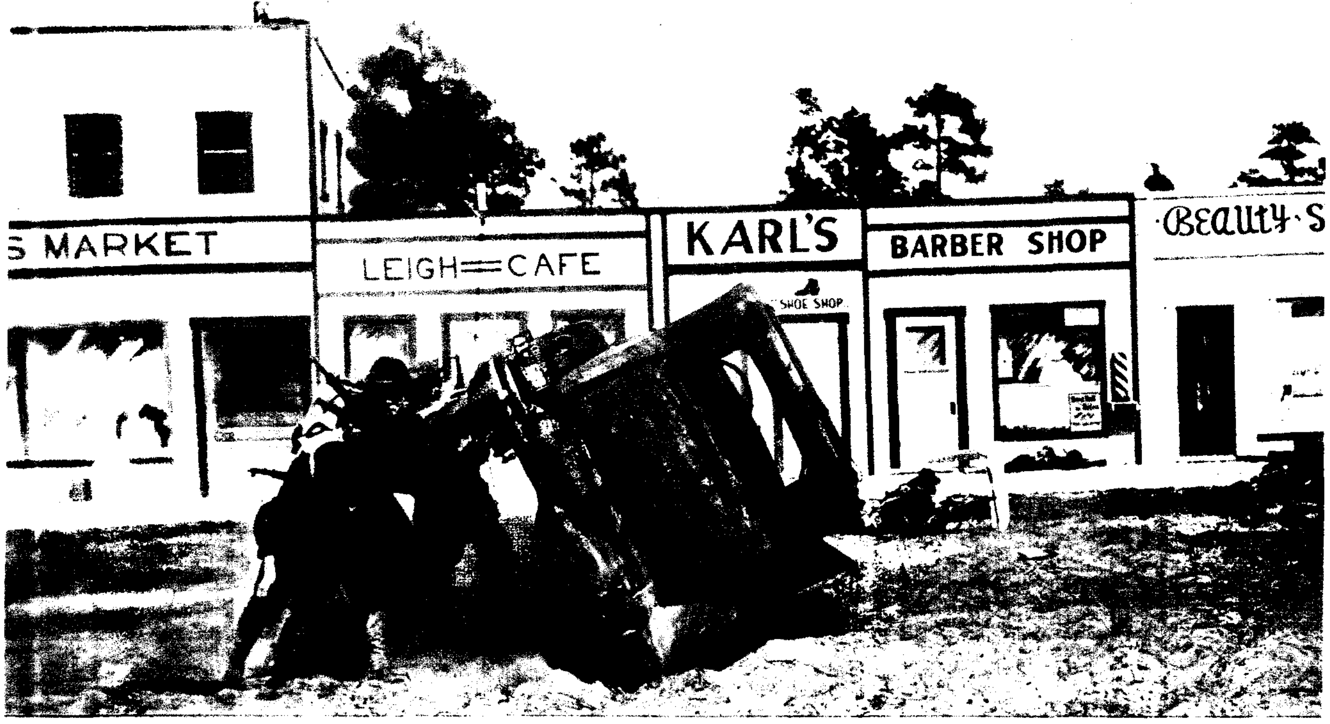


HERE in flight are four of the U. S. Army's foremost fighting planes — the Lockheed P-38 Interceptor, the Bell Airacobra, the Curtiss P-40, and the North American Apache.

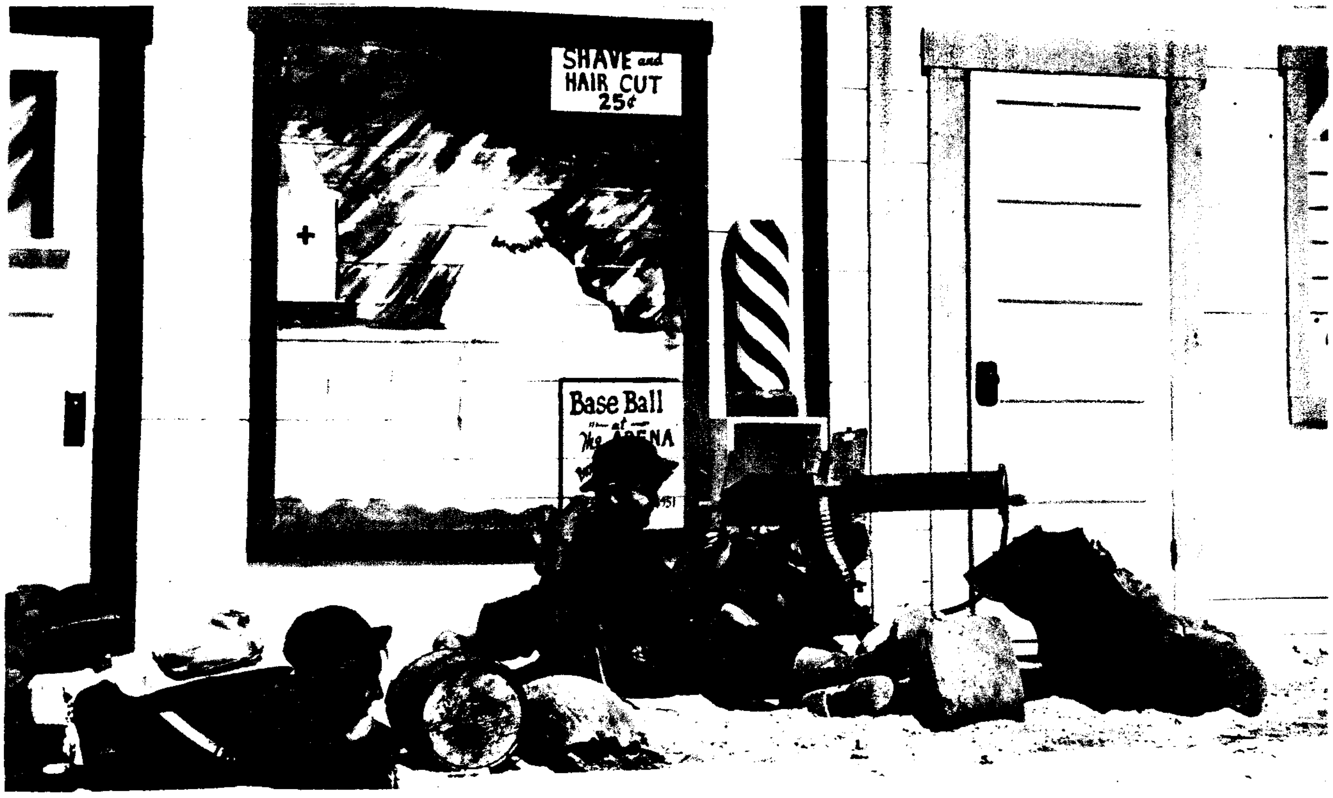
You can tell by their streamlined noses that all are powered with Allison liquid-cooled engines — as are many of the most formidable fighters now serving the R. A. F. And you can thank the co-operative energies of our aircraft industry for developing this advanced in-line power plant to sharpen the edge of America's air defense.

DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

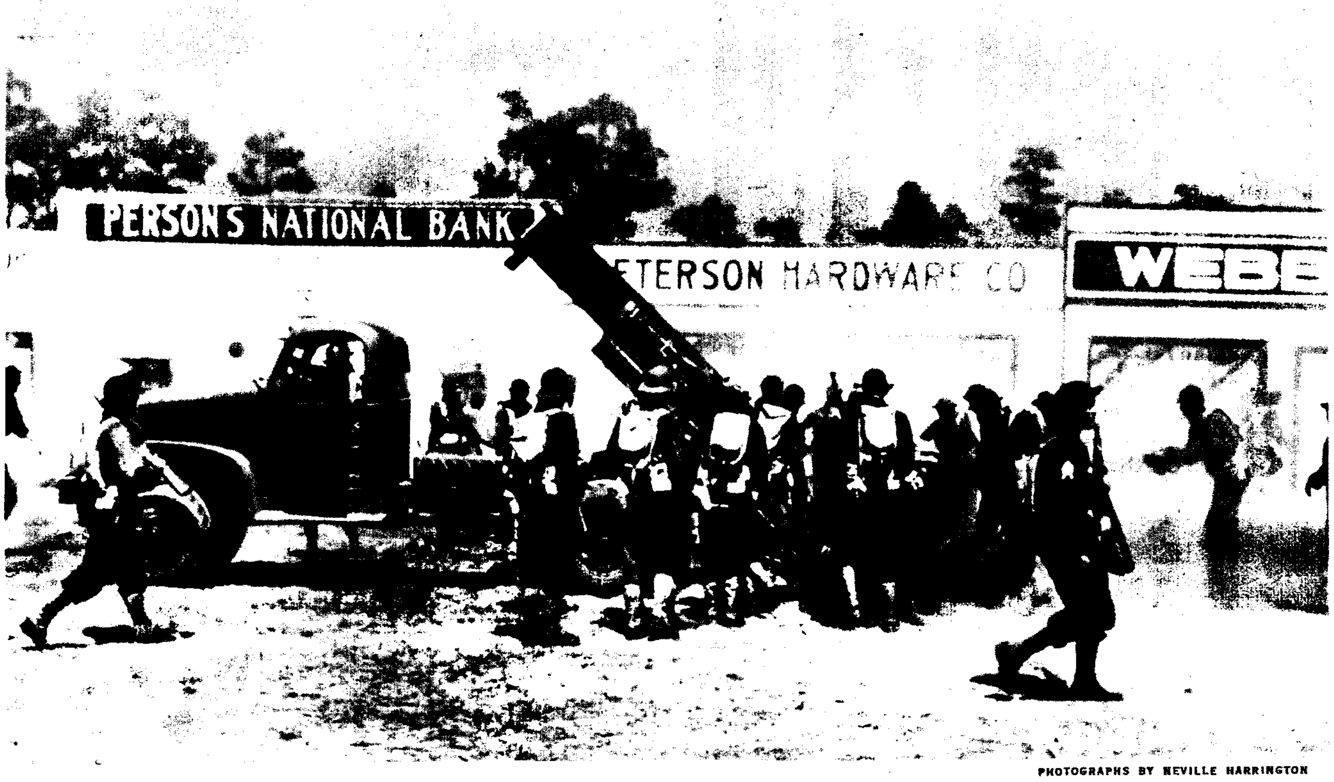
OUR NEW ARMY



Soldiers of the Second Battalion of Florida's 124th Infantry fight a mock battle in a false-front village (see text at right) near Camp Blanding. Attacking infantrymen dump over a car to be used as barricade


SHAVE and HAIR CUT 25¢
Base Ball at the ARENA

Machine-gun crew sets up nest for its weapon in preparation for enemy counterattack. Thompsonville was built by Army carpenters from scrap lumber. "Windows" are painted boards. Note man in barber chair



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEVILLE HARRINGTON

With Thompsonville occupied, but under enemy fire, engineers move in with trucks. Barbed-wire entanglements are thrown up (right). The 106th Engineers built town, which has to be cleaned up after each battle

FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. If development of short cuts and tricks to make military training both pleasant and effective means anything, the War Department had better set up a special file for the 31st Division. The latest invention is something called Thompsonville (see pictures at left) and the plan has worked so well it'll no doubt be adopted by other posts. Major Oscar Leigh Dufree, of the 167th Infantry, got to thinking that there was plenty of theoretical stuff about street fighting but nothing practical; and that, since much of the action in the current war is of the street variety, maybe he ought to do something about it. What came out of this is Thompsonville, a complete community in the woods away from camp, alternately defended and attacked by each regiment in the 31st. Named for Col. Walter M. Thompson, commander of Alabama's 167th Infantry, the village has everything from a second-floor country law office to a filling station and picture theater. Realism is rife. The gas station has real pumps and a display of tires and batteries; the theater has a box office and posters for current pictures. There's the Persons National Bank and Hutchinson's Drugstore, named after Division Commander Major General John E. Persons and Brig. General Joseph Hutchinson. And there's Webb's Garage (Lt. Col. James A. Webb) offering the "Blanding" line of cars at $198.

In using the village to work out tactical problems the soldiers leave little to the imagination. They realize that civilians get underfoot when an attack is made upon a town; so, having duplicated a trading center of approximately 2,000 population, 2,000 imported civilians are on hand and in the way when the shooting begins.

There's one rub. Sticks of dynamite exploded under old autos to represent the effect of artillery fire and aerial bombing, and cars overturned to form barricades, result in a mess that requires hours of cleaning up before the village can again take a beating.

PRIVATE GEORGE MASON, D Battery, 114th F.A., up the other day for appointment as orderly, was asked to give his middle name. He took a long breath. "George Eugene," he said, "Harmon Morgenthau Monroe Mason III." Tie that, somebody.

POST Exchange officers usually manage to earn at least a little profit on merchandise, but the gentleman who sits on the lid at Blanding has one that stumps him—he loses money on postage stamps. Here's how: For convenience in handling, the P-X buys its stamps in rolls, paying the usual premium of three cents a roll. There are no stamp vending machines at hand to make up this loss, so the boys get their stamps at par and the P-X pays and pays.

43D DIV.

THEY'VE finally decided how the 31st and 43d divisions will get from Blanding to Louisiana early in August without tying the Gulf Coastal area traffic into a plate of spaghetti. Beginning July 30th, some 4,000 men of each division will leave camp daily and are expected to reach the Alexandria area six days later. The 43d will make night stops at Tallahassee and Milton, Florida; Gulfport, Mississippi; and Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The 31st will bivouac at Thomasville, Georgia; Andalusia, Alabama; and Waynesboro and Natchez, Mississippi. Both divisions will establish heavy motor maintenance shops at two points along the route, with auxiliary shops elsewhere for light repairs. Troops from Fort Benning will be on the move at the same time—but somewhere in between the two Blanding divisions.

MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS. Those low growls coming out of this post aren't exactly unjustified. When a guy is awakened in the middle of the night by a cry of "Fire!" throws all of his possessions out of the third-story window, then finds out it's a false alarm, he has a good reason for beefing. That is what happened to the men of the 1st Division when Major General Donald C. Cubbison returned from a hurried trip to Washington and told the personnel of his triangular outfit *(Continued on page 39)*

Well into our Second Year of Defense Production!

OVER A YEAR before the President called upon this country to become the "Arsenal of Democracy" the Cadillac organization was deep in the work of defense.

And today, as for months past, a considerable section of the Cadillac plant is engaged, on a *twenty-four hour* basis, exclusively in America's armament program.

Cadillac's role in this program is one that few other organizations could play. Cadillac is manufacturing—to the strictest precision limits in the world—many parts of the Allison engine, which powers some of America's greatest fighting planes.

Cadillac is proud to be chosen for this vital job—for two reasons: The selection of this organization for this particular work underscores its position as Standard of the World in manufacturing skill. And it enables us to utilize this special skill for the good of the whole nation.

America can count on Cadillac to help make this country as supreme in the air as it has been on the highway. We sincerely pledge, to that end, our forty years' experience in building America's finest cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

GM
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Why be content with less?

REGENT gives you far greater smoking enjoyment than ordinary cigarettes...yet costs no more.

KING SIZE...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool ...giving you refreshing, natural coolness

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CRUSH-PROOF BOX...Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...in perfect smoking condition

BOX OF TWENTY 15¢
(Except in certain States)

REGENT
CIGARETTES
R

REGENT..... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

The Guns Are Coming

Continued from page 15

great change (a highly unlikely change) during the past week or two, only four of the five firms that have contracts to produce 26-ton tanks have got as far as turning out their first models. Only the Chrysler Corporation is showing the speed at producing 26-tonners that the Army longs for. Chrysler, with a brand-new plant, reports that it will be manufacturing ten or twelve medium tanks a day, beginning in August. But we won't get any heavies—sixty-ton devastators—before next summer. The Army looks forward to getting from six to twelve daily late in 1942.

This may impress you as slow work. Actually it isn't. We have neither the space nor the inclination to review alibis. Not much of an alibi is needed. According to the Army's information, which has a knack of being pretty accurate, it took the amazing Hitler longer to get into production. Perhaps nothing short of a calamitous shock will get us to work in earnest. And it isn't impossible that we'll get the shock within a reasonably short time. Stick around, fellow citizens. Prepare to go to work as if this war were real. Anyway, you'd better. We've been sitting up of nights talking to Army folk—particularly Army Intelligence officers. We wish we might tell you what they say. Not that we want to alarm you.

Our Army is still training antiaircraft units with three-inch guns. The antiaircraft guns don't kill many planes but they do keep them flying high and that's their real job. A plane doesn't have to soar higher than 20,000 feet to be out of reach of the three-inch gun and from that relatively low altitude the modern plane can almost play tunes on the bells in a church steeple. The Navy is equipping itself with five-inch two-purpose guns and throwing overboard its old three-inch rifles as fast as it can. The Army protests violently the preference the Navy is allegedly getting in this department and that's another source of much interdepartmental squabbling. The Army will have to make the best of it. The Navy will see action first. She gets the preference in arms. But we'll come to the Navy in a moment.

The Navy Gets the Preference

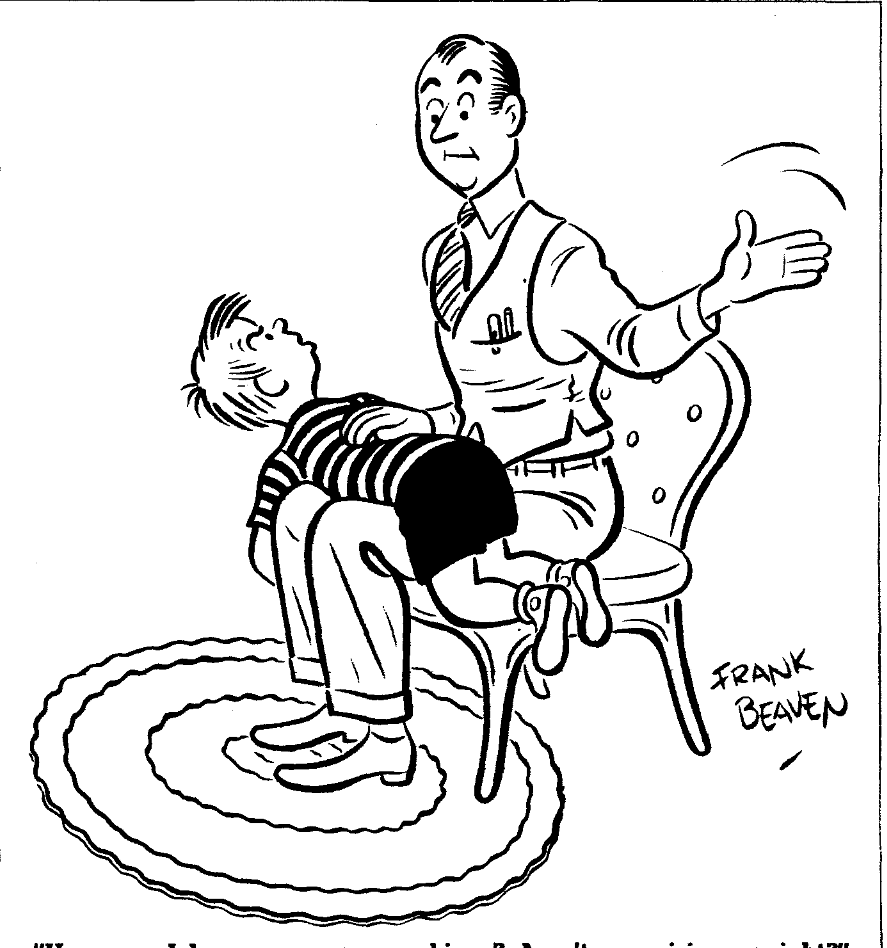
Not that the Army doesn't want three-inch antiaircraft guns and even the little 37-millimeter weapons. It does —very much so. These bang-bangs are fast. They can be whisked from yon to hither with almost the same speed that men can tote a machine gun. The Army would like about 7,500 of these death sprayers, which they would artfully conceal in advantageous places around our seacoast cities to be turned loose upon divers and daring house-topping bombers. We're turning them out at the rate of twenty-five a day or thereabout. We're even aiming at assembly-line production of twenty-millimeter automatic cannon which will spout bullets like water. They'll do nicely on light tanks as well as on pursuit and interceptor planes. But we won't have them in important numbers for six months —unless that Unlimited Emergency means what it sounds like. But it will be a year or so before this country will be able to manufacture the real antiaircraft gun, the 90-millimeter blazer that can keep the enemy bombers so high in the air that we'll at least get a chance to duck before their bombs hit.

All that's light stuff of course. As for heavy artillery—well, we're farther away from producing big mobile guns than we are from big tanks. For a long while to come our artillerymen will have to work with First World War cannon. Our defenses in Hawaii—on Oahu Island—are almost exclusively 1917 guns. They're good, they've been modernized, their elevation has been increased and therefore their range. They've been mounted on wheels and are fairly mobile. But they're not modern guns although new explosives lend distance to their shells and their accuracy is something to marvel at. Of the very necessary nine-inch howitzers we have but a few. We have more 155-millimeter howitzers, perhaps 800, but far from enough. They're the old Schneider model and it's going to take time and ingenuity to make a better one. What we need is more of them. The new powder and the new high-explosive shells will discourage any invader however modern, however brave, however resourceful. We have some seventy-five-millimeter howitzers and some old French seventy-five field guns. Most of what we had of these we gave to Britain. And most of what we sent to Britain have been captured by Hitler. He thinks enough of them to turn them on the retreating British. Good guns. We should have about 25,000 of them. But there's no chance of that until sometime in 1943. When we get heavy tanks and get modernized seventy-fives with the new armor-piercing shells, we'll mount the latter in the former and we'll be getting somewhere. But you've got to be patient.

We've talked to the Army and the OPM about it. The Army has known for years that in such an emergency as this we'd not be able to arm ourselves. The Army has wept all over congressional desks about it—wept for years. Until all this calamity descended upon us the largest order the Army ever gave a contractor was for 150 planes and a couple of dozen big guns. The Army probably couldn't have found takers for bigger orders. So when it came to ordering arms by the billion-dollar lot the Army was completely sunk. Like the OPM, the Army had nowhere to place big orders. But the Army knew this and the OPM is just finding it out. The subject's worth going into for a moment.

Conversion Takes Time

Nobody knew better than Mr. Knudsen and his associates in the OPM that you couldn't turn a washing-machine plant into a machine-gun factory in a week. They knew also that it took months for a motorcar manufacturer to tool up for a change in the model of a motorcar. What we're up against today was foreseen by Mr. Knudsen and his fellows even if some of them did not make very happy estimates of our raw-materials supply and our machine-tool possibilities. Not that we're going into the subject of bottlenecks, and that's giving the reader a break. But wholly aside from priorities, British demands, pledges to favored belligerents and our national ignorance of how to make war materials, there were other reasons why we couldn't get to work fast enough to suit ourselves as well as Britain. One of these, among the most important, involved our own national economy. If, for example, the OPM had been ruthless, commanding or imploring all industrialists to stop making peacetime commodities forthwith and tool immediately for war production, millions of workers would have been thrown out of jobs for periods of from three months to a year and maybe more, depending on how long it took their employers to convert their plants and machines. Mr. Knudsen has clung firmly to the belief that a wholesale dislocation of industry would all but erase



"How come I deserve so many spankings? Aren't you raising me right?"

FRANK BEAVEN

Make no mistake!

AMERICA *WILL* DO THE JOB

Liberty has never failed to crush, with the impact of its might, those who sought to suppress it . . . Hatred, fear and oppression cannot equal the might and power of free America aroused and determined to defend her destiny as the guardian of Democracy . . . Here is proof! In 5 months and 28 days mammoth Reynolds plants for the production of aluminum metal from raw ore were erected, equipped and began actual production of this vital defense material. A world's record . . . These things we believe and this achievement is the result of our faith.

R S Reynolds

R. S. REYNOLDS, PRESIDENT

OUR 25 PLANTS LOCATED IN 13 STATES ARE PRODUCING FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES: RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

PLANTS: LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY • LISTERHILL, ALABAMA • LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • NEW YORK CITY • GLENDALE, LONG ISLAND • HARRISON, NEW JERSEY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI • MACON, GEORGIA YOUNGWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA • KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE • BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

REYNOLDS METAL

whatever esprit de corps the American worker had. To have millions idle while industry as a whole was reorganizing itself to do unaccustomed work might make complete defense impossible and make the war more unpopular than it already was—and is.

Therefore, Mr. Knudsen held out for gradual conversion. He has had opposition. His policy has been credited by some of his opponents as strike breeding. But he is not one to change his mind under pressure. Moreover, supported by large numbers of industrialists, he opposed the Unlimited Emergency expedient for another reason. In Congress and elsewhere there were demands that the President take over private plants forthwith and thus make managements and workers federal employees, ineligible to refuse contracts or strike. Mr. Knudsen insisted that this should be a last instead of a first resort. Too, Congress was ready to limit war profits to twelve per cent, the White House looking with favor upon such a procedure. But if such a bill became law, argued Knudsen, it would be harder than ever to induce private industry to accept defense contracts.

"Let them make big profits if they want," he said. "Then tax them out of them. The industrialist may raise hell about taxes but he'll not work at all if you take away the profit incentive."

Where Shall We Fight?

We could go on like that for pages, citing the inside fights that have contributed so much to our snailish progress toward preparedness. But we'll quit where we are and go ahead with what we have to fight with now and when we'll have more. And before we resume, you had better understand that our figures are unofficial—although reasonably accurate. Mr. Roosevelt has written sharp notices to the War and Navy departments and to the OPM to reveal as few figures as possible. There is an absolute presidential prohibition against making public statistics showing how much of our small war production is going to England and how much trickles into our armed forces—well, partly armed anyway. We've seen the charts but are bound by solemn promises to keep the secret.

As our Army exists today, only the incurable point stretcher is willing to call it half armed. The War Department agrees that it will not be fully armed for another year although it would fight if it had to today.

Very frankly, the War Department is far from being a unit in what we need most and for what kind of war we should equip ourselves. One faction sees us fighting Nazis in South America. Therefore, say they, we should go all out for short-range bombing planes, sacrificing fuel for bomb capacity. They contend we should forget about tanks because in South America's mountainous terrain tanks will be useless. We'll just blast the Nazis out with Andes-soaring bombers. Another faction sees us fighting in China or perhaps the Middle East and there we'll need thousands of tanks. Yet another group thinks we'd better equip ourselves for a European invasion although this group is rapidly disappearing for some reason. Anyway, this lack of common plan has made itself felt in the offices of the OPM and adds nothing whatever to the efficiency of Mr. Knudsen's forces. After all, it is the business of the OPM to find somebody who can and will make what the Army and Navy decide they want. That's all. Congress has provided the money. The OPM believes that it has arrived at the point where production can be thrown into high. It's up to the Army and the Navy to decide what they want.

Only lately the Army has stopped quarreling internally about the need and the efficiency of a flat-trajectory 155-millimeter field gun which will be made at the rate of two a week by late 1942. The Army dreams about four or five hundred of these blasters, trundling around the country at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It's not hard to find artillery officers who'll tell you that they hope the short-range things are never produced in quantity. We mention this merely to give you a hint that the Army is not unanimous in its approval of current schedules.

So we'll turn to the Navy—a much simpler story. As one of the members of the OPM said to us: "With the Navy it's easy: the Navy has a ship and merely tells a shipbuilder to turn out a couple more like it—only better."

When we started on this defense rush we had a swell Navy. We still have one. Numerically it was not as large, but it compared favorably with Britain's even before the war. But it's no two-ocean Navy and it won't be for three or four years. If we elect to go to war now, put an effective if not sufficient surface and subsurface patrol in the Atlantic, it will be necessary to draw heavily upon the Pacific Fleet or call in the Asiatic Fleet, the latter a none too formidable force of cruisers, destroyers and submarines. Only a presidential command would induce the Navy Department to weaken Admiral Kimmell's Pacific Fleet, and he is being advised constantly against that. Admiral Hart's Asiatic Squadron, if left where it is, would have to rely more upon the admitted seamanship of its officers and the fighting spirit of its crews than upon its guns and armor should the Japanese fleet make a surprise dash southward on battle bent.

"This race is fixed! I just saw that jockey take two aspirins"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Before we can claim to have a two-ocean Navy 1946 will be about over. And to do that it will be necessary to give our own shipbuilding program precedence over Britain's. When we do complete our present program, the United States Navy will be a fearsome thing—692 fighting ships ranging from thirty-two battleships (no thin-skinned battle cruisers) to 320 auxiliary ships. The latter will be tankers, repair ships, transports, supply ships and the like.

The Navy's Fighting Strength

We have 336 fighting ships at present as against 395 before we released those fifty destroyers to Britain. And yet our Navy is stronger today than it was a year ago. In the past year we've added two 35,000-ton battleships, twenty-four destroyers that look top-heavy but that the Navy regards as superlative, twelve submarines that can run across the Pacific without refueling. Seventy-five new ships are building now. Some, the smaller ones, are pretty well along; others are just beginning, their keels only recently laid. It takes about four years to build a battleship. By January, 1947, we should have fifteen of these bruisers to add to the seventeen we already have, although only eight or nine of these fifteen are under construction at the moment. The Navy hopes to pare the building time down by several months. These eight are big boys—35,000- and 45,000-tonners carrying sixteen-inch guns. Of the new capital ships six were designed as battle cruisers—modern Hoods with armor sacrificed to speed. But since the Hood was blown into eternity by a single shell from the Bismarck striking the lightly protected magazines of the big Britisher, the Navy is indulging in second thought. It's their thought. What they're going to do about it is the Navy's secret. Just now they are thinking seriously of redrawing plans and making thick-skinned sluggers out of them instead of more vulnerable speedsters.

But that's up to the Navy. All we can do is to give you an idea of what we have to fight with now and what we'll have two, three and four years hence. If you keep your ears open in the War Department, the Navy Department and the OPM you'll become aware that the warlike phrases of Secretaries Knox and Stimson, to say nothing of other important government administrators, are not enthusiastically echoed by all their inferiors. Far, far from it. These lesser personages, more intimate with what fighting means and what fighting takes, are by no means certain that we're in any position just now to take on anybody as well-heeled as Hitler. They're not making any public declarations, however, although two or three of them, less fearful of official displeasure and less dependent upon their service incomes, are doing a lot of talking in corridors and at dinner parties. Nevertheless, they find themselves in a position difficult to defend in debate. They realize that if England falls we shall have to face a difficult future alone. They realize, too, that the most we can do at the moment is keep the war going, taking chances of reverses while wearing down Hitler with our weight of production and resource.

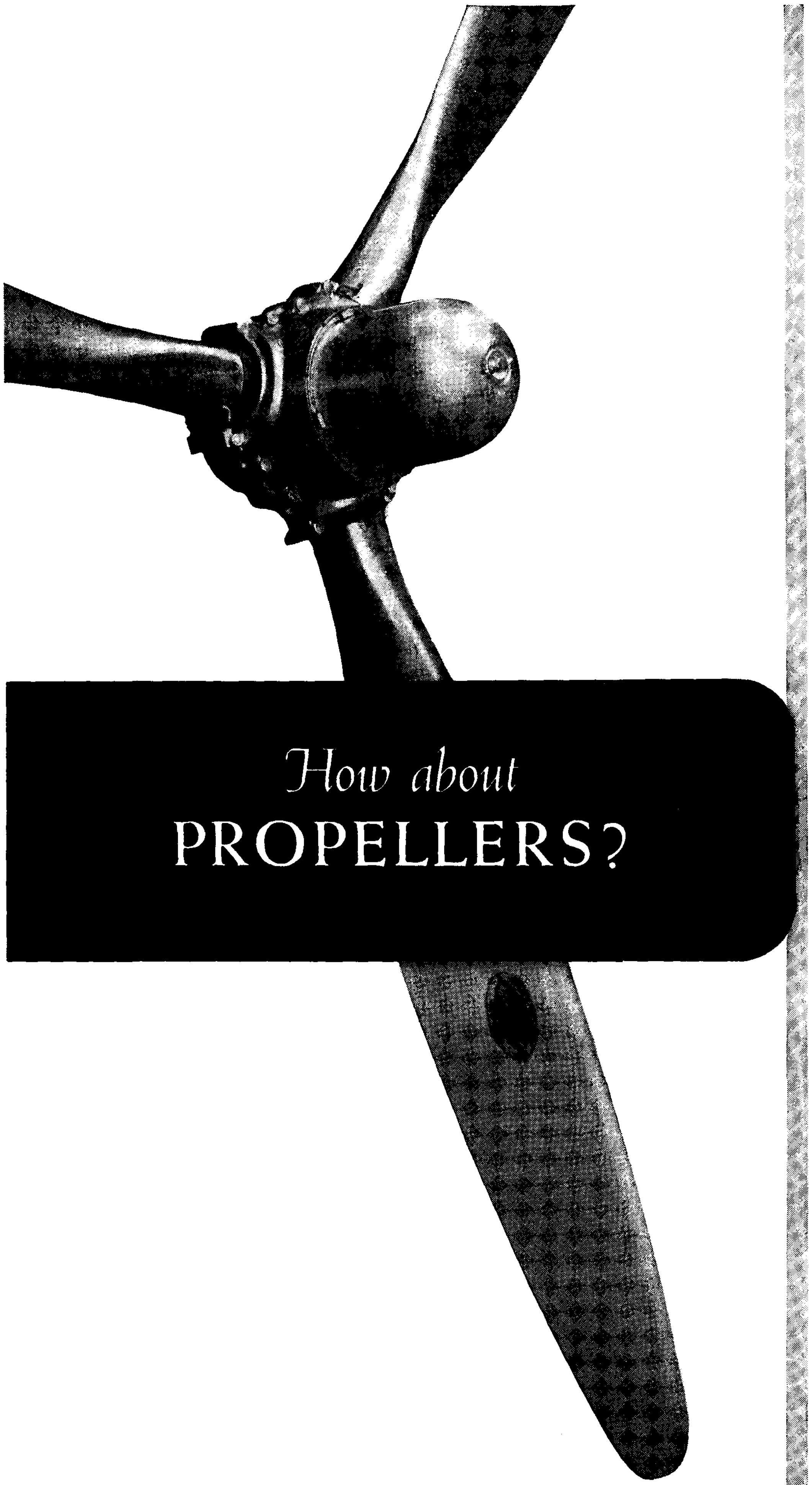
The Navy as well as the Army is as usual bothered by fears. There's the fear that if peace comes to Europe before we complete our present arms program, there will be a popular demand that the United States stop building this huge war machine.

Some of the more apprehensive are afraid that the war may end sometime during the winter of 1941-1942. By then, at the rate military contracts are being let now—$1,100,000,000 a month—we'd be a long way from placing orders for forty-five or fifty billion dollars' worth of ships and guns. Some of them are old-timers. They shake their heads dolorously. They say it is easy enough to keep hot the urge to arm while the world's at war but something else when firing ceases. Untouched peoples are all too eager to forget war and even more eager to delay preparing for wars to come. They point to the 1920's and the 1930's for proof and to Britain's and America's refusal to read signs posted by Hitler in the thirties.

Lest the People Forget

In the meantime the Navy is doing everything in its power to place contracts and to speed building. To build a cruiser is normally a three-year job. It takes about two and a half years to build a destroyer. We have about forty cruisers with seven additional nearly completed and fifty in the more or less distant offing. If the present program is completed we'll have two hundred cruisers—six-inch-gun and eight-inch-gun beauties. We can turn out submarines faster, but not so fast as Hitler is said to be doing it. It is generally agreed however that our pig-boats are far superior to the German quickies and well worth spending the extra time on.

All these cardinal arms—ships and guns—may be well toward realization before a European peace, a popular clamor or a change in federal administration can alter the program. And it is upon these items that popular attention is focused. But we're having plenty of trouble designing and building the all-important incidentals—electrical devices for spotting a distant enemy, for pointing the modern naval gun and automatically firing it. Perhaps no military secrets are so jealously guarded as these. All three branches of our defense—Army, Navy and Air—are experimenting twenty-four hours a day with new bomb sights, radio-beam locaters, gun-pointing mechanisms and so on. As far as we've been able to learn, this government may have several miracles to work upon any enemy it may be called upon to fight. Washington reeks with rumor about them. Maybe there's something to it—we wouldn't know. And if we did we couldn't tell you. We



How about PROPELLERS?

As the manufacturer charged with the responsibility for producing the larger portion of the aircraft propellers required by the Defense Program, the Hamilton Standard Propellers division of United Aircraft Corporation answers here some timely questions:

★ **In DESIGN of propellers: how does the United States compare with other nations?**

America is far in the lead. The start of the race for supremacy in the air found the United States with two outstanding makes of propellers, each fully developed and each well ahead of any type developed elsewhere in the world.

Hamilton Standard designed the first practical controllable-pitch propeller which, in turn, made possible the modern high performance airplane.

★ **Have your propellers stood the test of combat?**

Day and night—for almost two years—British-built Hamilton Standard propellers have met the grueling test of combat service with the Royal Air Force on thirty different types of British airplanes, including the famous Hurricanes and Spitfires. In addition, American-built Hamilton Standard propellers are serving the British as standard equipment on the majority of American airplanes with the R.A.F.

★ **In PRODUCTION: are you keeping pace with airplane requirements?**

Yes, we have been delivering Hamilton Standard propellers consistently ahead of schedule, including all our orders for the United States Army and Navy and for Britain. In addition, we are continuing to supply the airlines, *all* of which specify our propellers as standard equipment.

★ **What is your current production?**

We are now making more than 2,000 propellers a month—over 75% of America's current production of propellers for combat and advanced training airplanes.

★ **How has this been achieved?**

We have of course increased our plant area. But more important is the fullest utilization of specialized machinery and a further increase in our practice of extensive sub-contracting. As a result we are now producing twice as many propellers per square foot of plant area as a year ago.

★ **How about propellers for the new big bomber program?**

We expect to meet this task as well. Production is being further increased both at East Hartford and at our new Pawcatuck plant. In addition we have now licensed Nash-Kelvinator to build complete propellers, using our proven designs and production methods.

★ **What of the future?**

In the laboratories of Hamilton Standard is a new propeller which promises to improve radically the performance of aircraft, increasing still further America's lead in the air.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

PRATT & WHITNEY
ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD
PROPELLERS

TUNNEL OF LOVE

"What a gay old dog he is—now that he's keeping his breath sweet with LIFE SAVERS!"

COLA LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVER

In addition to being your breath's best friend, LIFE SAVERS are delightful candy. Try COLA LIFE SAVERS—or any of the 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. 5¢

have talked to a number of Army and Navy officers who scoff at all this secret-weapon business. They say that for all the talk of new and superlatively devilish secret weapons, Hitler has produced nothing that isn't a successful adaptation of the superlative tactic of "git thar fustest with the mostest men" plus tanks and planes.

The Navy has the men—an incomparable enlisted personnel. It expects no trouble getting all it needs to man a two-ocean Navy, although it may be necessary to be a bit less choosy from now on. The draft has taken care of the new Army's requirement although there is considerable apprehension about the numbers of lads who have been rejected for physical shortcomings. But that's nothing to worry about just yet. In a long war requiring many replacements we might have our troubles in spite of our boasted man power. But we have about a million and a half men in uniform (if not exactly under arms) now as against 231,000 a year ago. Our current Army enrollment is by no means all drafted. Two hundred and sixty-nine thousand of them are National Guardsmen, who are at last getting merited recognition from the General Staff. And there are 462,000 Regulars doing three-year hitches. The rest are draftees—and they're doing a heroic job under what have been decidedly uninspiring conditions.

The President Has the Choice

Unless they're held over, the vast majority of the drafted men will finish their year of training with little if any practical knowledge of modern weapons. The second draft will have more but far from enough. Not that the time any of them have spent in uniform will have been barren. The old system has changed. Men are getting a more comprehensive training than they did in the first World War when virtually every male within the age limit who could stand up unassisted was given a rifle and commanded to be a hero.

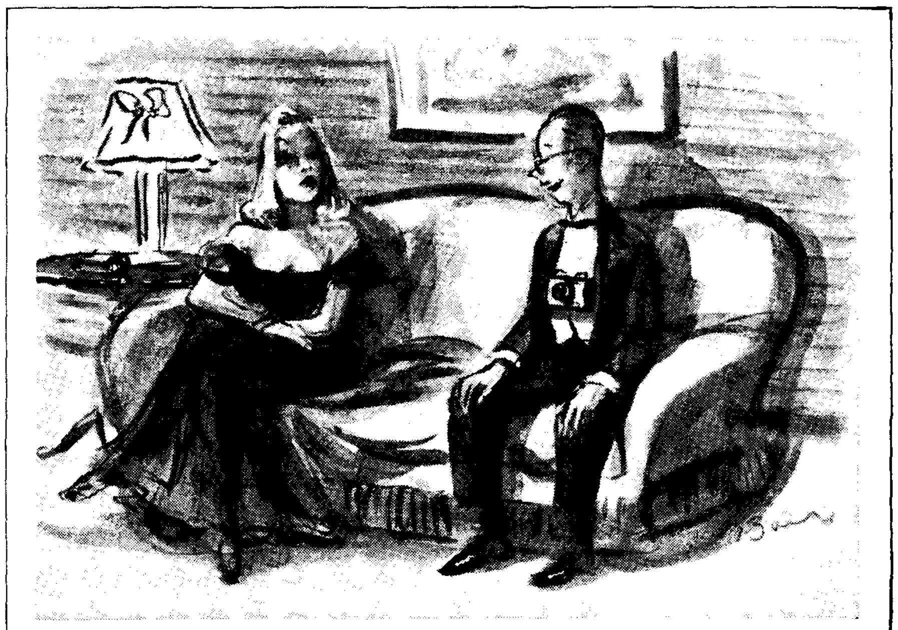
Of our new Army capital units only four are now designated as armored divisions. Just when they'll be armored, equipped to discharge their swift, tough duties is considerable of a question—perhaps by March, 1942. The 27 infantry divisions should be pretty well set by fall, with the exception of their artillery. By spring a few of these 27 divisions may be able to take the field armed to the last tooth, including artillery.

Convinced that England's plight is desperate, that her fortitude is approaching the human limit, the President may choose to fight with the arms we have. He may overrule Mr. Knudsen's gradual-absorption-of-industry plan and command that industrial plants which are still devoting themselves to nonmilitary production cease what they're doing and become armament factories at once. In this, he will have the applause of the Army, which is particularly anxious that war contracts, to the limit of Congress' appropriations, be placed before any popular reaction thereto can manifest itself.

But the OPM will indicate a shortage of raw materials, real or nominal—aluminum, steel, rubber, tin and certain all-important chemicals. For all of the late New Deal's power projects there may be insufficient electric power to run all the converted plants twenty-four hours a day and meet civilian requirements too. There are twenty-four materials priorities on the lists of the OPM—materials which are needed to build ships, guns, tanks and make ammunition. The stories in Washington have it that unless fortune is kinder to Britain, unless Britain can achieve at least one good morale-restoring land victory, the President will requisition industrial plants, workers, management and all, instead of waiting until the 330 government-owned plants are finished and start turning out artillery, planes, engines, shells, high explosives, chemicals, machine guns and small arms. A few of these have been completed. Others will be ready in the early fall. But not all of them can get to work before next spring. Building them is costing us more than two billion dollars. That two billion is a part of the six billion we've been able to spend thus far.

Even if the President does requisition already existing plants—privately owned concerns—it will take anywhere from three to six months to convert them into little Skodas. Therefore, the Army's estimate that we'll be in no shape to fight before the spring of 1942 is not changed much. And the Army, like the Navy, is a very practical organization, very little given to emotional outbursts except when it sees the Navy given preferences.

The Navy is getting the preference anyway. It isn't having much trouble justifying it. Almost all the Administration's pressure is being brought to bear on the shipyards just now. Navy men say that if we can increase the Navy to two-ocean fighting capacity, they can take care of us while the Army's still preparing. There are Army men who concede that there's logic in this. But they hate to admit it.



"I'm never without my camera. You never can tell when something exciting will happen" HOWARD BAER

Our New Army

Continued from page 32

to get ready for a trek to Puerto Rico. Quartermaster units collected heavy clothing and issued tropic-weight duds, soldiers dismantled day rooms and sold radios and cars for whatever they could get. Fifty-three of the men got waivers of the five-day marriage law and took wives unto themselves. From Washington a week later came official word: Trip postponed, go on with the training schedule. Crestfallen soldiers, shivering in feather-weight uniforms, wondered how they could get their cars and radios back. The fifty-three bridegrooms were somewhat dazed.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. More than 400,000 officers and men will take part in the largest scale maneuvers ever scheduled by the Army, when a fake scuffle begins in October over the 130 miles of territory separating this fort from Fort Jackson, South Carolina (see below). Army and civil officials of the two states are now scurrying around getting trespass rights in the area. Farmers are being assured that soldiers will respect property, but if some crops or fences get trampled, damages claims will be settled quietly and quickly by a claims commission following close behind the battlers. As a matter of fact, this arrangement holds good in all sections where war games are in progress.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. Selectees assigned to the 13th Infantry are finding their regimental history of no help whatever in getting acquainted with the young ladies of Columbia, six miles from the fort. Thing is, the lapel badges contain the 13th's motto, "First at Vicksburg," which is a total loss as an ice breaker because the loss of Vicksburg was the turning point of the South's defeat back in the Civ—the War Between the States. If the soldier can clear this hurdle he still has to persuade the gal to laugh off the four-starred gadgets on each side of the red saltier cross. They represent the shoulder straps of Generals Sherman and Sheridan; and the statehouse at Columbia still bears the marks of shelling by Sherman's artillery from the other side of the Congaree River. It's getting so a soldier has to be a diplomat to get along.

GEORGIA

2D ARMORED DIV.

FORT BENNING. All members of the 2d Armored Division are now being issued distinctive uniforms combining utility and style: Olive drab coveralls belted at the waist and strapped to the shoe tops. The division's embroidered shoulder patch—a cannon barrel, a tank track and a bolt of lightning enclosed in a red, blue and yellow triangle—is worn on the shirt, and the useless ends of the necktie are tucked away under the first button. Very classy. What causes the most rejoicing is the absence of a field pack and other infantry equipment. Supplies for tank men are carried by truck, so the boys in this division don't have to lug around anything but a small field bag that dangles from the shoulder.

CAMP STEWART, Hinesville. Forty-three buck privates in C Battery, 101st separate battalion, formed a club last January which has finally been promoted out of existence. Called the Yardbird Club, its membership was restricted to the rear rank lads who caught most of the K. P. and dirt-shoveling details. Battery C recently announced its new ratings and the forty-three charter Yardbird members found themselves either N. C. O.'s or specialists, which lets them out of routine yard duty, and hence out of the Yardbird Club. According to latest reports, however, the organization is under new management, with twice as many members as before.

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Snoring is probably more of a problem in the Army than anywhere else (except perhaps, in a submarine), but Corp. Isaac H. Durgin, of the 14th Training Battalion's Company D, promised eight selectees in his squad that they'd get used to the heavy-caliber snores of two of their barrack mates. "It'll get so," he told them, "that the only thing that'll break up your sleep is a sudden burst of quiet." The eight sleepless selectees drew up a petition protesting against the raucous rookies and beseeching the corporal to take immediate action. "The situation," read the petition in part, "has become so acute that the chief offender of the two snorers has twice been awakened by his own din, in each instance exhibiting unmistakable evidence of mild shock." The haggard cosigners are still waiting for Corp. Durgin's prediction to begin functioning.

LOUISIANA

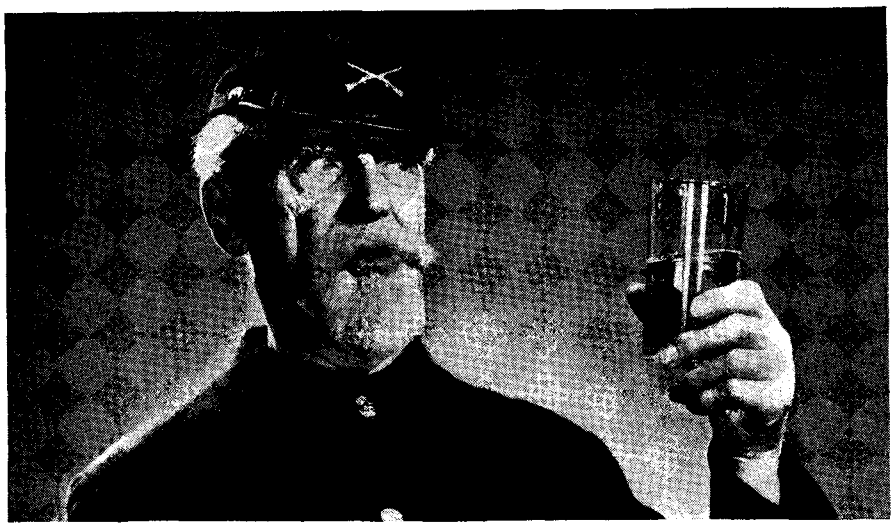
34TH DIV.

CAMP CLAIBORNE, Alexandria. The three first-class privates got back to camp from near-by Marksville all right, but the Model T that did the job is now a white elephant they can't even give away. To start at the beginning, the soldiers are Percy LaMotte, James Westerhausen and Joe McCrank, Co. F, 164th Infantry, and they found themselves in town, past bus time, with a total of $8 for return transportation tariff. A taxi driver said nope, ten bucks or walk, so the boys had a huddle and decided to shoot the eight bucks on a jaloppy held together with hay wire and glue. The car dealer threw in enough gas for the trip and the crate made the grade, but the owners don't know where to go from here. The 34th Division has a compulsory insurance rule for vehicles owned by its personnel and the lads wouldn't have a prayer of getting a policy on the wreck even if they could afford to pay the premium. Maybe they'd better sell it to the Japs for scrap.

CAMP BEAUREGARD, Alexandria. Having been advised that a close friend was stationed seven miles away at Camp Livingston, Selectee Ray Lemerman, HQ Co., 3d Armored (Bayou Blitz) Division decided to saunter over one Sunday afternoon and hunt him up. The search resulted in a lot of aimless wandering, and by the time he reached the gate house Selectee Lemerman was plenty tired. Greeted by an MP, he snapped to attention. "Camp Livingston, I presume?" said he.

It was Pvt. Lemerman who umpired a ball game between officers and enlisted men, and he doesn't want any more of it. Trying to be fair to both sides but perhaps unconsciously awed by the situation in which he found himself, Lemerman's decisions on the close ones were a decided help to the officers. Toward the end of the game a noncom, who had just had a strike called on a ball he thought was over his head, tossed away his bat and began to give Lemerman the works. The umpire had

Grandpa Goes Modern



"BACK IN 'SIXTY-FIVE," says Grandpa, "I was just a drummer boy. But I remember one thing the old general told me. 'Boy,' he says, 'nothing in the world does a soldier as much good as a real old-fashioned *purge*.' "

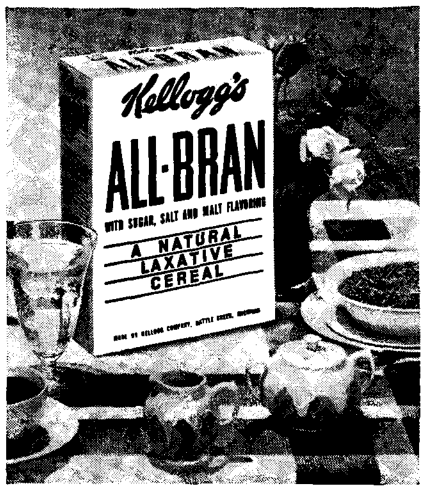
"AND SO, YOUNG LADY," says Gramps, "never quibble over a good strong dose. Stick your chin out and drink it down. It makes a man of you!"

"GRAMPS," says I, "you're a hard character. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Come to breakfast; I want to show you something."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

"NOW WHAT?" says Gramps.

"Just a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it."


Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"WHOA THERE!" hollers Grandpa. "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good! If vittles like this can make you join the 'regulars,' I'm enlisting right now."

And, bless you, he did—even to following the directions: "Eat it every day and drink plenty of water!"

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

FOR THE JOBS
America Has To Do
today and tomorrow

TO CONTINENTAL Motors Corporation, the term "national defense" embraces all the power jobs America has before it. None is more important than building Red Seal Engines for leading manufacturers of farm tractors, combines and machinery. Other equally important jobs are adapting Red Seal Power for the highways to be laid, buildings, bridges and dams to be erected, oil to be pumped, the speeding of transportation — land, sea and air. In addition to these and many other worthwhile jobs Continental is doing more than its part by producing on schedule engines for Army and Navy trainer planes, Army tanks, scout cars and many other applications to help keep America strong.

Continental Motors Corporation
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

probably been expecting this; anyway, he had a comeback. "Whaddya expect for seventy cents a day," he demanded, "Bill Klem?"

THE most-applauded statement made by Chairman Thomas E. Dewey, of the United Service Organizations, when he visited Beauregard, was his appeal for beer at a dime a throw. Reason was that neighboring-town café owners charge a nickel too much for the brew and the local P-X's don't sell it at all.

ILLINOIS

CHANUTE FIELD, Rantoul. Pvt. James Buttita, of the medical detachment at this largest Air Corps technical training school, made his radio debut recently over a station that will undoubtedly be known to him henceforth as Station AWOL. Buttita slipped away from the field two hours early one day and, while meandering down a street in near-by Champaign, was asked to deliver a few comments over a man-on-the-street program. Our subject, pleased by this attention, unhesitatingly spoke his piece and continued on his way, elated by what seemed to him an auspicious after debut. Came dawn, and Pvt. Buttita found himself assigned to a two-week work detail, his moment of glory misspent. Seems his first sergeant, sitting at a radio back at the field, had been one of his most enthralled listeners.

WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Cheyenne. Artillerymen of Idaho's 183d and North Dakota's 188th National Guard regiments in training here are singing the Army's new motorized version of the field artillery song. Contained in a 1941 edition of Army songs just issued by the adjutant general's office of the War Department, the parody replaces the familiar stanzas of "those caissons go rolling along," with:

"Over hill, over dale, motorized from head to tail,
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Stop to fix up a flat, or to get the captain's hat,
Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on."

Chorus includes: "Sound off your Klaxon loud and strong! (*Squawk, squawk!*) No more we'll go, with a team in low, if our motors keep buzzin' along." Reflecting the spirit of Uncle Sam's new mobile Army, other lines read: "Gone are nose bags and grass, as we feed with oil and gas"; "Hear the bold bugles blow (*amplified by radio*)" and "Shove 'er, guy, into high, as the green lights flicker by." And finally, "If our engines go dead, won't our faces all get red! With the caissons and hosses all gone. For the foeman, of course, will yell at us, 'Get a horse!' Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on."

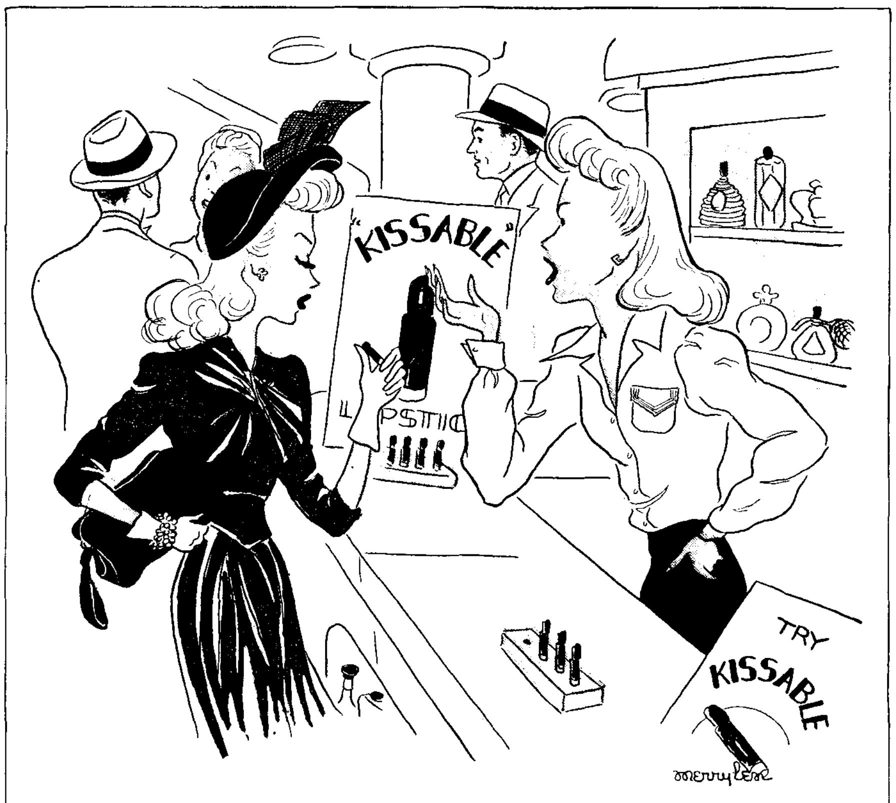
GENERAL

ADD list of newspapers which are being mailed free to home-town boys: The Bucklin (Linn County, Mo.) Herald, The Hood River County (Oregon) Sun, the Metamora (Ohio) Record, The Memphis (Mo.) Reveille, Adair's Odessa (Mo.) Democrat, The Clarion (Pa.) Democrat, The Western (Lebanon, O.) Star, The Central City News-Letter and Springville New Era (Central City, Ia.), The Highland (Ill.) Journal, The Lexington (Mass.) Minute-Man, The Hunterdon (Flemington, N. J.) Republican, The Observer (Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.), The Avoca (N. Y.) Herald, The Staten Island (N. Y.) Transcript, and the Courier Freeman (Potsdam, N. Y.).

THE Collier's Club of Army Millionaires (men whose serial numbers are even millions) has a new member. The new addition to this group is Pvt. Frank C. McCurdy, 1st Signal Troop, 1st Cavalry Division, Fort Bliss, Texas. No. 38,000,000.

FROM Pvt. Louis Pachter, A Battery, 150th F.A., Camp Shelby, Miss., comes a post card on which he has banged a message with a rubber stamp. He got the idea, he says, from a Collier's cover (January 21, 1939) showing a girl on a Florida beach rubber-stamping Having Fine Time on a stack of post cards. Pvt. Pachter's card bears the message: "Having a swell time. Louis."

WHAT? No "Wish you were here"?
G.W.



"If you don't believe me, put a little on and just stand there for a minute"

MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

The Record of AVIATION *Progress* *turns the Spotlight on AC*

AC
LS85
US
AC SPARK PLUG

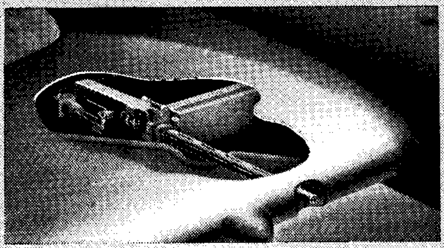
AC aviation spark plug with new "ceramic" insulator, now being built for the United States Government,—for bombers, pursuit ships, and other fighting planes.

1918—When the order to cease firing stilled the thunder of the Western Front, 40,000 of a revolutionary, new "ceramic" spark plug were moving daily from the AC factories to the builders of America's aircraft engines. This was a milestone. Prior to that achievement by AC, "ceramic" plugs had never been used for military planes.

1941—America, in need of thousands of spark plugs for the engines of its new fighting planes, affords AC another opportunity to serve while flying history is made. A wholly new "ceramic" spark plug,—pronounced by engineers to be one of the greatest spark plug contributions ever made to aviation,—is helping to meet the need.

IT was good spark plugs, well built, which enabled AC to step into the breach in 1918. Good spark plugs, well and honestly built, have made possible AC's latest contribution to aviation and defense.

AC has pioneered nearly every major improvement in spark plugs which has stood the test of time. For years, AC's have been used as standard factory equipment on more new cars and trucks than any other spark plugs,—and still are, today. When in need of spark plugs, buy AC's,—for economy and performance.



TEN MONTHS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE

AC commenced delivery of regular production machine guns for U. S. fighter planes. In a field far removed from spark plugs, AC manufacturing quality "measures up."

(Illustration shows gun as mounted in wing of plane).

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

Advance Agent

Continued from page 24

to foreigners in wartime. He had spent last night and this morning in Cornwall. The lieutenant roused to alertness, wondering if Mr. Stout were probing again.

In the sunniest way, Mr. Stout began to talk about a German prisoner who had escaped. The papers were full of the story, he said, the radio had given it a big play, and you never knew what could happen—they said he had headed for the United States. . . . Detroit was hundreds of miles away. And, no, the lieutenant decided, he could not run the risk.

They were well into the mountains now, on a curving road that ran through woods. The road was rough and, after an unusually hard bump, the lieutenant said, "I think you have a flat tire."

When they got out to look, the tires were all right. And as Mr. Stout stood on the edge of the road, the lieutenant hit him on the point of the jaw and knocked him out. He bundled him into a ditch beside the road, tied his hands behind him with his necktie, stripped off his belt and tied his feet together, and took off his shoes and threw them in some underbrush. He hurried to the car and drove away, thinking that, if luck stayed with him, Mr. Stout's yells might not be heard within a half-hour or, at best, that Mr. Stout could not free himself in less than an hour. . . . Within a hundred yards he knew that he had made a paralyzing and irrevocable mistake. There were dangers enough at Detroit, but they were nebulous and in the future. Whereas, of his own stupidity, he had created an immediate danger that might well bring him and his job to disaster.

WELL—he had to accept the mistake and do what he could. He drove hard for half an hour, then stopped. He went through Mr. Stout's suitcase and found flannel trousers and a jacket. He put them on, and a white shirt and tie. The suitcase and Mr. Stout's sample cases he hid in a clump of bushes with his own clothes, and with a miscellany from the dash compartment. He sprinkled swamp water over the license plates and threw dust on them. He raised the convertible's top. In a small portfolio he had found three ten-dollar bills, and they were the one satisfaction he had as he drove on.

He must turn east at the first chance—he could get out of the state sooner and for a while at least the pursuit would go west. The first chance came at a crossroads called Saranac Junction, and he turned his back on Detroit. He was moving away from his objective but that was at least better than being arrested. . . . He cursed himself for a bungler and a fool, a man who could neither plan intelligently nor act on the plans he made. But there was no point in damning himself—there was point only in going on.

Every crossroads, every village and summer camp, every motorcycle might mean catastrophe. There was a radio in the car but, after listening to it for a while, he realized that police calls would go out on short wave. He did not even begin to hope till dusk came on. He had emerged from the mountains and started southward down the valley of Lake Champlain. His military history told him that this was the route by which Indians, Frenchmen and Britishers had invaded the United States. And now Oberleutnant Römer—and maybe some cops.

At last there were signs directing him to the Champlain Bridge, and it seemed a fair guess that he would be much safer in Vermont. It proved to be a toll bridge. The attendant gave him back some change, then, as he put the car in gear, shouted, "Hey! Wait!" Ah, yes, the license plates had been recognized—but it would have been canny to station a policeman there. He stepped on the accelerator.

"I CAN get tired of beer," Constance Scovil said lugubriously. "One low dive is just like the next low dive, and I've never learned to love juke boxes. Just what's the idea? Did you once find romance in a roadside stand? Is it the morals or the night life of Berkshire County that fascinates you?"

"Well," Bill Jay said with a cheerfulness that Connie found altogether odious, "I could take you home."

"No, you don't!" She gagged a little and said, "I'll have another beer."

"Not here. We'll see if we can discover some other place."

Either Bill Jay was screwy, which was a disloyal thought, or else he had an idea. For a week now he had spent the evenings driving her aimlessly about the highways and stopping for beers in hideous little joints like this. Of course some people thought beer was fattening and maybe Bill's idea was to round her outlines a little.

So tonight they went to "Ma's Barbecue Lunch" and had a beer and listened to a tune, and then to "Jimmy's Place" and listened to a tune and had a beer, and then to "Trailside Tavern" which was a little better but still nothing to rouse Lucius Beebe's interest. "At least you could dance with me," she said. Bill said, "The women I dance with wear skirts." Connie snickered and stretched out a foot, "I enameled my toenails for you—that's feminine." So they bickered about that, and this place was like fifty others, except that when she pushed her beer away and said, "There's a little love of a barbecue five miles farther on," Bill said, "Don't be in a hurry—drink your beer." She said, "If I do, I'll throw up." He said, "Wait a minute."

So she saw that he was interested in something, almost on guard. He went on talking about nothing but presently, lowering his voice, he said, "What do you make of the specimen in the second booth?" She looked across the dingy dance floor and the man in the second booth was a specimen, all right. He looked as if he ate babies raw. Brass Knuckles Gehogan from Hell's Kitchen—crooked mouth, flat cheeks, a suit like a comic-strip gambler's.

"He'd make a nice part for Humphrey Bogart."

"Don't stare," Bill said. "We aren't collecting them."

The idea seemed to be to sit here sipping beer and meditate about thugs. She sipped and thought Bill's hair would be something nice to run your hands through. And nothing happened. Except that ten minutes later a handsome young man in whipcords came in and looked around and sat down by Brass Knuckles Gehogan. They talked for a minute or two and then went out.

"Oh, just ignore all these terrible things she says about you—she only repeats what she hears!"

DAVID BREGER

Bill laid a half-dollar on the table and stood up. When they were in his car again she knew that they were through with Windham's night life for a while. He was silent and drove slowly, not going anywhere in particular.

AFTER a while Connie said, "Of course I'm just a sophomore at Martha Case Seminary for pretty girls. But I could understand your simpler thoughts."

Bill seemed to have reached a decision. Anyway, slowing down still more, he began to talk to her as if she were an adult and a friend, which didn't happen often. "Windham is a summer resort from the 1890's," he said. "It's so peaceful that when a king bird chases a crow, that's worth a banner headline. I'm not used to idling, Connie, I keep trying to find spot news for the New York Globe."

As if she didn't know! The poor darling hated being a convalescent. "You could always make the society page with a big story," she said hopefully.

He grinned. "That's the old college try . . . A very peaceful town—and the world's at war. Ever add up what we're surrounded by, Connie? Springfield, Holyoke, Chicopee, Greenfield, Pittsfield, Troy, Albany— a thousand factories working three shifts for the war. And your Globe representative notices odd things. Little strikes that don't make sense. Fights in places like the Trailside Tavern. Queer kinds of night life a Martha Case girl wouldn't know about . . . Lots of money being made, Toots. Where there's money, you ought to find buzzards. I've found some."

"Buzzards?"

He nodded. "A couple of weeks ago here was Miles Hanrahan eating the Windham Inn's two-fifty dinner. He hasn't been five miles from Broadway since Tunney licked Dempsey in Philadelphia. Who is Miles Hanrahan? Big-shot lawyer who keeps racketeers out of jail. So a few days later Hymie Schmalz got out of a car and went into the drugstore for cigarettes. Hymie Schmalz in Windham is like a bishop at a dog track. He's in the numbers racket in Jersey City. Now here's this torpedo we just saw. I can't remember his name—but I will. I saw him in Chicago—held for a material witness in a truck war. Why do you run into those babies in Windham?"

CONNIE was nowhere near as spellbound as Bill seemed to be. But if Bill was interested, that was all she needed to know. "Well, I can help you write your headlines. Did you recognize the neat number he went away with? That was Carl Booker."

"Who is Carl Booker?"

"He runs Camp Ryegate and the Ryegate Inn. You know—out in the hills."

She had made an impression! Bill said quickly, "I thought that was a kind of Sunday-school place."

Connie laughed. "It's pretty moral—in the summer time. Recreation camp for the earnest middle class. But in the winter it's café society. Carl has the fastest ski run in these parts—out on Taylor Mountain. He's pretty spectacular on skis. He could walk through the Martha Case Outing Club and take his pick."

Bill got silent again and they drove under the remote stars, through woods that had a cool smell of lateness in them. Connie was glad that Gail had gone to this house party in Vermont—there would be no lifted eyebrows when she got in. After a while he held his watch to the dash light and drove off the road, stopped under some trees and switched out the headlights. "Oh, good," Connie murmured, "we're going to neck and no one could possibly hear me scream." But he was just going to listen to a news broadcast—he was always listening to them. At noon he'd been excited about some story of a German aviator escaping in Canada. He felt so completely out of it! He took this sickness as a personal failure.

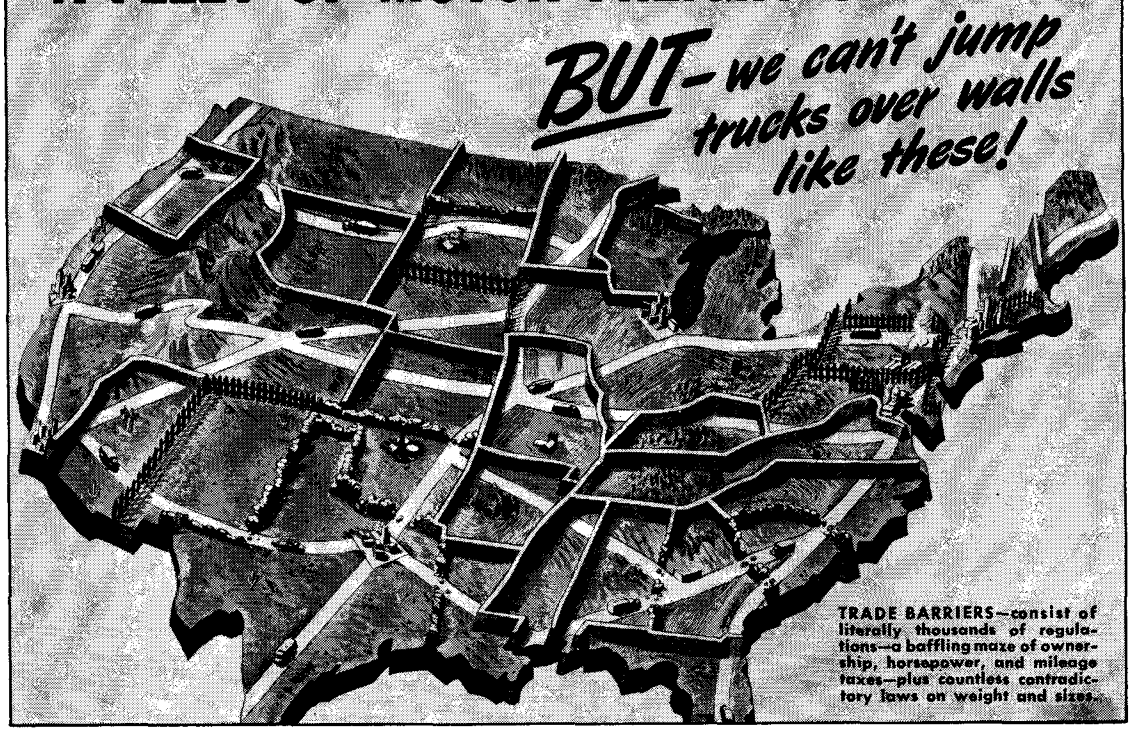
The war news was ghastly—the sort of thing you dreamed of shutting away forever. Then a summary of Washington items. Then Bill sat forward, fairly straining his ears. The announcer was describing some arrests for industrial sabotage in Detroit. He named them and it had been a big roundup, and Bill was fairly quivering. . . . That was the end of the broadcast.

Bill's voice was angry in the darkness: "I predicted that six months ago! Only I said they'd pin it on von Weitbrecht. So they make a cleaning on some Detroit small fry and they don't take von Weitbrecht in. Haven't they tied him up with it? Or has he gone underground? . . . Or what? . . . Oh damn!"

The damn was a groan. Connie said,

WAKE UP, AMERICA!

BEHIND EVERY ARMY CARAVAN ROLLS A FLEET OF MOTOR FREIGHT CARRIERS


BUT-we can't jump trucks over walls like these!

TRADE BARRIERS—consist of literally thousands of regulations—a baffling maze of ownership, horsepower, and mileage taxes—plus countless contradictory laws on weight and sizes.

Trucks speed production of planes, tanks, guns. Remove interstate barriers—and trucks will do still more!

IN times of national emergency, motor freight comes as a God-sent blessing. Trucks slice through time—deliver in hours shipments that might take days.

Yet America is criss-crossed with man-made interstate barriers that cripple production. One state, for example, limits truck loads to 18,000 pounds — compared to load limits of 30,000 pounds and more in neighboring states. Two trucks, two crews, must do the work of one!

DAYS WASTED

A truck carrying defense materials out of Ohio was stopped beyond the state line . . . and held for two days.

Electric welders built in Detroit for a new powder plant in the South were detained 22 hours before reaching their destination.

NATION-WIDE PROBLEM

Trade barriers hit at southern cotton flowing north to be made into gun powder and uniforms. They tie up important shipments from West Virginia . . . airplane parts from Indiana and Ohio . . . defense products from the giant new TVA plants in Tennessee. Scarcely a national highway is immune.

ADD TO TAX BURDEN

Trade barriers affect everybody's personal budget. For although the speed and flexibility of motor freight cuts the cost of everything you eat—wear and buy—trucks could save you *still more* except for state line delays.

Every hour, every day, these useless hurdles squander precious time—add to your defense tax burden—increase your cost of living.

Now that America is in urgent need of *all* her transportation resources, isn't it time that these barriers be abolished?

This map — and complete, last-minute information on Trade Barriers — free on request.

SAFETY ATA COURTESY DISPATCH

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Democracies must have all the Aluminum it takes to win!

This is what Alcoa has done as its plain duty

The pictures on this page give a glimpse of Alcoa at work—producing at top speed and expanding amazingly, all at the same time. You will see some of the many tremendous power plants and factories we have already finished, or are still building as fast as is humanly possible. Ships, too.

When you look at these pictures, you are looking at nearly $200,000,000.00 of our capital being put to work in the expansion of defense for America. Not one dollar of this has come from public funds.

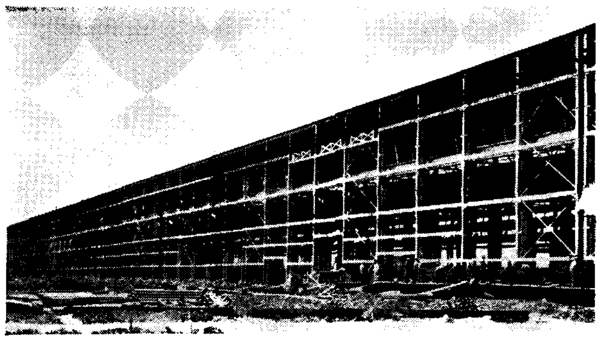
We started to build and expand these plants before America took defense very seriously. Actually, the program was begun *before* the tragedy of Dunkerque started America thinking in terms, not of hundreds of planes, but in scores of thousands.

Our duty, as we saw it, and as we acted upon it, was to go "all-out," on our own, from the very beginning, asking no questions, and begging no favors.

There is only one reason why defense will, before long, be getting 60 million pounds a month from us alone—almost 4½ times average civilian consumption in the 1930's—

There is only one reason why the supply of aluminum is today ahead of the defense procession, why we are delivering every month to defense industries many millions of pounds of aluminum in *excess of schedules* set up but a few short months ago—

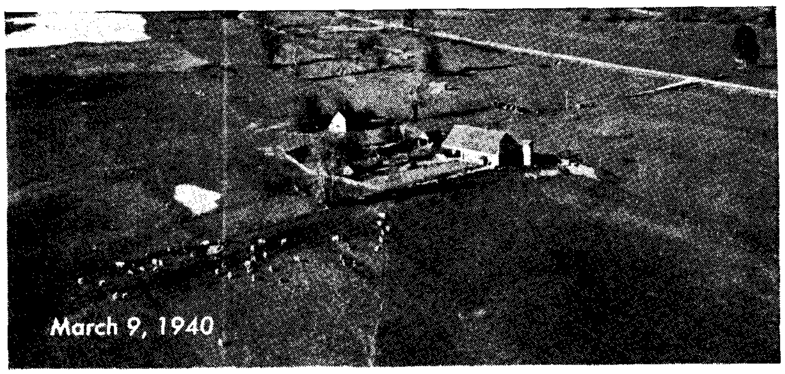
Alcoa went "all-out" before the second guessers started shouting.



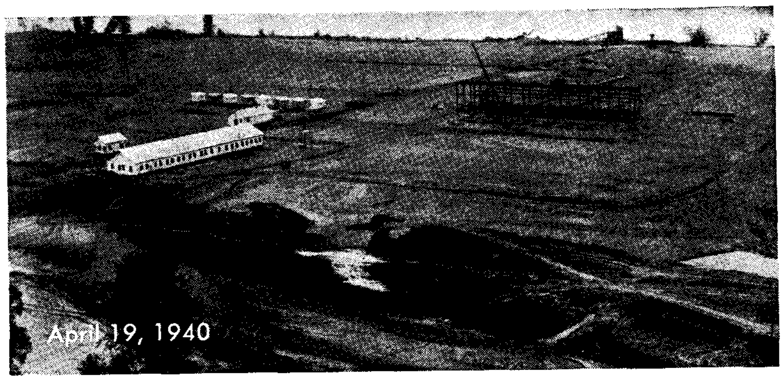
ALCOA, TENN. Here a great new sheet rolling mill, covering 55 acres, is being rushed to completion to bring our sheet capacity up to more than 33 million pounds a month. Other expansion here includes doubling facilities to make new metal.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. From a tiny plant at the start of the war, this factory has been expanded at top speed to turn out millions of pounds of airplane rivets, forgings, extrusions, sand, and permanent mold castings for the aircraft industry.

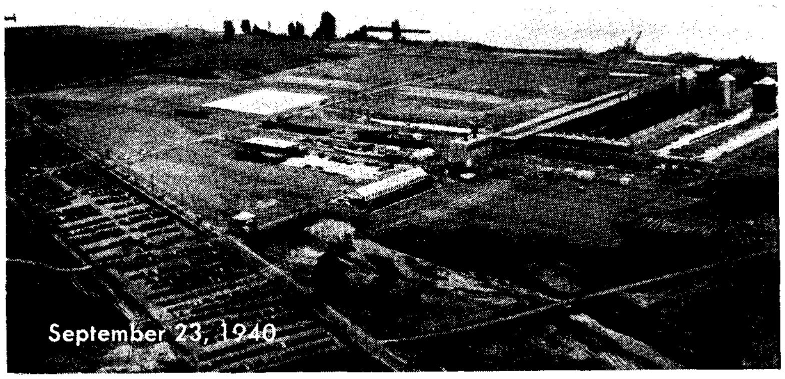
GLENVILLE, N. C. One of the places we are moving mountains to make dams to make electricity to make more aluminum. Contracted for July 1940. Began accumulating water Feb. 1941. Head, 1215 ft. Will soon be delivering power enough to add another 10,000,000 pounds annual capacity of aluminum.



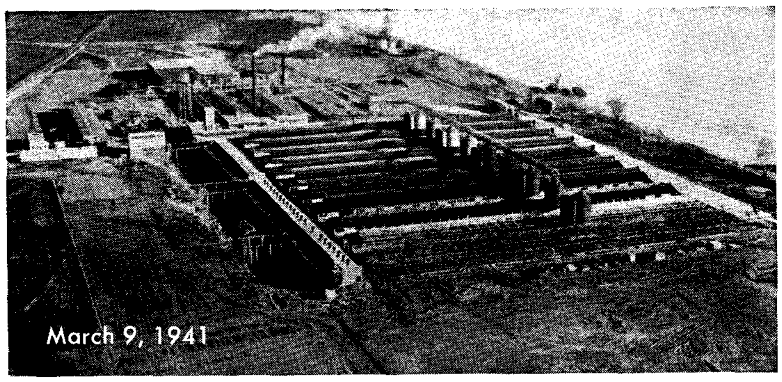
VANCOUVER, WASH. Fifteen months ago cows grazed in this pasture by the Columbia River. On this site we are now operating a plant which *alone* has a capacity of 150,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year—as much as the entire aluminum industry made in this country in 1924.



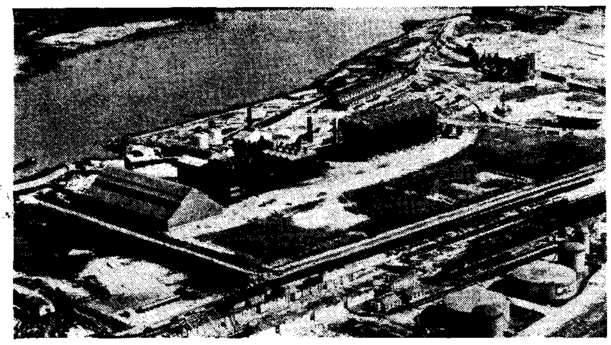
ONE MONTH later the peaceful pasture looked like this. Beside the plant to make the aluminum, there also had to be built a factory to make the 120,000,000 pounds of carbon electrodes per year used in the reduction furnaces which make alumina into aluminum.



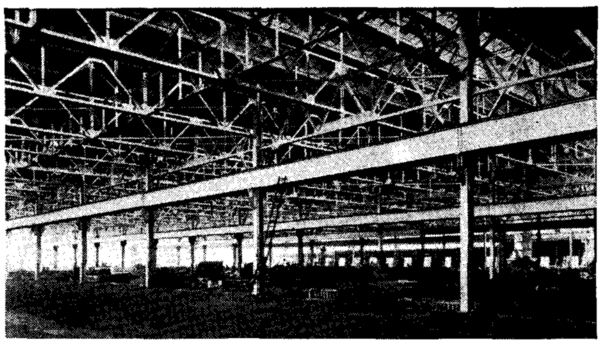
IN ONLY SIX MONTHS this plant was turning out aluminum ingot at the rate of 30,000,000 pounds per year. In the finished plant we are using 162,500 kw. of electrical power from Bonneville Dam. This is almost the generating capacity of Delaware plus two Mississippis.



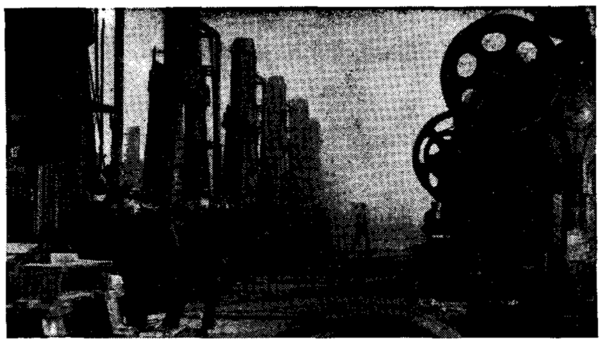
ALMOST FINISHED in exactly one year. On May 28, the switch was thrown turning electricity into the last unit of the 150,000,000 pound plant. Thus in less than 15 months we added capacity equal to the entire 1924 production of the industry.



MOBILE, ALA. One of the two great plants for making alumina from bauxite ore. *Expansion has proceeded faster than we can get pictures taken.* Today there are 64 of the great precipitating tanks, of which you can count only 24 in this picture.

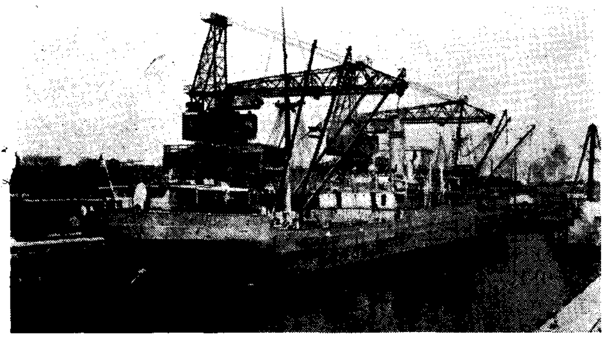


LAFAYETTE, IND. Capacity to make extrusions, which are *efficient shapes of aluminum squirted out like tooth paste,* is being more than doubled by building and equipping great plants like this at Lafayette and other cities.



CLEVELAND, OHIO. Here is one bank of big hammers at *work while others are still being installed. These giant machines* hammer out the strong, light aluminum forgings which are so necessary in defense. This kind of capacity has been increased by three times.

MASSENA, N. Y. Here we have built tremendous additions to make more aluminum, and have expanded capacity over 5 times for rolling rod, bar, forging stock, and shapes of various kinds. Metal for thousands of airplanes will be readied in this plant.



SHIPS, TOO. Unloading the *Alcoa Guard,* one of a great fleet of 49 ships we have built, bought or chartered to keep the big flow of ore coming in from Dutch Guiana. Also we mine large quantities of bauxite in Arkansas.

You millions of civilian users of Aluminum are grand people

The way you are doing without aluminum in this emergency is typically American. We are sincerely grateful for your understanding.

It has been really tough on the factories who make civilian things with aluminum. In this RECESS they have had to scramble for many kinds of RECESSITIES—other materials which just don't quite fill the bill, because there is no pat substitute for aluminum.

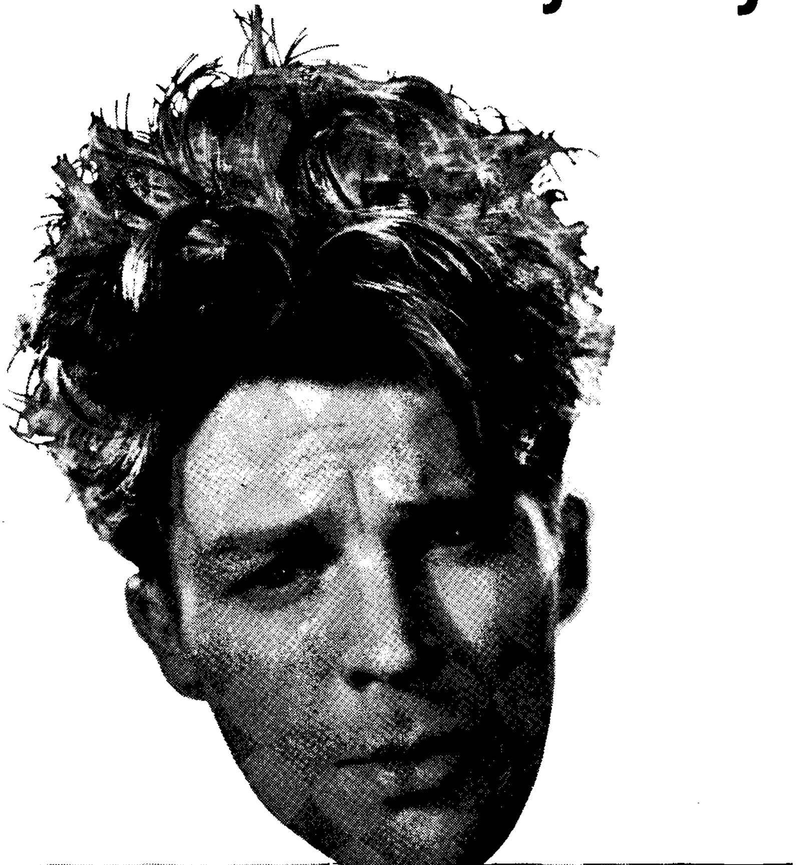
The whole thing has been awkward and costly for these good customers of ours, and it has been an ordeal for us to have to turn away, even temporarily, from a lifetime of work.

But we have not turned our backs!

Research goes on. Every additional pound we make adds to the knowledge and skill that is making aluminum better, stronger, and cheaper to use than ever before.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

The HAIR-RAISING experiences of Hairy Harry!



The Wind Got It: Harry took a ride with the top down and the wind left his hair looking like tumbleweed. Just look at it—as dry and dusty as a cattle ranch.

The Sea Got It: Then the sea washed away the natural oils of his hair, added a little sand and stirred into a frightful mess which Harry promptly baked in the sun for two hours.

Grease Got It: Harry tried grease to restore his hair and all the girls tried someone else. Poor Harry, he's beginning to think he should shave it off and start all over again.

Kreml Got It: Now he uses Kreml every day; no more dryness, no more stickiness. Kreml leaves hair soft and lustrous looking. How about trying it? Get a bottle today.

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Good Housekeeping Bureau

WE all have exciting times in summer—and what with sun, wind and water, few of us escape hair-raising experiences like Harry's. To combat this condition use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing. Kreml gives hair a neat, clean, lustrous look—not greasy or gooey. And Kreml removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair—relieves pesky itching scalp.

Women, too, like Kreml. It helps keep coiffures in splendid condition for permanents—makes them look lovelier.

For summer shampoos, use Kreml's perfect partner, Kreml Shampoo. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it leaves the scalp tingling clean, hair glowing.

"You feel like an old fire horse turned out to grass, don't you?" She laid her hand on his, and most unexpectedly he grabbed it and squeezed it hard. "Hey," she said, "don't make such passionate love to me, Bill; it goes to my head." Really it went to her eyes, which stung.

"This is important stuff, Connie, it's a big job long overdue—and I'm out of it," he said morosely. "I'm the guy who knows about it; I've been beating the gong for two years—and here I am nosing around back roads because a cheap thug goes through Windham . . . Look, I think the U. S. is turning on the heat. Yesterday they grabbed a guy named Schwimmer in San Francisco—they ought to have grabbed him long ago. Last week they cleaned out a nest I knew about in Philadelphia. We're getting tough with those babies—at last and thank God. And here I am sitting on my tail in the convalescent ward. Sure I feel rotten! Nobody's any use these days except men. So here we've got Bill Jay, fully two sevenths of a man."

"There are those of us who value the two sevenths pretty highly," she said, but Bill just grunted with concentrated self-loathing.

THEY sat in the darkness and her mind fell away into the gloom. Poor Bill! Preyed on by his uselessness in the war. So, bang! here was the war again, blackness and fear and horror. The world was going to pieces. But there were friends, people you liked, people you felt tender about! Her thoughts went off on a tangent and presently she said, angrily, "You get lots of fun from kidding me about no skirts! You know very well I've got to save money for college. You know I won't take it from my father."

He was an understanding person. He touched her hand again, as a kind of tip to the check girl, maybe. "Your father's all right," he said. "Don't get a mad on because he has a taste for headlines."

"I don't want any part of him," she insisted. "Yes, and if Gail loses her grip and marries him—well, won't everything be so lovely that I'll wish I was dead!"

"People get married," he said. "Take it and like it." But he was being human tonight, so he tipped her another kind deed. He looked at his watch and said, "I'll show you something else I've found."

He drove back to Windham, through it and beyond, on and on. Finally he turned up a dirt road and circled by so many others that Connie got lost. He parked in some bushes at last and they got out and he led her through some woods. He took her arm, steering her over broken ground and under branches. "You'll admit vanity wouldn't recommend a skirt for this kind of midnight stroll," she said.

Now they climbed a little slope in the open. They came to the black edge of something and Bill stretched out prone and said, "We're here—lie down." She lay down in grass that was wet with dew, wondering what the next act of this vaudeville would be. "This used to be part of Highway 11," Bill said. "But they cut out this curve and ran the road straight through the woods, a quarter of a mile away." Sure enough, she could make out the faint gray of macadam ten feet below them—they were on the edge of a cut. She recognized the place now, the hills and roads coming clear in her mind.

"All my petticoats would have been drenched," she pointed out. "Are we waiting for the veiled phantom? Or does midnight bring a rendezvous?"

"We keep quiet," Bill said. "Very quiet indeed. We're waiting for some folks who aren't playing marbles. They wouldn't enjoy having an audience. One sneeze and you'll be ever so sorry."

That was ominous. But her shoulder and hip were touching his and that was very pleasant, though if she had had forethought she would have linked arms with him . . . The night was absolutely silent, fathomlessly dark, secret and mysterious. Take what the good fairies give you, she thought; anyway, here we are and he likes me; he *really* does. He wouldn't show me these things if he didn't. Bill darling! She wanted to touch his cheek but he would call that forward if not flirtatious. Oh, a grand night! It seemed hours and hours.

She stiffened and went cold. Down at the west end of the road below them, something was coming through the dark. It was a big truck—a truck and trailer. Just crawling, with the powerful engine a deep hum, and no lights. It stopped not fifty feet away and just stayed there. Connie began to shiver—violently. Bill's arm came over her shoulders. The truck stayed there motionless in the dark, its very silence terrifying her. Maybe it was only a few minutes but it seemed hours later when a car with no lights was coming down the road from the other end. It too stopped. Two men got out of it and approached the truck. Connie dug her fingers into Bill's other wrist. There was a soft mutter of conversation at the truck. Finally, one of two men in the truck's cab got out, and one of those who had come from the car got in the cab.

Another spurt of talk, and then the truck slithered away with the slightest sound. The two men walked back to the car and it too went away. No lights at all. So the world was empty again and here they were on the edge of nothing.

Connie shook and shook. She sat up and Bill did too, and she shrank into his arms. "I'm scared!" she whispered. "Tell me what it's all about."

"It would be fun to know. I blundered on to it. It happens every night. That's an interstate truck, from the west, running on schedule. So it pulls up off the highway and stops here and it gets met. I've seen sacks and boxes transferred. Sometimes they just talk. Sometimes a man gets off the truck or gets on it."

"Where nobody would ever see!" It was pleasant leaning against his shoulder but he would soon think she'd gone too far. She moved away but went on shaking. "Globe man on sick leave! You'll get a story, won't you?"

"That's a very interesting truck company," Bill said. "Suppose some of Miles Hanrahan's clients run it. Suppose it's a neat way to travel if the cops are interested in you. For instance, suppose that torpedo we saw at the Trailside Tavern is hot in, say, Albany. This would be an inconspicuous way to New York. There could be some news in the setup if that was our pal who got on the truck."

It was very dark here and very damp and very cold. And isolated! Exploring midnight roads with Bill Jay was more than too much beer. "Well," she said, "if you like your mysteries spiced up, I can help out. That car that met the truck—it could easily have come down the back hill road from Camp Ryegate."

"Oh!" Bill said. Slowly, "That's an item too. Camp Ryegate, huh? Maybe I'd better pay it a visit."

Connie shivered some more. He would, he unquestionably would.

AT MANCHESTER, Vermont, halfway through the dance, Gail Armstrong thought with a sudden, sick realization: "I'm not going through with this!" There was no reason for that appalled, hysterical decision. Or there was every reason in the world.

It was the old conflict suddenly clarified and intolerably sharpened, hardly an hour short of marriage . . . She had reached Manchester before dinner and taken a room at the Taconic Lodge. An hour later she was dining with Lynn Scovil, and the mood of her surrender completely possessed her. She had no doubts at all, and eagerness grew on her as the evening wore on. At the dance, sometimes in his arms, sometimes looking for him across the flag-draped ballroom when she danced with someone else, she was altogether a bride. His whispering in the soft music roused her eagerness, she was impatient for the hour to come, and his hand under her breast was an intimacy long desired. And then, in a single instant, she was tranformed from a bride to a woman under an irresistible need to get away.

There was no mistaking her fear; what she might never know was whether she was afraid of him or of herself. One moment the handsome, imperious face so near to hers was the face of a bridegroom, her fiancé, the man she would marry in less than an hour. Nothing happened, nothing changed, and yet, the next moment, it was the face of a stranger, and panic surged up in her. "I don't know him at all!" her shocked thought ran. And the denial followed immediately: "I've been denying the truth to myself; I know him much too well; I don't like most of what I know." Her mind rocked with shock and it seemed impossible that he shouldn't notice. But he didn't notice. The music had not been interrupted, they were still dancing, his face was still untroubled, still desirous. In her vertigo, she had a single thought: "I've got to have more time." And a prompt derision answered: "I'll never have time enough—I'm just a spinster, I'm not afraid of him, I'm afraid of being married."

SO THERE it was, what it had always been—the desire and the fear, and nothing settled. . . . The music stopped, some earnest committeewoman drew Lynn aside, and Gail walked toward the door, trembling. When she reached the door, she went through it blindly. Then her feet decided for her. She walked down the corridor. She almost ran.

"I can't go through with it!" Her passage down that corridor had a quality of nightmare. Had she proved herself merely a coward? Or had she waked to sanity at last? Or had she merely made an instinctive effort to secure time and calm in order to think clearly about the most important step in her life? Was she demanding good sense and certainty for herself? Or was she striking a blow at his pride which he could never possibly forgive?

No matter. She was sure of one thing. This was to have been her wedding night, but now it wasn't going to be.

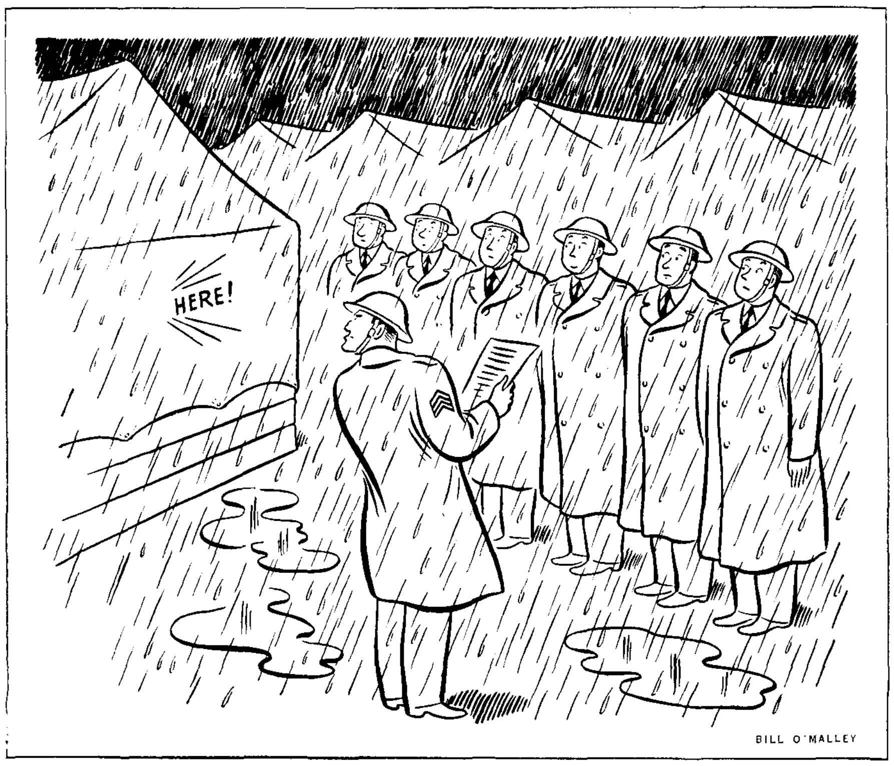
Reaching her room, she stared in her mirror at the image of a woman who was either terrified or had achieved common sense just in time. Except for its coral sash the white jersey evening dress was a bride's dress. It had been intended as one, she wore a bride's fragilities beneath it, she was decked and perfumed like a bride. There was a hastily chosen trousseau in the two bags that were waiting. They had been packed for an elopement, so they were conveniently packed for flight. The mirrored face showed derision and a sudden reckless humor. "The Honeymoon Halted," she thought, or "The Bride Who Saved Herself." She took a sports coat from the closet, picked up her bags and went out.

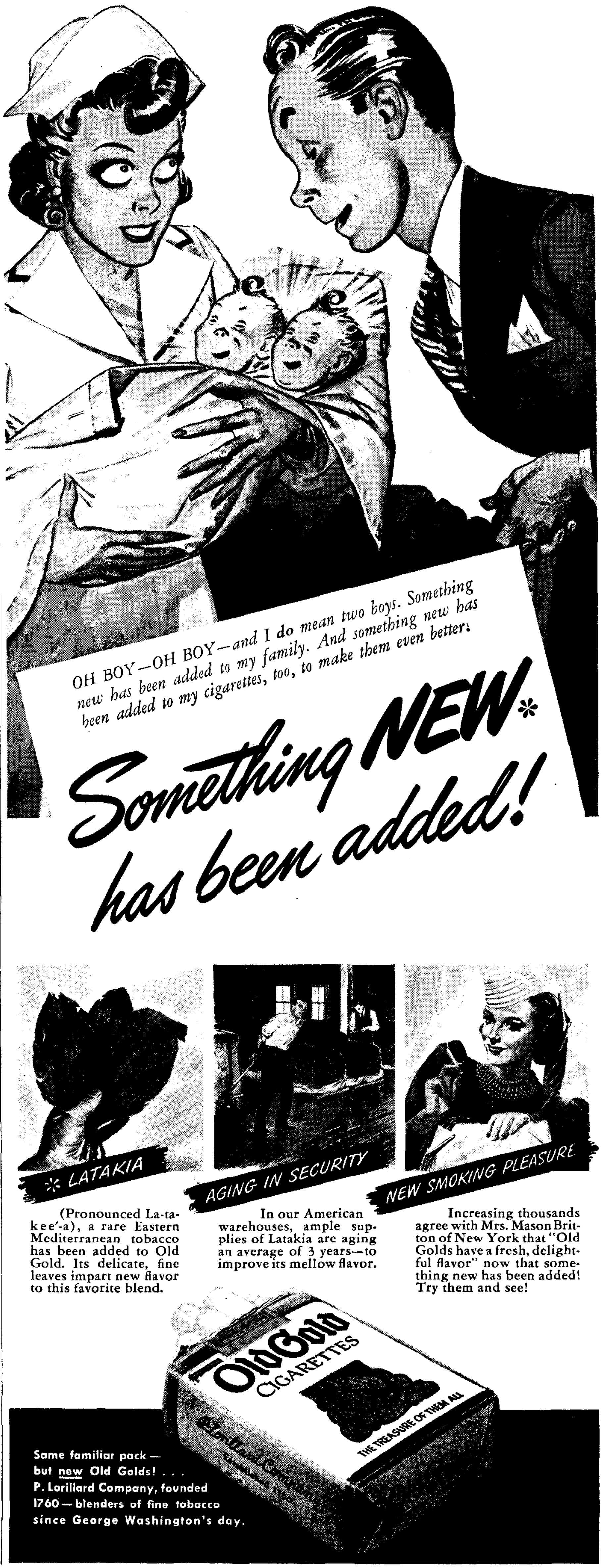
A PROWLING bellboy seized the bags, and Gail said, "Take me down some back way, a fire escape if there's no other." It proved ridiculously easy to abandon an elopement half an hour before the ceremony. Her coupé was in the lodge's parking space; the bellboy stowed the bags in the compartment, and she drove away. She became aware that her heart was pounding and her whole body tense.

The lodge road led down to Manchester, Vermont, and she turned southward on the main highway. Windham being some eighty miles away, she stopped for gas just beyond the town's little business district. She was returning her change to the little white evening bag when for the first time she wondered whether Lynn might follow her. Oh, very likely! He would overwhelm her with reproach and pleading, or he would shrivel her in one of his white rages. She hardened with a determination not to face him tonight.

It was that thought, the thought that he might follow her, that changed her destiny, and Lynn Scovil's, and a good many others'.

She was just driving out of the filling station. At the corner a traffic light turned green and a big truck snorted into motion. A man came running down the side of the road and Gail stopped, braking hard. The man leaped into the truck from behind, just as it started. It made a square right turn down the main highway, and it had no sooner turned that corner than the man leaped down again,




OH BOY—OH BOY—and I do mean two boys. Something new has been added to my family. And something new has been added to my cigarettes, too, to make them even better!

Something NEW* has been added!

* LATAKIA

(Pronounced La-ta-kee'-a), a rare Eastern Mediterranean tobacco has been added to Old Gold. Its delicate, fine leaves impart new flavor to this favorite blend.

AGING IN SECURITY

In our American warehouses, ample supplies of Latakia are aging an average of 3 years—to improve its mellow flavor.

NEW SMOKING PLEASURE

Increasing thousands agree with Mrs. Mason Britton of New York that "Old Golds have a fresh, delightful flavor" now that something new has been added! Try them and see!

Old Gold CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

Same familiar pack—
but new Old Golds! . . .
P. Lorillard Company, founded
1760—blenders of fine tobacco
since George Washington's day.

ran across a strip of grass and stood, a dim figure, in the shadow of a big elm. The truck roared on, gathering speed. Thirty seconds later a motorcycle came down the road and shot around the corner. Fifty feet from Gail's halted car, the man behind the elm moved out and stared down the road at the truck and the pursuing motorcycle. His figure had tenseness and vigilance but, as Gail's headlights picked him up, the astonishing thing was the expression of lively pleasure on his face. He was certainly running from that policeman, but he was certainly enjoying the chase.

Gail did not think at all. She was in flight from Lynn Scovil and this vivid tableau had linked her with someone else in flight. She drove close to the big elm, opened the door, and said, "I'll drive you past the policeman." Promptly the man got in and closed the door. She drove off down the road.

Her pulses were racing again and there was a further contagion in the young man's excitement. And he was not only excited—she had an impression that he was on the verge of laughter, might be as ready as she had been to sing an aria, and thought of his flight as both an escape and a sporting event. He was staring at the road ahead. She accelerated toward the rear lights of the truck. As it came into her headlight beam the motorcycle caught up with it and the policeman was waving it toward the side of the road. It slowed, moving over. She swept by and the road ahead was empty.

"Goal!" her passenger said. "You think fast and half the stolen jewels are yours. At least half, mademoiselle."

"You must be a true American," Gail said; "your French accent is quite as bad as mine."

"What I was praying for was Superman's cloak, but what heaven sent was the squire's daughter. Is it your habit to pick up fugitives from justice?"

"Is it the habit of fugitives to question the rescuer's motives? And I'm not sure that 'pick up' is a tactful phrase."

"Eliza on her ice cake forgets to be tactful—she is too absorbed in the bloodhounds," he said. "Have you noticed the halo that is just above your head? It's extraordinarily becoming—straight from Saks Fifth Avenue. So if you'll stop the car, I'll make a dignified exit and stop embarrassing you."

They were far past the truck and moving fast. But she had thought of something else. "If the man at the gas station was watching—" she suggested. "When the bloodhounds find that Eliza isn't in the truck, won't they go back to that traffic light?"

He flashed a glance at her. "That's not only quick thinking, it's a marked talent for crime. Then, as a suggestion—shouldn't we leave this road?"

SHE turned eastward at the next fork, deciding that she could find back roads that would take her home; then she became very serious about this drive. It had become a simple necessity to insure this stranger's escape—and she wondered why. Why was it necessary? Why wasn't she afraid of him?

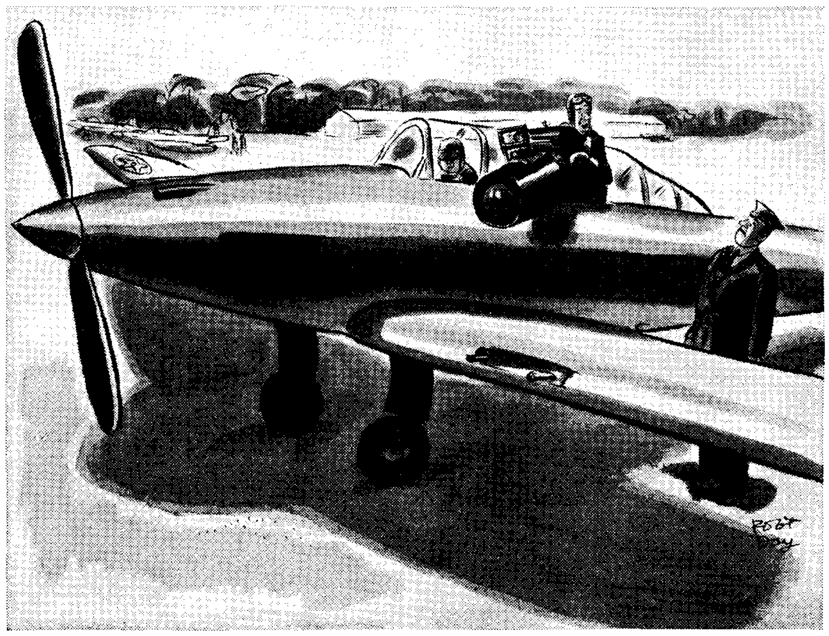
She glanced at him in the dimness, getting an impression that he was not as young as she had thought. A year or two older than she? Say thirty. . .

"The shoes give me away, don't they?" he said. "I should at least have the costume of a gentleman swindler but I'm made up as a cheap thug. Unfortunately I've been . . . too occupied. I could make any number of explanations. Which would quiet your conscience most easily?"

"I don't remember asking for an explanation."

"You're kind," he said quietly and gravely. "Kinder than you can know. But a conscience goes with every halo and yours will soon begin asking questions. Tell it that you've done a great service to a man in trouble."

She had a complete assurance that, whatever trouble he might be in, it involved no dishonor. How, she wondered, did she know that? She didn't—and no matter. . . . She drove on in silence, accepting the incredible, and her passenger also lay back in the seat relaxed and silent. The flow of night air past the open windows was hypnotic, and there was peace in the long thrust of her headlights down the darkness. But her mind fell away from the present and she was back at the Taconic Lodge at the moment when the irresistible revulsion struck her. At this moment! She was fleeing with a stranger on her wedding night!



"Dull prints or glossy?"

ROBERT DAY

SHE began to tremble. Her hands shook on the wheel. The car veered toward the shoulder of the road, the rear wheels slid in sand. Instantly the stranger seized the wheel, fighting for control with strong forearms. Disaster hung suspended for an endless moment, the car came back on the road, and she got it stopped.

She put her hands over her eyes. "That didn't have anything to do with you," she said. "Things have happened to me too, tonight, and I got to thinking about them. It's not really your fault."

"Would you rather I drove?" he asked as naturally as a friend. Then, remembering the circumstances: "You have only my word for it that I haven't cut a throat for some weeks. I don't advise you to take my word."

"I'm not afraid of you—take the wheel." She got out and, as she did so, thought of something else. "This dress—"

"You were at a dance."

"I ran away from a dance. It's possible that someone may be following me who would be quite as awkward to meet as a policeman." Decisively: "I don't intend to be recognized. Maybe for the sake of both of us I'd better change the dress."

He helped her get a bag from the compartment. She said, "There's no dressing room," and he said, "Only the wide world," and got back into the car. No one who knew Gail Armstrong could believe that she would change her clothes in the open air, on a back road, between walls of trees, sheltered by nothing at all. The night had been altogether incredible so far, and here was another incredibility, and the headlights of any car that might have chanced to pass would have added a new flavor to the many she had already tasted.

He drove skillfully. After a while, he said, "One doesn't talk about either gratitude or sportsmanship. Do you mind my saying you're a—a gentleman?"

She had got over her tremors, had recovered both recklessness and zest, and would accept the incredible on its own terms, would play the cards as they might chance to fall. "As one fugitive to another, thanks," she said. "But I've done nothing much. When you've started something it would be silly not to do the best you can . . . And I've come to see one thing about escape—it makes you hungry. I'm famished." He said, eloquently: "I think I had some lunch at noon."

These roads were not lined with restaurants like those near Windham and it was very late. But she directed him to a more traveled road and at last they found one. He pulled up in the neon blaze. "Thinking as a fugitive," he said, "we'd better make it a picnic. And—" he glanced at her feet, "my shoes are disreputable but those slippers are downright conspicuous."

She saw him in the light—tall, athletic, light-haired, his face both resolute and frank, his carriage almost military. Gail laughed—when she picked up a man, she picked up an attractive man.

He brought back a paper bag which gave off a delicious aroma of hamburger sandwiches. Driving on, they topped the rise of a long hill which fell below them in a straight line. On the level again, he backed the car into an opening between trees and turned off the lights . . . Nothing had ever been more satisfying than those sandwiches, and to share a meal was to share companionship. Gail felt curiously at peace and curiously friendly. She liked this man she had saved from the police.

HE GROPED at the cowl. "No radio? It doesn't matter—too late for news." He turned toward her. "The cop was chasing me for stealing an automobile. I could plead that it wasn't so much stealing as appropriating one in an emergency. Still, there's no shadow of doubt—I've been stealing cars."

"Well," Gail said, "I was running from a man I was due to marry in half an hour."

"Poor devil!"

"You may not know his luck."

"He is a fool—for he let you succeed. Since he did, you would have certainly been marrying beneath you."

It was not the most congenial topic. "Where are you going?" she asked. "Where is your emergency?"

"West of here. I think I need an airport. Is there one at—well, where are you going?"

"Windham. It's perhaps thirty miles from here. Probably you can get a plane at Pittsfield, certainly you can at Springfield."

"Except," he said angrily, "that I have contrived to get the police after me. I may have to hide for a day or two. Are telegraph offices open at this hour?"

"Not at Windham. And," she said firmly, "it's a late hour even for fugitives. I may not appear to be a conventional person but we'd better be going home."

He started the engine but switched it off again at once. Gail saw it at the same time—a single headlight coming over the crest of the long hill and starting down the slope. "A car thief gets sensitive about cops," he said regretfully. "That is any cop peacefully riding his beat, or it's any farm boy going home after calling on his girl. Still . . ." Tension came back to the coupé and Gail found that her feet were braced against the floor. They must not get him now! The single light came with abominable slowness. It slowed still more as it drew even with them but passed by, and she released her breath in a long sigh. But the motorcycle swung in a circle and came back.

"Sorry," the stranger said, "this appears to be necessary." His arm went around her, he pulled her head to his shoulder and leaned over her, cheek against her hair. A flashlight shone in the coupé and Gail took her cue. She flung her arms around him, pressing against his shoulder, and gasped, "George, I'm scared!" He sat up and said furiously, "What the hell is the idea?"

"Just us cops," a bored voice answered. "Always spoiling somebody's fun. Get going, George. Go neck on the front porch."

HE STARTED the car and drove out on the road. Gail leaned through the window and called back, "You like a little fun yourself, don't you?" with an excellent impromptu stridency. The cop waved to her and followed them for half a mile, then spurted ahead and disappeared. In a moment the car stopped.

"Did you," he inquired, "did you experience a certain . . ."

"Frustration?"

"Well, incompleteness." She could not have stopped him if she wanted to but clearly she didn't want to. This time she was kissed, with immediate conviction. In amazement and disbelief she saw her hand go out and touch his cheek and move on to his hair. It was altogether implausible that she was competently co-operating in a second kiss, but the evidence was conclusive. That, however, was quite enough even for an escaping bride. She moved away.

He said with profound conviction, "He is the unluckiest man in the world. And the greatest fool to let you get away."

There was a slight unsteadiness in his voice and Gail was not surprised to find a similar one in hers. "If you hadn't, I should have had no great respect for either of us . . . Still, this is a good place to let the drama go no further. There will not only be consciences tomorrow, there'll be perplexities. So here is where we drive decorously on to Windham."

Nevertheless, there was a good deal to think about while the car slid on through the dark. She had answered that kiss with astonishing fervency. She decided that he had reaped an emotion

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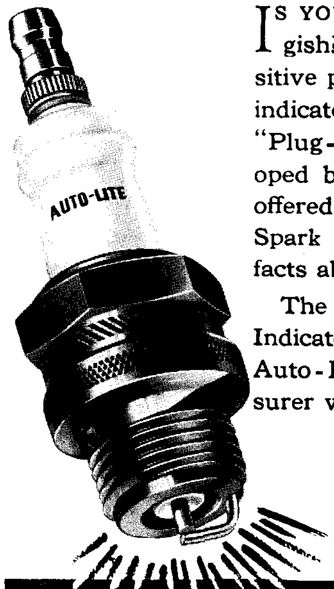

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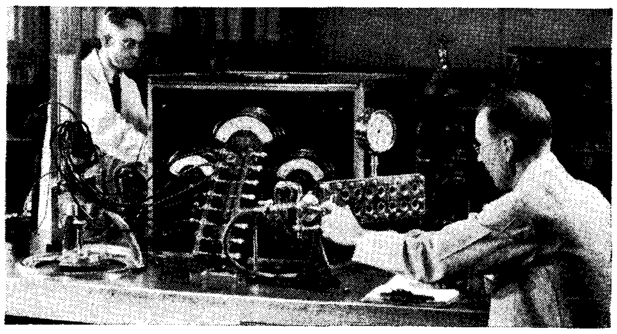

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which another man had sown, that a bride in flight had nevertheless felt something of a bride's readiness. A new light had been abruptly turned on Abigail Armstrong, a woman who could not possibly pick up a stranger, still less let a stranger make love to her. It was incredible and incredibly true, and the stark fact was she had enjoyed it. Unquestionably she was going to think bad of herself by morning, but at this moment she thought very well of herself indeed . . . But it was exceedingly fortunate that she was not going to see him again.

"I'm thinking of those perplexities of tomorrow," he said, after a long while. "My training in crime is defective—I have to make it up as I go along. An accomplished criminal would probably go into hiding for at least twenty-four hours. This town—Windham, is it? Where would a competent criminal find concealment?"

She felt a certain apprehension, then knew at once that he would not presume upon tonight's adventure. "There's Windham Inn," she said. "Full of dowagers and the dull rich. There are a couple of less-pretentious inns. Oh, a variety of summer places, tourists camps, everything for the vacation."

"A competent criminal would probably pick a place some distance from the police station. Out in the country somewhere."

"There's Milford Farm—a kind of Provincetown place; they call themselves artists. There's the Berkshire Club—horses till six, liquor till midnight. There's Camp Ryegate—dull, unimaginably respectable, and a trifle religious."

He pondered. "There are these unfortunate shoes. I think the extremely respectable place."

"Camp Ryegate. We pass it a few miles before we get to Windham."

"Yes," he said quickly. "I must not ride into town with you."

No, he would not presume . . . Her exhilaration began to fade, melancholy coming over her, a foretaste of tomorrow's remorse. Well, improbable things happened, and presently they were over, and then you paid for them. Unquestionably by tomorrow she would be paying heavily for tonight. Tomorrow she might even finish paying for it. Oh, she decided wearily, there's no need to start now, it will be bad enough tomorrow, go home and go to sleep.

There were only a few miles left and these ended. A small, lighted sign showed in some firs. "That's Camp Ryegate," she said. He stopped the car. "The road leads off here—it's about a mile and I'm afraid you'd better walk it."

HE GOT out and she took his place behind the wheel. It was terribly late—two o'clock, perhaps three or even later. She got out and stood beside him, the two of them in the deep dark of the firs. They were caught in a silent reluctance. Neither of them was willing to have it end.

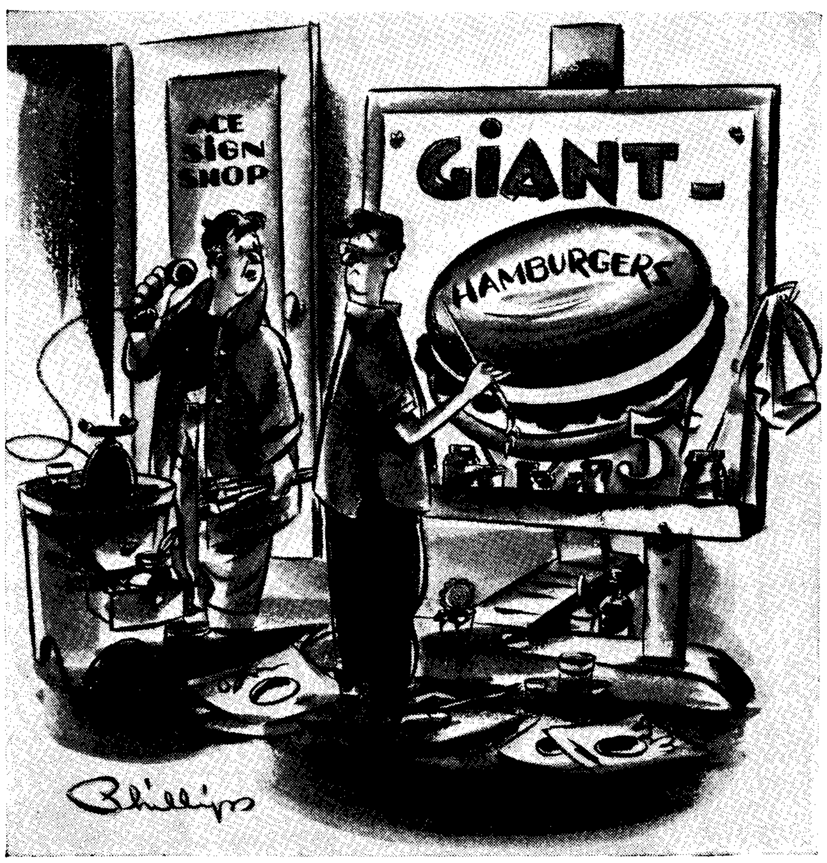
"There'll be somebody at the office," she said aimlessly.

"We won't see each other again," he said harshly. Fortunately that was true and unfortunately she was sorry. "If there were more time—if the world made sense . . ." He paused. "You can't know what you've done for me—it's . . . a good deal." He paused again. "Oh, damn all that! It is something to drive and eat and talk with you—to be running from a policeman and meet you."

She was caught in another sharp conflict—fear that he would, fear that he would not. He took her hand. "You're very lovely, my dear," he said. "Very lovely and very sweet." He kissed her fingers, and walked away up the road to Camp Ryegate.

Gail got in the car and drove away. The evening had ended and she would now begin paying for it. She remembered that she had told Connie, whose father she had not married after all, that she would be gone for two days. She stopped the car, for she wasn't seeing the road clearly. But she could not tell whether these were the tears of a widow who had saved herself, or of a frustrated bride, or of a woman who had wanted to be kissed a second time and had not been.

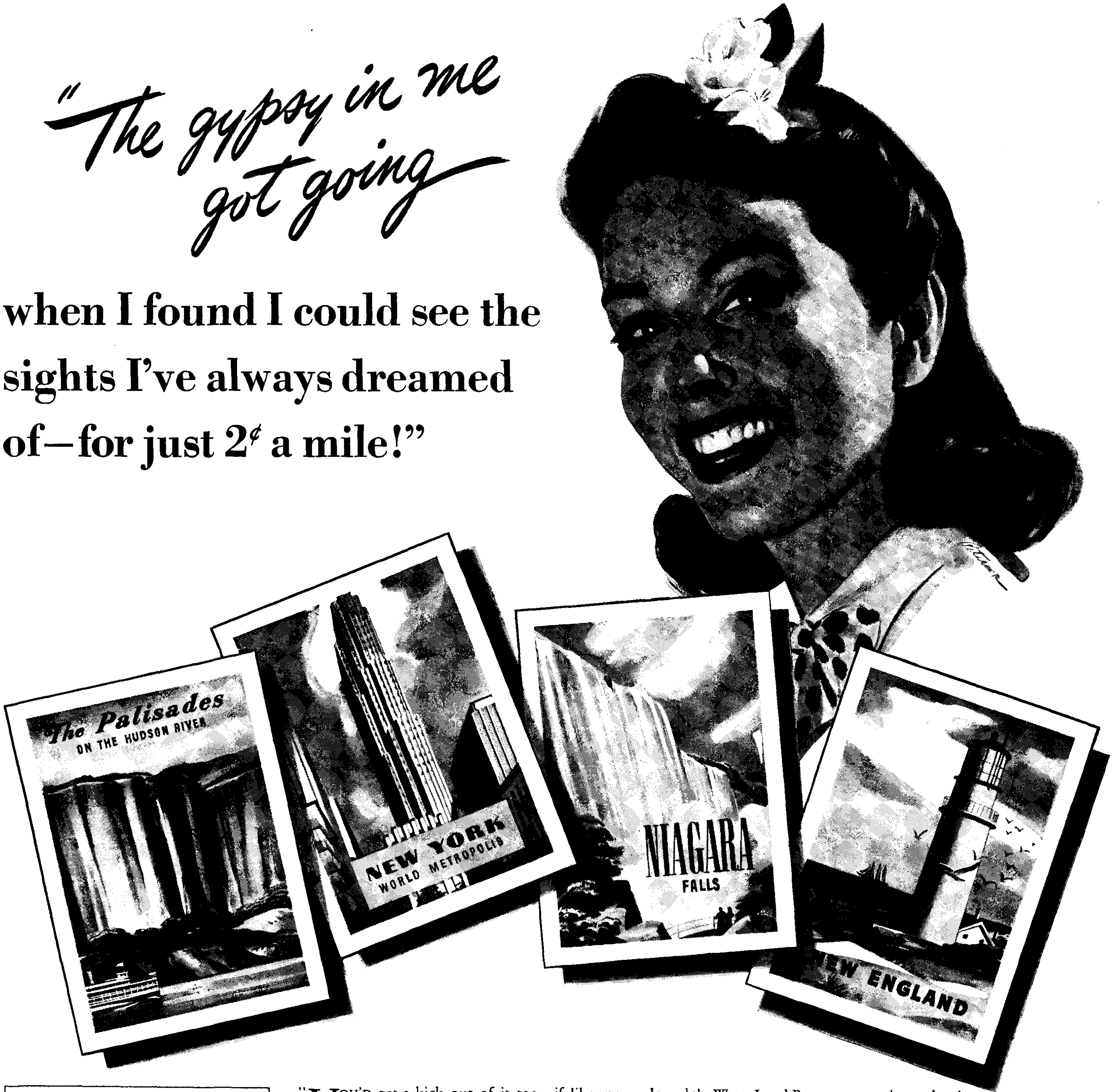
(To be continued next week)



"Wait a minute, Harry—hold the onion" IRVING PHILLIPS

"The gypsy in me got going

when I found I could see the sights I've always dreamed of—for just 2¢ a mile!"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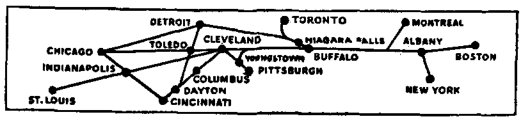
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MONTREAL
TOLEDO
CLEVELAND
NIAGARA FALLS
ALBANY
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YOUNGSTOWN
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NEW YORK
ST. LOUIS
CINCINNATI

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE...YOU CAN *SLEEP*

Cleo

Continued from page 12

elsewhere. You must take this thing out of here, especially," he says, "as calfs are very seldom house broke."

Well, at this, Cleo the calf goes mah-ah-ah and who comes up but Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe, who speaks to Mindy as follows:

"See here, Mindy," he says, "you serve veal in here, do you not?"

"The very best," Mindy says., "Veal stew, veal chops, veal tenderloin and weiner schnitzel, which is a veal."

"It all comes from a calf," Ambrose says. "You also serve calves' liver, do you not?"

"None better," Mindy says. "It is very good for nimmicks."

"You mean anemics," Ambrose says. "Kindly do not distort the English language, Mindy. Now," he says, "what is the difference between permitting the by-products of the calf in here and the calf itself? You are being very unreasonable, if you ask me."

Naturally, Mindy is somewhat nonplused by this argument, especially as he wishes to remain on friendly terms with Ambrose Hammer because sometimes Ambrose mentions the joint in his column, which is very nice publicity indeed, and besides by this time everybody in the place is interested in Cleo the calf and all the pretties are coming up and addressing her in baby language and Mindy can see that she is quite an attraction.

"Well," he says, "I will have to think this situation over."

SO HE retires to the kitchen and Fat-Fat and I have our dinner and Cleo the calf has her milk out of the bottle and Ambrose Hammer sits down with us and listens with great interest to Fat-Fat's story of how he comes to buy Cleo the calf because of her eyes and why he calls her Cleo and all this and that. In fact, Ambrose is so interested that he goes to his office and writes a very fine story about Fat-Fat and Cleo the calf and also about Cleo the pretty, but of course we do not know this until the blat Ambrose works for comes out the next morning.

In the meantime, Fat-Fat takes Cleo the calf around to the hotel in West Forty-ninth Street where he always lives in New York, figuring to register her there and then go looking for Cleo the pretty and have a reunion and one thing and another with her. But he has great difficulty convincing the night clerk that Cleo the calf is acceptable as a lodger because it seems that just a couple of weeks previously the clerk admits a guest with a boa constrictor and this boa constrictor escapes during the night and goes visiting in other rooms and causes so much unrest in the hotel that the clerk does not get a wink of sleep throughout his watch.

However, Fat-Fat is an old patron of the hotel and besides he stakes the clerk to a sawsky, so he gets his old room and by this time he is pretty well tuckered out himself so he decides to get a good night's sleep before looking for Cleo the pretty and while Cleo the calf goes mah-ah-ah most of the night, it does not seem to disturb the other guests and does not bother the clerk at all, as it seems he is raised on a farm and is accustomed to such sounds in the night.

Well, soon after daylight the next morning the hotel is surrounded by reporters and photographers from the afternoon blats because it seems Ambrose Hammer makes Fat-Fat and Cleo the calf sound very interesting, indeed, but it also seems that even before they get there Cleo the pretty has Fat-Fat on the phone and that she is sizzling about Fat-Fat telling Ambrose the calf's eyes remind him of hers and claiming that this is just the same thing as comparing her to a cow.

"Furthermore," Fat-Fat says when he is telling me about this incident later in the day, "she informs me that I am nothing but a tub of lard and that if I ever as much as look at her again she will call the cops. She says anyway she is now in love with a very high-class guy by the name of Henri something and is going to marry him. When I tell her I buy Cleo the calf as a present for her she spurns my token in words I am never before aware she even knows.

"I also have other bad news," Fat-Fat says. "I am rejected today by the doctors for the Army. They say I am too corpulent. They give me the elbow without even permitting me to remove my garments. Now I cannot even serve my country. On top of everything else, I blow a good bet on Air Brigade in the fourth at Jamaica. I am most despondent," Fat-Fat says. "But," he says, "I am now very glad I buy Cleo the calf or I will have nothing whatever to console myself with. I can always gaze into her eyes and remind myself of my lost love."

"Ouch!"

For a couple of days the hotel receives so much publicity in connection with Cleo the calf that the management is greatly pleased with her presence but when the blats stop talking about her she gets to be quite a bore, and they request Fat-Fat to remove her, especially as guys from the health department commence coming around and stating that it is setting a bad precedent to other hotels to have a calf as a guest.

SO FAT-FAT has to get rid of Cleo the calf or find another place to live and by this time he is very fond of her, indeed, and cannot bear the idea of parting from her. Finally he finds a spot over on Eleventh Avenue along in the Fifties not far from the North River docks where an old bundle by the name of Mrs. Squamm runs a small fleabag and who is very glad to have Fat-Fat and Cleo the calf. In fact, Mrs. Squamm states that she often longs for a touch of rural atmosphere over on Eleventh Avenue and feels that Cleo the calf will provide same.

Furthermore, right next door to Mrs. Squamm's little fleabag there is a fenced-in vacant lot covering half a block which is once occupied by a house that burns down years ago leaving nothing but a big hole in the ground in the center of the lot that is formerly the cellar, and Fat-Fat can see that this lot will be very handy for Cleo the calf to romp about in when she gets older, especially as Mrs. Squamm's kitchen where Cleo the calf sleeps opens right into the lot.

NOW the summer passes by and I do not see Fat-Fat for some time although I hear of him hustling and bustling about the race courses at his trade as a horse player, and then one night I run into him in front of Mindy's and ask him how Cleo the calf is.

"Why," Fat-Fat says, "she is fine and growing like a weed. I play with her every day, wrestling and rolling about on the floor with her to strengthen her muscles and also to reduce my own weight. I never give up hope of being permitted to serve my country in the Army. She runs about the lot next door when I am at the track and is enjoying herself in a way that is a pleasure to behold. But," Fat-Fat says, "I am sorry to say that there has come up some friction between Cleo the calf and a bunch of small kids who also wish to use the lot as a playground. She detests them."

"What about the other Cleo?" I ask.

At this, the tears start rolling down Fat-Fat's cheeks and he is unable to speak, so I can see he is deeply affected and naturally I am very sorry for him, especially as I hear rumors along Broadway that Cleo the pretty seems to be crazy about this Henri. In fact, I observe them one night together in the Stork Club holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes in such a way that I can see it must be love.

Personally, I cannot blame her much as this Henri is a good-looking guy with a small mustache and is very well dressed except for a monocle and alongside of him Fat-Fat is naturally nothing but a plater compared to a stake horse, but of course looks are not everything. To tell the truth, they are only about eighty per cent. I make a few inquiries about Henri but nobody seems to have any line on him except that he is undoubtedly a foreign guy and seems to have plenty of beesom but at this time there are so many foreign guys in New York with plenty of beesom that no one ever bothers to find out who they are or where they are from, or whatever.

Well, one night in the late fall, Fat-Fat calls me up at Mindy's and requests me to come over to Mrs. Squamm's house and keep him company, stating that he is not feeling well and does not wish to go out. He also states that Mrs. Squamm goes to bed early and Cleo the calf is sleeping out in the lot because she is now so big she takes up too much room in the kitchen, and that he is low in his mind and lonesome. So I go there and am playing him a little pinochle and permitting him to win to cheer him up when along towards midnight there comes a knock at the door and when Fat-Fat opens it who rushes in but a big guy and a couple of smaller guys and the big guy displays a badge in his hand and speaks like this:

"Jubble is the name," he says. "Federal Bureau of Investigation. Where are they?"

"Where are who?" Fat-Fat says.

"Kindly do not stall," Jubble says. "One of my guys hears her give this house address to the taxi jockey as they drive away from the Stork Club. They leave the cab, which is now in our custody, waiting down the street a block off and walk here and the jockey says he sees them climb over the fence into the lot next door, and as we do not observe hide nor hair of them in the lot they must be in this house because there is no other house around close. Come, come," he says, "speak up."

Now all of a sudden we hear Cleo the calf's voice out in the lot going mah-ah-ah as if she is in distress and Fat-Fat runs out the back door of the kitchen and into the lot and Jubble and his guys run after him and so do I. The street lights outside the fence throw a dim light all over the lot but Cleo the calf is not to be seen although we can still hear her. So Fat-Fat follows the sound of her voice until it brings him to the hole in the ground that is once a cellar and as the voice seems to come from this hole, Jubble and his guys all turn flashlights into the hole and we observe a somewhat unusual scene.

CLEO the calf and Cleo the pretty and Henri the foreign guy are all down in the hole and Cleo the calf is chasing Cleo the pretty and Henri back and forth in this space which is about the size and depth of a long, narrow room, in a most surprising manner and going mah-ah-ah in a tone that indicates she is greatly vexed, and I can see that Cleo the calf is much more developed since I last notice her and in fact she is quite large.

Now and then Henri tries to climb up one side of the hole, digging his fingers in the dirt wall and Cleo the calf immediately butts him vigorously from behind and knocks him down. Once while we are gazing at this scene, Cleo the pretty also tries to climb the wall and Cleo the calf butts her in the same place she does Henri and just as vigorously and Cleo the pretty is sobbing and Henri is using the most ungenteel language and Cleo the calf keeps going mah-ah-ah so there is really some little confusion, and on viewing all this, Fat-Fat becomes slightly indignant and speaks as follows:

"See here, now," Fat-Fat says, "you must not be playing tag with Cleo the calf at such an hour in a hole in the ground. She is supposed to be getting her rest."

Well, even in the confusion I notice that the hole that is once a cellar looks as if somebody recently clears it out and does a lot of digging as if to make it deeper as there is much fresh earth around and about and there are steps dug in one wall as if to enable whoever does the digging to climb in and out and I also notice that there are light boards

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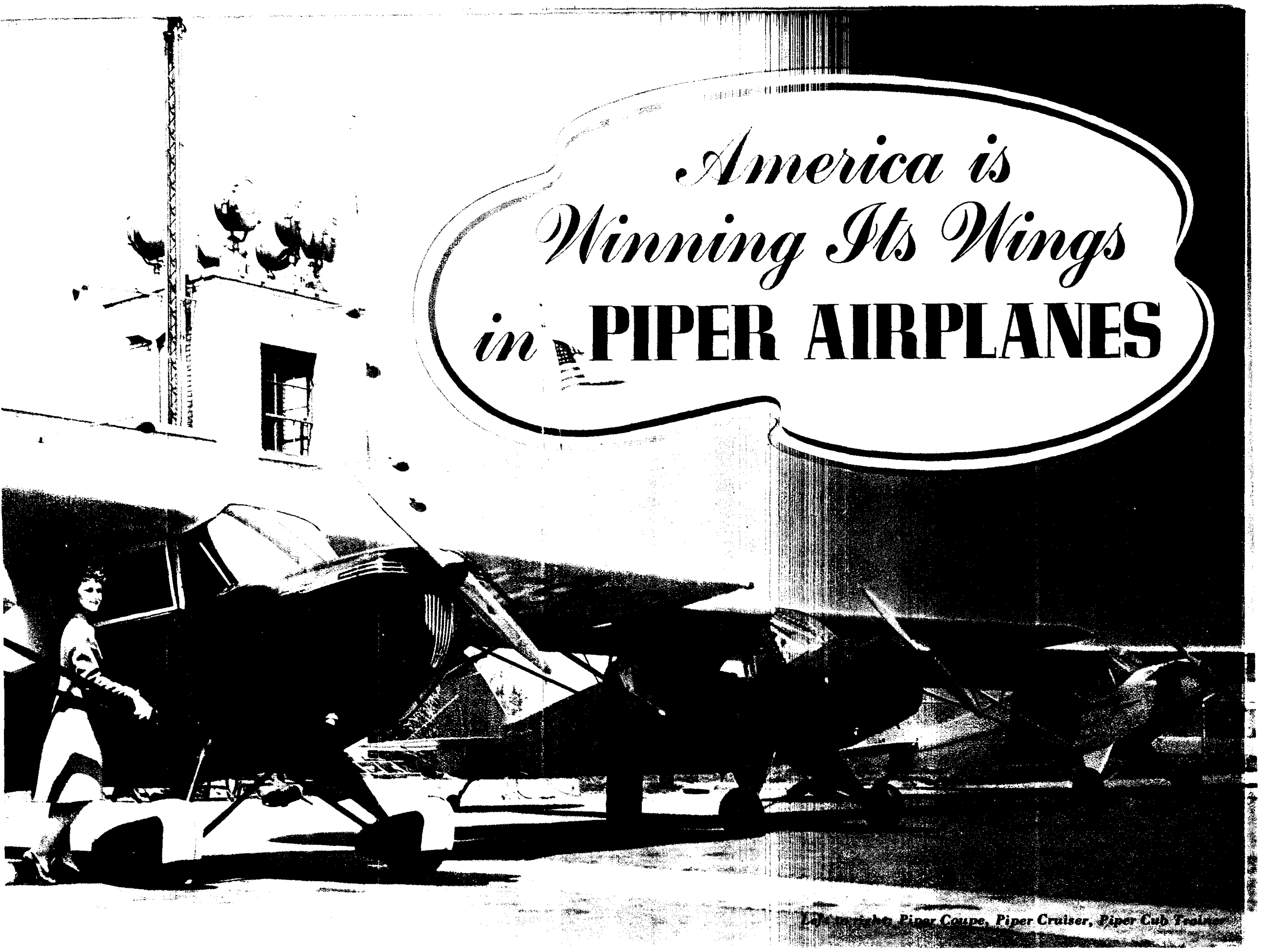

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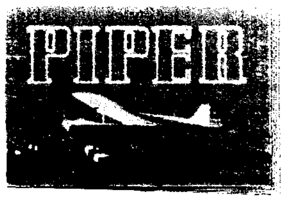

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across the hole like a flat roof, and it is plain to be seen that these boards give way under some kind of weight in the middle so I figure this is where Cleo the calf and Cleo the pretty and Henri drop through into the hole. Furthermore, Jubble seems to notice this, too, because he says:

"Why," he says, "this is really most ingenious. I must tell our chief, Mr. Hoover, about this spy trap. Maybe we can build a few in Washington."

"What makes it a spy trap?" I say.

"It traps this Henri guy, does it not?" Jubble says. "And he is a spy. He is Henri la Porte, alias Muller, the most dangerous secret agent and saboteur in the world. We are tailing him for months. Johnson," he says to one of his guys, "jump down in there and put the handcuffs on him, although," he says, "maybe you better wait until somebody surrounds the animal that is pursuing him."

AT THIS, Fat-Fat drops down into the hole and puts his arms around Cleo the calf and calls her pet names and quiets her down and then this Johnson follows him into the hole and applies the darbolas to Henri's wrists and all the time Henri is putting up quite a bleat and saying he will see his ambassador and maybe the President, and Cleo the pretty is sitting on the ground down in the hole crying as if her heart will break.

We finally get them all out of the hole but Cleo the calf and go back to Mrs. Squamm's house and on the way I ask Fat-Fat if he notices the way the old cellar is fixed up and he says he does and that he is greatly bewildered by same but that it is best not to speak of this matter until we see what is what. He says there is undoubtedly more here than meets the eye, and about now a tall guy I do not see before comes into the house with still another guy that I can see is a taxicab jockey and the tall guy whispers something to Jubble and Jubble says like this:

"Fine," he says. "I am glad you put it in a safe place. Well," he says, gazing at Cleo the pretty who is still crying no little, "I must also put this beautiful under arrest as an accomplice, although," he says, "it is by no means the established policy of our chief, Mr. Hoover, to molest beautifuls."

Now of course here is a predicament to be sure, because anybody can see that being arrested as an accomplice to a saboteur will present Cleo the pretty in an unfavorable light before her public and Cleo the pretty begins to cry louder than ever and she looks at Fat-Fat and speaks to him as follows:

"Irving," she says, "save me."

"Why," Fat-Fat says to Jubble, "what do you mean she is an accomplice? She is my fiancée and my personal assistant. I have her stool this Henri guy into the lot so we can trap him in exactly the manner you observe, although," Fat-Fat says, "of course I do not know he is as great a scapegrace as you state. I figure he is just a fiancée thief and it is my intention to give him a going-over and this marvelous here is in on the play."

"Oh," Jubble says, "I beg your pardon, Miss. I beg everybody's pardon. Why," he says, "you may get a medal for this. Now I must hasten to my office and leave my lads to follow with the prisoner. But," he says, "we must keep this capture quiet until we round up any others who may be connected with Henri."

As Jubble departs and while I am still thinking of what an exaggeration Fat-Fat is guilty of, and am also still wondering about the cellar, Cleo the pretty throws herself into Fat-Fat's arms and kisses him and says:

"Irving," she says, "forgive me for everything, I never really love anybody but you."

"Why," Fat-Fat says, "I forgive you, all right, but how do you come to be in this lot out here in the first place, not to mention being down in the hole?"

"Oh," Cleo the pretty says, "I am going away and I get to thinking of you, and I remember your address here, because I always keep track of you, and I induce Henri to make a stop. He is putting me aboard a ship that sails for South America at midnight and he is going to join me there later and we are to be married. I want to see you for the last time, but Henri has the cab stop before we reach your door. I can see now he must suspect we are being followed.

"We walk the rest of the way," Cleo the pretty says, "but Henri is evidently still suspicious as he boosts me over the fence into the lot and follows after me and tells me we must wait there a while and what do I see in the lot but a terrible animal and for no reason this animal becomes angry and chases us around until we run across what looks like solid ground but which gives way under our feet and drops us into the hole. It is a dreadful experience, Irving," she says.

"I do not understand it," Fat-Fat says. "It is not in keeping with Cleo the calf's character to display such temper. I guess she realizes Henri is a wrongie."

"Irving," Cleo the pretty says, "you must not think Henri is as bad as these parties state. He is very kind to me and gives me a perfectly huge basket of fruits and flowers and candies for my going-away present. I leave it in the cab and, Irving," she says, "I trust you will recover it for me."

At this, the tall guy who comes in last and who seems to be questioning the taxicab jockey, steps over to Cleo the pretty and taps her on the shoulder and says:

"Sister," he says, "Henri is not putting you on a boat for South America. He is putting you on one that is going to Egypt and is loaded with war supplies. And in the basket of stuff he gives you for a present is a time bomb that will sink the ship and you with it inside of twelve hours."

"Why," Cleo the pretty says, "maybe he is a rascal after all. But," she says, "it is a beautiful basket."

AFTERWARDS I hear this same tall guy talking to Henri in another room and he says to Henri like this:

"Muller," he says, "how do you ever come to join out with a dumb broad such as this?"

"Why," Henri says, "I need a dumb one for my purpose. But I am dumber than she is. If I do not let her talk me into making this stop for a farewell to the blubberhead I will have her aboard the Zoozoo and my work will be accomplished."

But of course I do not mention this conversation to Fat-Fat or to Cleo the pretty either as I fear it may cast a slight cloud over their happiness.

"Well," Fat-Fat says, when the guys finally leave with Henri, "everything turns out for the best. But," he says, "I am still puzzled as to how such a gentle little thing comes to commit this violent assault. Maybe I do wrong in teaching her to butt," he says.

Then Fat-Fat and Cleo the pretty kiss and hug again and their pleasure in this proceeding is really beautiful to behold and later Cleo the pretty tells me in confidence that what makes her realize that she truly loves Fat-Fat is that when she sees Cleo the calf in the lot and remembers the rumors that come to her ears of how Fat-Fat adores this creature, a terrible wave of jealousy comes over her and she cannot resist giving Cleo the calf a good kick in the slats. And Cleo the pretty says this kick is undoubtedly what stirs Cleo the calf to a passion and causes her to run them into the hole.

I DROP over to Mrs. Squamm's a few days later and Fat-Fat and Cleo the pretty and Mrs. Squamm are having something to eat in the kitchen and Cleo the calf is standing half in and half out of the doorway watching them and I give them all a huge hello including Cleo the calf and sit down and Fat-Fat says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "Mrs. Squamm finds out about the cellar for me. It seems the little kids of the neighborhood who are disputing with Cleo the calf for possession of the lot see a movie about big-game hunters in Africa or some such place and observe how they trap lions and tigers and elephants and all this and that and they are pretending among themselves as kids will do that Cleo the calf is a tiger and they make a trap of the cellar similar to something they see in the movies to snare her. Mrs. Squamm says it is called a pitfall. She thinks they are playing they are Frank Bucks. My gracious," Fat-Fat says, "when I am a kid, Jesse James is plenty good enough for me."

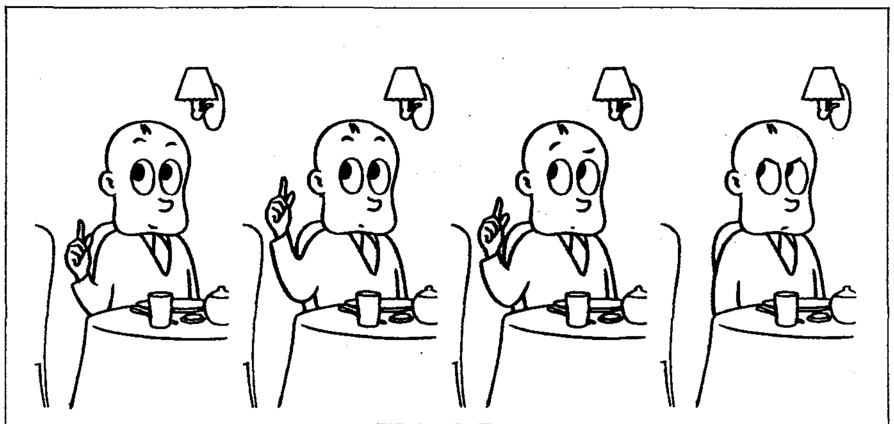
"Well," I say, "no doubt you will soon be passing about the neighborhood distributing a few bootses in the pantses?"

"By no means," Fat-Fat says. "Let us say no more about this incident as I am receiving great credit for personally trapping Henri and in fact I am to be rewarded with a job in the service of the Beard. They are going to send me to a school and make an undercover guy of me to run down other secret agents and saboteurs and such. So I will get to serve my country after all."

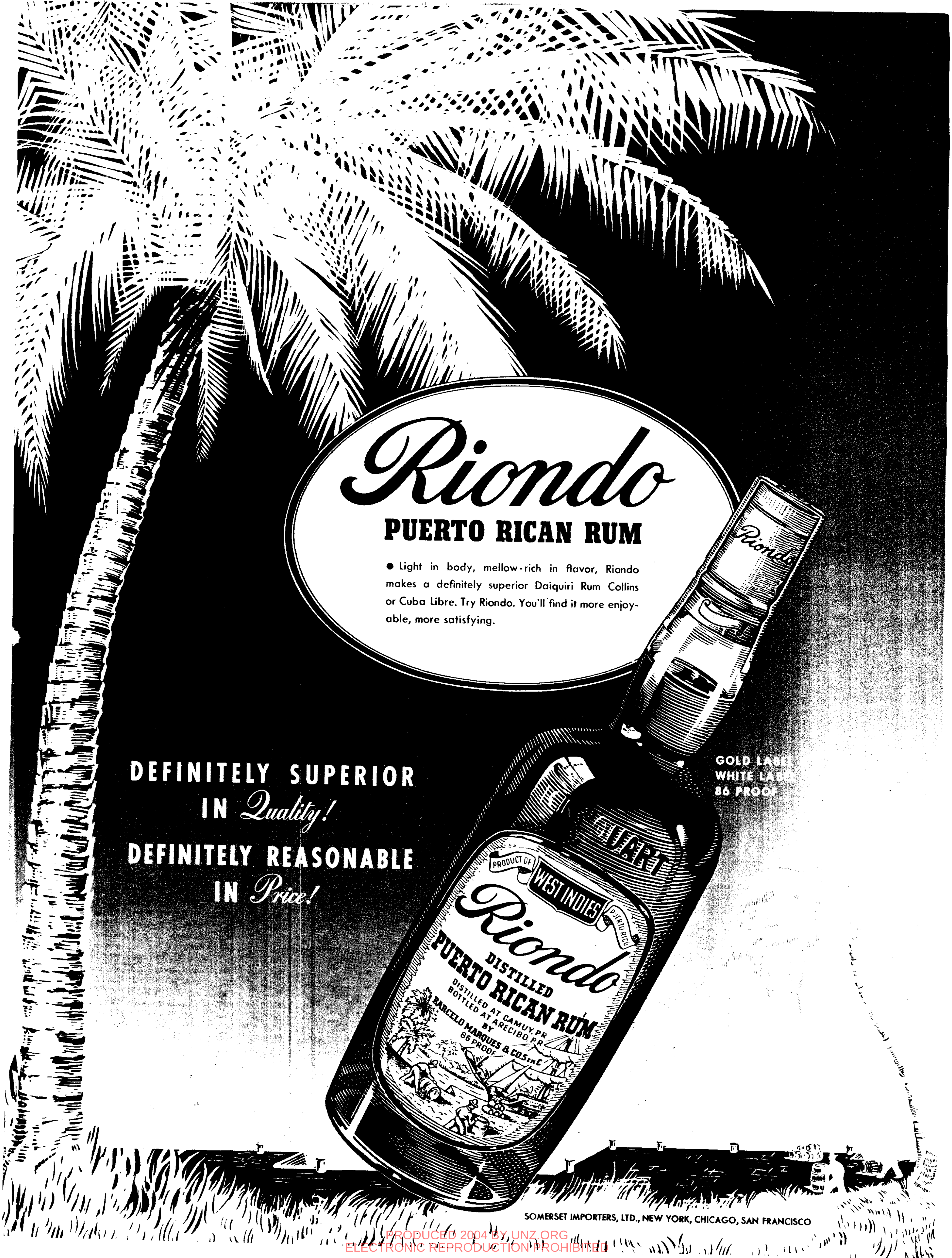
"Congratulations, Fat-Fat," I say. "And what is to become of Cleo the pretty here and also of Cleo the calf?"

"Oh," Fat-Fat says, "I am buying a little farm up the Hudson. We are going to live there and raise a lot of little Cleos on both sides."

Then he and Cleo the pretty began hugging and kissing again and Mrs. Squamm laughs heartily and Cleo the calf goes moo-oo-oo, like that, so I can see her voice is commencing to change no little.



Waiter's Eye CROCKETT JOHNSON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California Comet

By Bill Davidson

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE

Hal Davis doesn't exactly run—he explodes, like a rocket. He is shocking track experts with his unorthodox style and his complete disregard for dash records

IF YOU want to develop a case of heart failure, forget about the horses and start betting on Hal Davis, California's latest contribution to the world's fastest human department.

A typical Davis race, say a 100-yard dash, will proceed something like this: He will get down on his mark, grin at his opponents once or twice and then look up quizzically as the starter's gun goes off. He will finally realize that the race has begun and set out in full flight after his opponents, who by this time have piled up a two- or three-yard lead. He will puff and grimace and pound his feet into the track, but all this tremendous effort will seemingly be in vain. He will still be two yards behind his opponents.

By now it will look as though Davis is definitely out of the race. But suddenly a strange thing will happen! At about the 70-yard mark, there will be something akin to an explosion down on the track, and a hazy streak will flash by the other competitors. The streak, later identified as Davis, will storm into the tape—two, three or even five yards ahead of the others.

That's the cockeyed way in which this human bombshell has scored every triumph in his short career. No matter what the distance, from 50 to 220 yards, he will invariably be left at the start, and he will invariably explode at some point near the end of the race and win it.

This method is certainly not fancy, but it is as decisive and pulverizing as Joe Louis' left hook.

And so America has another world's fastest human on its hands, but except for the strain on the nerves this one isn't going to be hard to take. For Hal Davis is a tall, well-built, personable 21-year-old, with a straying mop of blond hair, and a handsome baby face. He hails from Salinas Junior College in California, and he has spent most of the past year shocking the track experts with his amazing performances in the dash events.

For instance, the accepted world's record for the 100-yard dash is 9.4 seconds. This mark is considered one of the "bottoms" in track because of repeated unsuccessful assaults on it by Jesse Owens, Frank Wykoff and other great sprinters. The mark has been tied more than a dozen times—never once has it been broken! You would think that such an impressive record would awe a wide-eyed youngster.

But not Hal Davis! With reckless abandon, this callow youth, just one year out of high school, proceeded to romp through no less than *three* 9.3-second hundred-yard dashes in dual meets at Modesto and Salinas. And when the mark was not recognized as an official one by the skeptical A.A.U., Davis merely shrugged his shoulders and set about running an official 20.4-second 200 meters, which shattered Jesse Owens' Olympic record.

A Style All His Own

In a single year Hal has captured all of the American sprint titles, has broken all of the American sprint records and in one fell swoop has knocked all the successors to the throne of Jesse Owens into a cocked hat. In last year's Compton Invitational meet on June 6th, he beat Clyde Jeffrey of Stanford and Mack Robinson of Los Angeles with a blistering burst of speed. And in the National Championships on June 30th, the dusky Messrs. Norwood Ewell, Mozelle Ellerbee and Eulace Peacock suffered the effect of the vacuum produced by Davis' rushing by them.

In addition to being the world's fastest human, Davis is also the world's most unorthodox runner. His style is atrocious; his training methods border on the fabulous.

In the Millrose Games, in Madison Square Garden, a special 300-yard event was added to the program in order to allow Davis to demonstrate his speed over a longer distance than the regulation sixty yards. Davis was strictly an outdoor runner, and up until his arrival in New York just three days before he had never even *seen* an indoor board track with its sharp, steep turns.

Davis headed into the first turn with blinding speed. Instead of going around the *inside* of the unfamiliar banked curve, his clumsy momentum carried him right up to the outer rim, which was about three feet high. Just as he was about to plummet out into space and deposit himself in the laps of the audience, he managed to execute a delicate toe dance around the edge of the track, accompanied by a wild swinging of the arms. Then he slammed into the backstretch with another tremendous burst of speed.

But the same thing happened on the second turn, and then again on the third.

Finally, he weaved his way across the finish line. The race was over! How he did it, nobody knew, but with the unscheduled gymnastics and all, Davis still managed to end up the winner by ten yards, and in the good time of 32.1 seconds.

Left at the Start

On another occasion, in the Finnish Relief Fund Meet in Los Angeles last year, Davis took his marks against Mozelle Ellerbee, Mickey Anderson and other fast college sprinters. The race was an exhibition 100-yard dash.

As the starter raised his gun, the movie-star studded crowd watched with bated breath to see what the new sprint sensation was going to do.

"Take your marks!"

The crowd was so quiet that the starter's voice could be heard throughout the stadium.

"Get set!"

Every eye was on Davis.

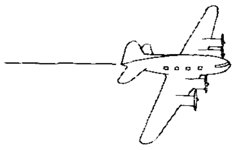
"Go!"

And the field of straining young athletes swept forward to the tape—that is, all except one man! For Davis—the darling of the movie stars, the cynosure of all eyes—was flat on his face at the starting line!

Davis is as Californian as the redwood trees. The Davis family was born and raised in the Santa Clara Valley, which is the fruit and vegetable growing district of the West Coast. His father, however, is a barber.

The Davises were never well off, and for years Papa Davis got jobs in one barbershop after another, following the subsequent migratory waves of Okies to various parts of the West Coast. In this way young Davis was rushed about with bewildering rapidity from Salinas to Turlock to Tulare and eventually to Morgan Hill, where Papa Davis finally was able to open his own barbershop and settle down.

Although there was never any inherent speed noticeable in the Davis family (the other members leaning distinctly to the substantial, more ponderous side), young Hal early demonstrated gazelle-like tendencies. At the age of eight, he was discovered by his mother one night, walking in his sleep. She tried to arouse him, but the youngster became frightened and bolted out the front door with



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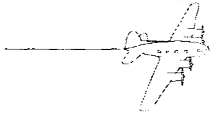

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HOW TO GET KISSED BY ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE!

I MUST CONFESS, Professor Meek admits, that I don't understand women. On the few occasions when I'm forced to meet the wife of an old student, I invariably say something wrong. I told young Dave Ward's wife her card sense might improve if her living room lighting were better.

"IT'S ALL DAVE'S FAULT!" she said, "I can't keep a 100-watt bulb in this lamp to save my soul. I know for a fact he took it for his old workbench!" "Darling," said Dave, "you snatched that bulb for the kitchen early this morning, and I can prove it!" With that I asked to be excused.

IN FIVE MINUTES I was back with a supply of G-E MAZDA lamps. "Professor!" gasped young Mrs. Ward, "you didn't need to buy so many!" "My dear," I said, "all seven bulbs cost only 99¢—a small expenditure to avoid much bitterness." "You're sweet" she said, and—kissed me! And Dave said, "Trust the Prof to show us the economic way to avoid bulbsnatching!"

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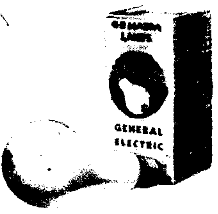

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
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such swiftness that he covered two city blocks before he was awake. He was safely returned to bed on that occasion, but he still walks, and sometimes even sprints, in his sleep. As a matter of fact, on all out-of-town trips Davis' coach makes it a point to sleep between Davis and the window.

The Davis sprinting career was formally launched when he began to trim the pants off the other kids in the neighborhood in games requiring speed of foot, such as Tag, Ring-a-livio and Cheese-it-the-Cop. At Morgan Hill High School, he went out for the track team, but it wasn't until his junior year that he attracted any attention. Then he suddenly began to knock off the best college sprinters on the coast. He looked so unspeakably clumsy that the experts pooh-poohed his performances as flukes. Despite this, however, there was a mad scramble for him among the coaches, with Lloyd Winter finally landing the prize for Salinas Junior College.

Davis works after school hours for one of the huge lettuce ranches at Salinas. His job is to plant special types of lettuce and experiment with them in an attempt to produce better, disease-free breeds. He pays for his college education by driving a rattly school bus from Morgan Hill to Salinas each morning, traveling thirty-eight miles through three counties, and picking up nineteen students en route.

Off the track, Davis is a smaller, lighter, Anglo-Saxon edition of Joe Louis. He shuffles about with stoop-shouldered, lazy unconcern; sleeps through a large percentage of each day's twenty-four hours; reads the comic strips with religious fanaticism; and consumes huge quantities of steak, apple pie, ice cream and milk.

But like Joe Louis among the heavyweights, as soon as Davis dons a track suit and settles down to business, there is no doubt as to who is the boss of the nation's sprinters. Davis doesn't run. He explodes—like a rocket. And right now there are three authorities who insist he is the world's fastest human. They are Dean Cromwell, the venerable track coach at the University of Southern California; Brutus Hamilton, the equally venerable track coach at the University of California; and a news photographer who can be identified merely as Izzy.

Cromwell and Hamilton have spent hours arguing about the absolute ultimate performances in the track and field events. One of the few things upon which they did agree was that there was little chance of lowering the 100-yard record below the present 9.4-second standard. However, after watching Davis breeze through a 9.5 clocking in the Fresno Relays, Cromwell and Hamilton started to argue on a wholly different basis. Now Hamilton insists that Davis will easily do 9.2 under the correct conditions, while Cromwell thinks that Hamilton is talking through his hat and that Davis will do a 9-flat hundred before hanging up his spikes.

Too Fast for Izzy

As for Izzy, the news photographer, he attests to Davis' unprecedented speed in a much more unusual manner. On February eighth, Izzy spent an entire evening at the Boston A.A. games with a high-speed camera, attempting to record for posterity an action shot of Davis crossing the finish line. The only thing that Izzy succeeded in obtaining on his plates, however, was a large blur surmounted by a shock of wildly waving blond hair. "I just ain't seen nothin' like it," Izzy laments, "the guy must be powered with an airplane motor!"

The most amazing part of the Davis saga, however, is the manner in which he trained for his recent indoor appearances in New York and Boston. There is, of course, no indoor track in central California, and Davis was perplexed. What to do? Where to train?

While he pondered the problem, Davis ambled about the regular outdoor track at Salinas Junior College. But on the third day of practice, huge black clouds piled up over the Salinas Valley, and there descended in great quantities a certain fluid known in localities outside of California as rain. But this wasn't an ordinary rain. It lasted for thirty-one days. It converted the outdoor track into something resembling a peat bog. The gods of chance had definitely turned against the world's fastest human.

A week after the great precipitation had begun, Coach Lloyd Winter dropped into Meyers' lettuce shed—one of several long corrugated-iron structures, in which the lettuce of the neighboring ranches is cleaned, washed, leaved and iced. There, in the middle of a long aisle which had been laboriously carved out of the piles of lettuce, was Davis. He was in a track suit, and he was surrounded by a milling crowd of wildly gesticulating workers.

"Oh, Lord!" yelled Winter, "they're going to kill him for coming in here!"

Winter plunged into the midst of the crowd. He plowed through the mob of excited workers. He fought his way to the side of his protégé. "Hal! Hal!" he shouted. "Are you all right?"

Davis wheeled about with a happy grin on his face. "Sure, Coach," he said, "I'm teaching them how to make a crouch start."

He'll Be a Runner When He Grows Up

From that day on, Davis romped through an ingenious training schedule —surrounded by lettuce, workmen and a swarm of hastily imported news photographers. Davis had a wonderful time in the lettuce shed. The workers, who soon became his stanchest friends and admirers, saw to it that each day he would have a clear path of about 190 yards, straight down the middle of the hard-packed dirt floor. And Davis would storm up and down the shed with a reckless abandon. Naturally the shed soon took on the appearance of a subsidiary madhouse, and every once in a while there would be a dull thud and a great dispersion of lettuce heads as Davis and one of the workers made violent contact somewhere in the middle aisle. After several such disasters, however, the workers developed an efficient spotting system whereby a whistle followed by an all-clear signal denoted his approach and passage.

Davis trained thus for approximately three weeks. At the end of that time, he came to New York and, competing on boards for the first time, he ran a 6.2-second sixty-yard dash. This performance was overshadowed, however, by a time trial in the lettuce shed, just before his departure for the East. On that occasion, Davis ran a practice sixty-yard dash, during the course of which he slipped on a stray lettuce leaf, negotiated a step between two floor levels, ran a broken field between a pair of lettuce crates and ended up by crashing into the corrugated-iron wall at the end of the building. His time was 5.9 seconds—exactly two tenths of a second below the accepted world's record!

After this exhibition, Lloyd Winter is reported to have looked at his stop watch, clapped his hands to his head, and muttered, "Well, I'll be darned!" And an old lettuce worker named Diego is said to have glanced knowingly after Davis and remarked, "That boy be plenty fast runner—some day when he grow up."

We're inclined to agree with both of them.

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 26

in the street to speak to some poor little waif of a child. The other day it was an old beggar. It didn't make any difference to Aline! She's had very little happiness in her life," he went on, his eyes shining, "and—and we're very happy now," he finished shyly.

"I think Mr. Holland said you're staying at a place at Los Altos?"

"Back in the hills, yes; it's a friend's place. He's in the East. It's nearly up to the Skyline Boulevard. It was a farmhouse and barns when he took it; he's not done much to it. But now that the place has a mistress," Andrew said, his face glowing with anticipation, "we're going to do great things! Build a terrace and have a grill—so that we can have our friends there."

"It sounds lovely," Dina commented, anxious only to keep the conversation flowing smoothly and avoid pitfalls.

"It's pretty rough now, especially for anyone like Aline," he explained apologetically. "She's always had a maid, you know. I get breakfasts," went on Andrew, "and carry her in a tray, and we picnic. We've only been home four days but we'll get it all licked into shape pretty soon."

"But she didn't dress—there—for this party?" Dina asked. The man laughed.

"Oh, no, no! We're staying with young Mrs. Prince tonight. We came in to her house this afternoon. You have Irish blood, haven't you?" he abruptly changed the subject by asking in his turn.

"Lots of it. My mother. Her father was a Mahon and her mother was Geraldine McManus."

"And you're Geraldine? Didn't Mr. Holland call you Geraldine?"

"Yes, I'm Geraldine."

"It fits you," he said. "I'd like to paint you in that chair and that dress and call it simply 'Geraldine.' "

"I used to wonder—why do artists call pictures such funny names?" Dina, interested in spite of herself, asked seriously.

"As what?"

"Oh, well. 'Girl in White' and 'Girl with a Canary.' "

HE LAUGHED out heartily. "You mean that we could see that for ourselves?"

"Well, yes. We had a hundred masterpieces at school, photographs of them, you know, and we used to have to pass them around and identify them; the names used to seem to me awfully silly."

"And which ones did you like?"

"I like Whistler," the girl said slowly. "And—the one with the maps—the Dutch one who does the rooms—"

"Vermeer."

"Vermeer. I like him."

"And you like 'Whistler's Mother.' "

"I like the little girl at the piano best."

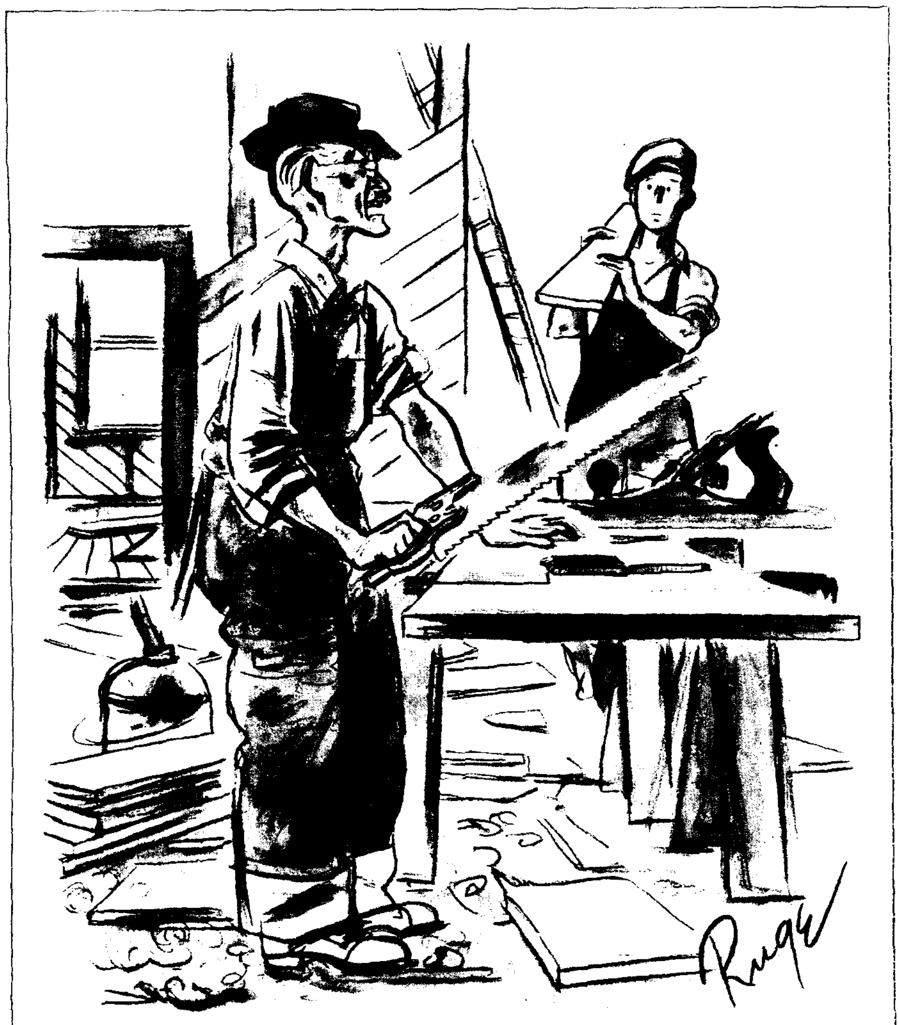
"I do, too. And how about the English school, Reynolds and Lawrence and Constable?"

"With their hats tied on with ribbons and the little squinchy dogs," Dina said thoughtfully. The man laughed again.

"You two are having much too nice a time," Aline said suddenly behind them, and leaned over Andrew's shoulder to kiss the top of his head and lay her cheek against his temple for a second. "I had to come up here and ask you if you still loved me!"

"Aline, for heaven's sake cut all this bridal-suite stuff!" a woman said.

"You're a complete idiot," Andrew



"Only ten more payments on my annuity and I'll have enough money to join the union and get one of them defense jobs"

JOHN A. RUGE

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said. He got up to escort her back to her place, and she looked about the company with her eloquent dove-blue eyes and said defiantly, "I don't care; he's the nicest person alive!"

When he came back to his seat Dina was talking with, or rather listening to, the agreeable and courteous Reggie, but when she was free again he said amusedly:

"There's one thing about my wife: she's completely unpredictable. She says herself she's like a little girl who's discovered happiness for the first time in her life. She hates to hurt anyone, and she hates anyone to be cross to her."

He reflected upon this with a half-smile and in obvious satisfaction while a salad was passed, and presently said in a confidential undertone:

"That's why we're here tonight, you know. You *did* know, I suppose—everyone knew—it was announced—"

"About Mr. Holland liking her?" Dina filled in the pause.

"Yes. It's a very old friendship, and Aline had had two most disillusioning experiences—she's of a nature to trust anyone and believe anyone—"

"Yes, I know," Dina put in, as he hesitated again.

"You do see it!" he said eagerly. "Well, how natural—feeling lonely and upset after that terrible experience with her second husband—how natural to think of Rogers Holland as a protector, as a person she could trust and turn to—for rest, you know, and an end to all the newspaper talk! You can imagine what newspaper notoriety means to a woman like that! She tells me that it was always a sort of old friends' arrangement, based mainly upon affection and good fellowship and all that.

"WELL, then we met each other," he continued, as Dina listened, absorbed. "I'd just arrived here in California; I didn't know any of these people, and I didn't know that Aline was engaged to Rogers, or that there was an understanding or whatever you choose to call it. She didn't tell me! D'you see the consideration there, Miss Cashman? She didn't want to hurt Rogers Holland, humiliate him. It wasn't until after we were married that she told me that she had had to break it off with him, and then—"

He paused impressively, took a swallow of wine.

"Then she said," he resumed, "that the very first dinner engagement we made must be here; she wanted Mr. Holland to know me and me to know him; there mustn't be any hurt feelings or silences or anything unexplained! That, I think," Andrew finished with satisfaction, "gives you a pretty good idea of what she's really like. It's—" he spoke reverently—"it's angelic!" he said. And catching his wife's eye, down the length of the table, he lifted his glass to her. Aline raised hers, blew him a kiss, and afterward the entire company toasted the bride and groom.

Dina drank nothing. She *had been* feeling physically upset all day, and dared risk only a little chicken and some salad accompanied by the dry, crisp crackers and toasted breads which all these eating and drinking folk seemed to feel were helpful to reducing. It was therefore in a state of chill and weakness favorable for the wildest apprehension that she found herself accompanying the other women upstairs after the meal.

An enormous bedroom filled with comfortable chairs and brightened by a wood fire had been placed at their disposal; they settled themselves comfortably in the old-fashioned luxury, preening themselves like so many birds of paradise, gossiping so fast and furiously that Dina could remain quite silent among them, ignored.

Mrs. Bucket was here, unobtrusively going to and fro; she straightened Dina's dress with the air of a friendly old housekeeper fussing over one of the young ladies of the family.

"That was fine at dinner," she said in an undertone; "he was pleased, I know. Now when you leave, my dear, I'll take you into my room downstairs, and you can slip out of one dress and into the other with no trouble at all. I'll be looking out for you."

DINA sat in a big chair, shrinking back into the protection of its depth, watching the other women, listening to them, managing never quite to catch anyone's eye. But Aline, powdering her nose, touching the shining, flawless helmet of her black hair with a ringed hand, had no notion of letting her escape.

"How long have you known Rogers, Miss Cashman?" Aline asked.

"We're trying to duck an old lady with a carrot"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Not—very long," Dina answered hesitantly.

"Your people's friend?"

She smiled demurely.

"I hope so."

Aline rose, strolled across the room, stood at the hearth looking down at *Dina*.

"Tell me something about yourself," she said winningly. "You see, I happen to know Rogers Holland extremely well, and I don't know that I ever heard him mention your name before tonight."

Dina's heart was beating fast; she looked the other woman in the eye. "He could have," she said. And she added innocently. "Couldn't he?"

At this one of the other women laughed a little, and Dina saw a little wave of color creep up under the smooth ivory of Aline Havens' cheeks.

"You know Caroline Holland, of course?" she said.

"No, I don't," Dina answered.

"She doesn't know Caroline!" Aline exclaimed to the company at large. "You mustn't think it is strange that I'm so surprised," she said to Dina, "but I know Rogers extremely well. In fact, I was engaged to him."

"He told me," Dina said.

"So that it seemed odd to me to find you here tonight—his ward, he said, didn't he?—when he never had mentioned you to me."

"Well, Aline," said a stout, handsome young woman who had been complaining bitterly of her slippers and now had them off, and was studying one attentively, "I can imagine myself being engaged to a man, and even breaking the engagement, without expecting to know absolutely everyone he knew!"

"Certainly," Aline agreed sharply, resenting the reflection upon her common sense; "but I'm surprised—that's all. *What did he tell you about me?*" she demanded, with an amused glance about the circle.

"That you were engaged, and that you married someone else," Dina answered.

"I think you have the rottenest manners, Aline, I've ever seen in my entire life," the stout woman said dreamily, trying on a slipper and wincing.

"Thank you, Jean," Aline said, sitting down and resting her head against the back of a chair. She closed her eyes and Dina could see how long and sooty-black the lashes were against her cheek. "I am having a simply lousy time," she observed incidentally. "It would really interest me, Jean," she pursued, carelessly, "to know just why I have rotten manners."

"ROGERS told me you asked him to give this party," another woman said reproachfully; "I think it was wonderful of Rogers to do it after the way you treated him."

"How did I treat him, Lucy?" Aline asked, not opening her eyes.

"Well," began Lucy uncertainly. Dina could tell from her tone that she was a good-natured soul who disliked fomenting trouble. "I mean, you did throw him down pretty hard," she said—"the wedding date all set and everything. And we all know, no matter who you happen to be married to, that Rogers just blindly adores you."

"Can't help that." Aline opened her eyes, looked into space with the hint of a self-conscious smile on her lips. "I met Andy," she said eloquently.

"I wonder if Rogers is going to let us have some bridge; Paul will simply get up and go home if he doesn't," a woman said in a bored voice.

" 'I met Andy!' " Dina heard old Mrs. Prince mutter under her breath.

"D'you like him?" Aline was now demanding. "Now, tell me, everybody, don't you think he's really—no, but I mean, isn't he really divine?"

"Magnificent," someone said obligingly.

"I want every one of you tell me honestly and truly what she thinks of him," said Aline; "we knew each other exactly two weeks when we were married, you know. We were both simply bowled over. I saw him lounging in a doorway with Phil Banks, and I went straight over and asked Phil to introduce him. In two seconds we were dancing; he simply held out his arms and I went into them. That was a Thursday and we were married two weeks from that day. He paints—but wait until you see some of the portraits! Everyone comes to him! He could do twice as much work as he does, but he's lazy, poor dear! And, of course, we're going to be broke—I mean absolutely broke until he gets started here."

"But darling, you *can't!*" the bridge-playing wife said in a pitying tone that poorly concealed the pleasure she felt at the idea.

"Don't worry about *us*," Aline said haughtily. Immediately she melted. "But you *do* like him?" she asked. The women, powdering their noses, fluffing their hair, pressing lipsticks firmly against their mouths, said flattering things: He was simply a darling; he was wonderfully tall; he was pleasant; he had a lovely manner. "And does he know how to make love!" Aline said complacently.

DINA was for the moment forgotten, and she was presently glad to drift downstairs with the other women and find Mrs. Bucket about to come up again, in search of her.

"Hall is here with the car whenever you're ready," said Mrs. Bucket.

"Oh, but I thought he said half past ten!" Dina exclaimed, her heart rising on a wave of relief.

"It's nearer eleven," Mrs. Bucket told her, smiling. "You can say good night to Mr. Holland now if you like," she suggested. Dina, who had been all ready for departure, was reminded of her manners, and went at once into the big drawing room, where several card games were already in progress. Rogers was playing; he glanced up as she came near him and stood for a moment looking over his shoulder. He was apparently unconscious of her presence, concentrating on his play, but after a moment he threw down two or three cards saying in satisfaction:

"Doubled and vulnerable—eight hundred. That'll learn 'em, Lucy! Nice bidding. And are you going, my dear?" he added, rising to face Dina. "Good night, and thanks for coming. Did you like your first dinner party?"

"I loved it," said Dina.

"Have you far to go?" Aline asked with an air of casualness.

"Almost to San Jose," Rogers answered for Dina.

"Go on with your game," Andrew Havens said, rising and coming forward. "I'll take Miss Cashman to her car."

"Andy," Aline wailed, "we just went down three, double and vul!"

"Too bad, darling," he said. "But

"Confidentially, it shrinks"

whispered the warrior

"Listen," sniffed the corncob, "just 'cause I'm from the country, I don't believe the Half and Half tin actually changes in size."

"Then *see* for yourself," insisted the Warrior. "It gets smaller and smaller as the boss uses the tobacco, so he never cuts his fingers reaching for the bottom."

"Even so," said the corncob, "it's what's *inside* the tin that counts!"

"That's just why Half and Half is such a prize package," beamed the Warrior. "It's chockful of aroma and flavor and there's not a bite in a bowlful."

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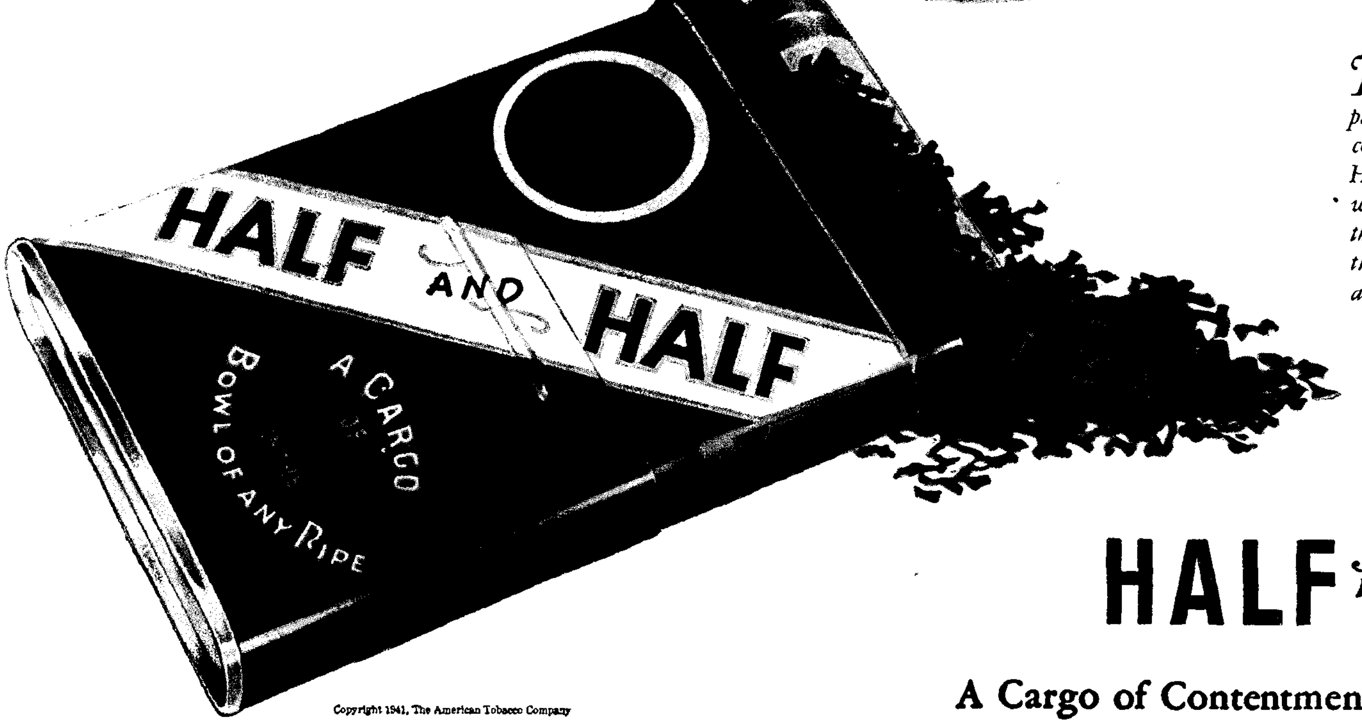

The hand-carved Warrior Pipe (above left) is part of Half and Half's famous $25,000 pipe collection. Famous itself for tempting aroma, Half and Half smokes as good as it smells. It wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth. And the patented telescope tin gets smaller as you use the tobacco, making it easier to fill your pipe—a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe.

HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of Any Pipe

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Won't get soft and soggy! . . . won't break off!

No other nationally advertised brush has newer, costlier, or better du Pont synthetic tooth brush bristle . . . because there is no newer, costlier, or better grade on the market

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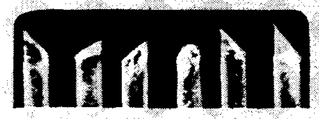
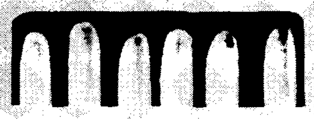
"ROUND-END"—No other brush has "Round-End" bristles!

Photo-micrographs show why Pro-phy-lac-tic's patented "Round-End" bristles insure gentler action on the gums:



ORDINARY BRISTLE—note the harsh, rough, jagged points



"ROUND-END" PROLON bristles—obviously they are gentler to the gums.

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The only brush in the world with a MONEY-BACK 6-MONTHS GUARANTEE!

No other nationally advertised tooth brush can possibly have longer-lasting bristle than Prolon. Prolon is our name for the finest grade of synthetic tooth brush bristle sold by du Pont.

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That's what you get in the new BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic, bristled with synthetic PROLON—the costliest tooth brush bristle that du Pont makes . . . the *only* synthetic bristle with patented "Round-Ends."

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic is specifically guaranteed for six months of use. The brush may actually last a year, eighteen months, two years. No one knows. It has not been on the market long enough to find out. But, note carefully, that only Pro-phy-lac-tic, among all tooth brush manufacturers, gives a definite six months money-back *guarantee!*

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* * *

For those who prefer it, finest *natural* "Tempered" bristle is also available in the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. PROLON bristle, or natural "Tempered" bristle, both are guaranteed for six months. Either is 50¢ . . . leading the complete line of famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes priced from 23¢ up.

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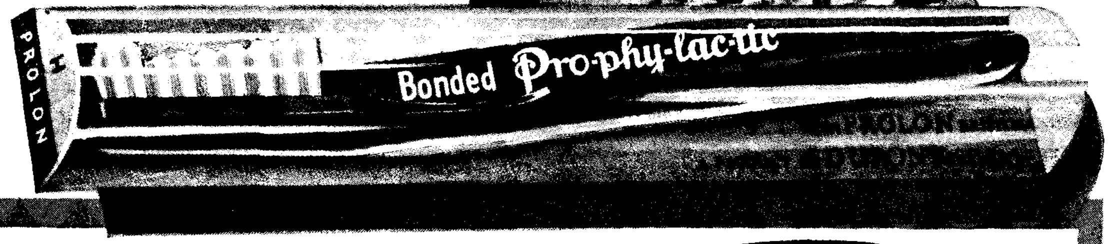

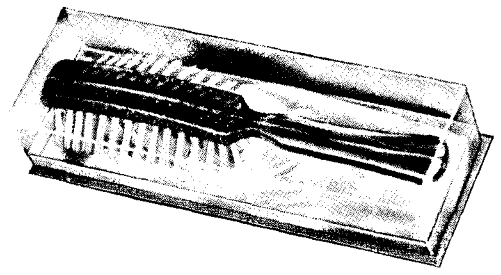

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Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . $4.00

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BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

you know I haven't the faintest idea what it means!"

"I'll take you out, Geraldine," Rogers said. "Your deal, Paul. I'll not be a minute!"

Dina walked beside him to the hall. Mrs. Bucket was waiting.

"You'll go home with her, Bucket?"

"I will indeed, sir."

"You were perfect, my dear," Rogers said to Dina, "and you carried off the honors of war splendidly. This—" He put an envelope into her hand. "This is for you. Thank you very much, and my best wishes." He bowed.

"Nobody need go home with me," Dina said, suddenly very tired and depressed.

"Bucket will go, of course. And I mean," he said, "to see Vere's mother when she comes back from the East and have a talk with her. I'm only sorry that I can't promise you much from it."

"Thank you." She felt desolate, alone and outside again. Silently she went with Mrs. Bucket to the housekeeper's room, and began to discard her Cinderella finery for the street clothes that now looked cheap and tawdry.

"He was pleased, you could tell that," Mrs. Bucket said, shaking and folding the sky-blue creation. "And you did look lovely at the head of the table, my dear. I was peeking in from the pantry, and I thought you looked like an innocent child among all those others. Half of them are divorced, with children scattered about dear knows where, or living with one another's husbands and wives. You looked the way a girl ought to look, innocent and young, listening to them, and turning your face one way and another—what's the matter?"

For Dina had taken a chair, spread her arms on the table and put her head down upon them and was crying bitterly.

"You're tired, dearie!" the housekeeper said, a comforting hand on her shoulder.

Dina looked up, trying to smile.

"Yes, I'm tired," she said. "I'm sorry. I'll be all right in a minute."

DINA and Mrs. Bucket slipped quietly out of a side door, to find Hall and the car waiting. The looming, lighted bulk of the old Holland mansion faded away into the night; they coasted down the long avenue of trees.

"I wonder if I will ever see it again," Dina said, half aloud.

"I had a feeling about you," Mrs. Bucket said unexpectedly. "That day a week ago when you first came to see Mr. Holland. I had it then. I thought that you had come to the house for a purpose, and that you belonged there. Seeing you in the library with him gave me a terrible turn. It was as if she—his wife—had come back. She wasn't anything like you, but I had a feeling just the same. And tonight, seeing you so lovely at the head of the table—you had a good time, didn't you?" she interrupted herself to ask, as Dina did not speak.

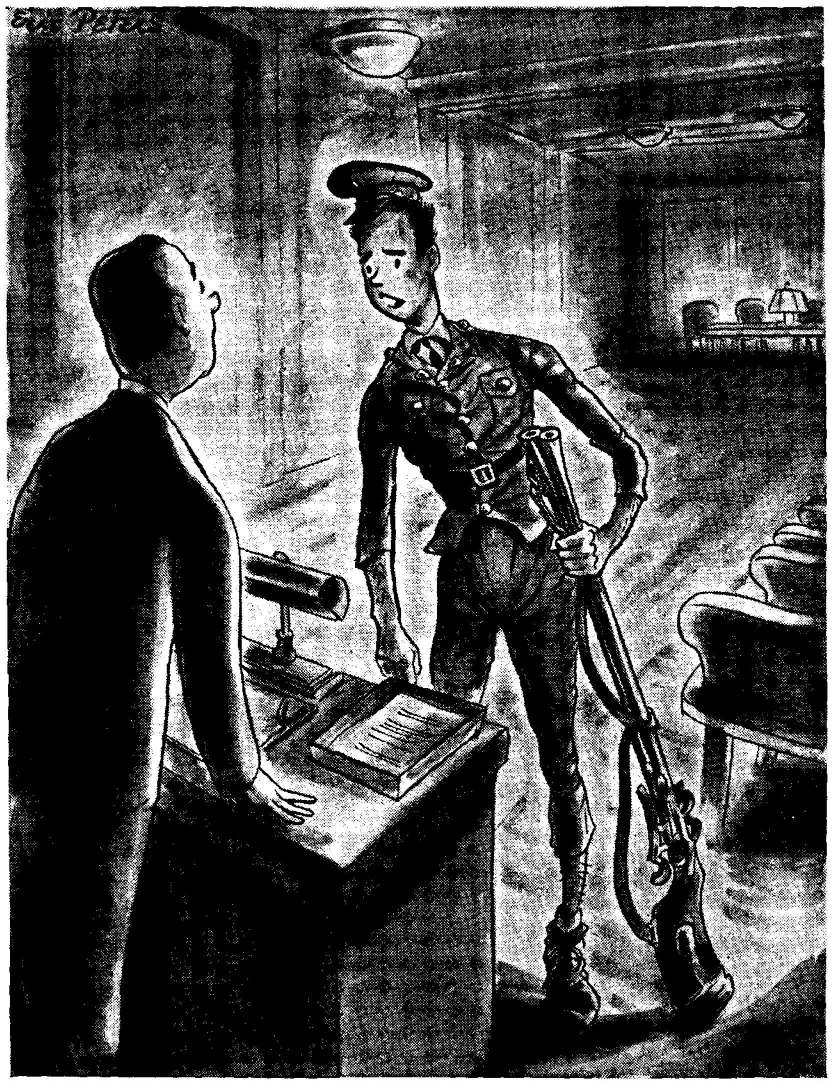
"Oh, yes—lovely." The girl's voice was lifeless. "Mrs. Havens is beautiful, isn't she?" she asked in turn.

"She's a beautiful devil," the other woman said. "I've never liked her, not from the first minute I saw her, and that would be fifteen or sixteen years ago. She was having parties with the other debutantes; I couldn't stand her. From the beginning she's been cold and hard and spoiled. She's got two children! What does she care! The girl's with old Mrs. Pollock; the boy goes to military school and summer camps. His father takes him around sometimes."

"The father's living, then?"

"Both her husbands are living. I don't know," Mrs. Bucket said in a dissatisfied tone, "what makes a man want to marry a woman like that, but they all do. "Look at Mr. Holland now," she went on, as Dina did not speak. "You'd think he'd have better sense than to break his heart for her! Oh, I know, you think he's a little queer, being so fat, with his stamps and his glasses. But that's just the outside. There never was a finer boy than he was, twenty years ago. But life twisted him and hurt him, and he tries to get back at it. He was married, you know, to a quiet, cold sort of woman—very small and delicate always, and dying—you might say—from her wedding day.

"One poor little baby she had after another, four of them, and they all died. Two days—three days—and the little things wilted like flowers. This was a dreadful house in those years, for he wanted a son, and she did, too, and they came to see that there'd never be a healthy child. She lived eight or nine years after the last one, but she never was well. He watched her and cared for her; that was his life—"



"I'd like to see Mr. Knudsen, please" ERIC PETERS

"He loved her," Dina put in.

"Yes, I think he did," the housekeeper said judicially; "but her being so ill ended his life, in a way. He got so that he was always here at home, and when she died five years ago he didn't change his ways at all. Not"—the woman ended with sudden bitterness—"not until *she* came along!"

"Mrs. Havens?"

"WELL, she was Mrs. Rosenstirn then. But she took the name of Pollock back. Everyone knew her by that. He'd known her all his life. I can tell you my heart stopped when I saw the way things were going."

"Mrs. Bucket," the girl said suddenly. "You know Vere Holland, don't you?"

"I do indeed. He comes here now and then. But Mr. Holland and his mother—she's taken the name Holland back again—don't get along. She's another of the Aline sort," said Mrs. Bucket.

"And do you think he—Vere—" Dina asked trembling. "Do you think he is *good?*"

"Vere? I don't know that I'd trust Vere too far," the woman answered thoughtfully. "There isn't a mean bone in his body, I'll say that for him, but his mother's spoiled him, and she's talked a lot of worldly nonsense at him, too. It isn't right that any woman should talk of a man as she talks to him of his father. I've met Mr. Van Holland, and you wouldn't want to meet a nicer man. What's the matter with you?"

THE question came suddenly, for Dina had leaned forward in the car and by the flashing of passing lights the other woman could see the tragedy in her face.

"Will you help me, Mrs. Bucket?" Dina asked breathlessly. "I'm in trouble. It was that that first made me go see Mr. Holland. I've no one else to ask; I don't dare tell my father or mother; I don't know what to do!"

"What's the matter?" the housekeeper asked again. The change in her tone made Dina's heart sink. It was withdrawn, cautious. But Dina could not stop now.

"You see—" she stammered eagerly, "I know Vere Holland! I was trying to find him; I *have* to find him. But now, now I don't know what to do, whether to follow him—whether to go to New Haven if he's at Yale—or whether it would do any good. He doesn't want me to come; I know that. But what else can I do?"

"Vere?" Mrs. Bucket demanded, in a heavy, incredulous voice.

"Yes! We went about together all through December. We went up to the mountains for the winter sports. And now he's gone away, and I have to see him; I have to talk to him! But I can't—I can't wreck his life—"

Her voice sank. There was a silence, terrible to Dina.

"You that looked like a little girl," Mrs. Bucket presently murmured as if she spoke to herself.

"I know, I know!" Dina said in a sick voice.

"Does Mr. Holland know?"

"I told him."

"And he said?"

"He said that Vere's mother was a hard woman and that she would try to make him think it wasn't true."

"Yes, and she will, too," Mrs. Bucket said. "And you want to go find him, wherever he is, and tell him he's got to marry you, is that it?" she asked.

"What else can I do?"

"He'll deny it," the housekeeper said, thinking aloud. Dina's whole body jerked as if it had been struck.

"He couldn't do that!"

"They do," said the other woman dryly. "All you have to do, my dear," she went on, on a long sigh, "is give in. That's all the girl in the case can do. Then they'll tell her what a brave, modern girl she is, not afraid of all the Victorian prudes. Then they'll say that they'll always love her, always respect her all the more for what she's doing. And then they'll go their ways, and she can begin to cry."

"I've cried," Dina said in a silence. "Oh, you can't say anything to me that I haven't said a thousand times to myself, lying awake in the night," she rushed on. "I know what a fool—what a *fool* I was! Almost from the beginning I knew that he hadn't anything to lose, that I was the one who would pay! Only for a few days I fooled myself; I thought he'd come to me, that he'd talk of a quiet wedding, of a secret wedding maybe—

"But he never came. And then he sent me a note from Palm Springs that he and his mother were going east. By that time I knew."

"WELL, God help us all," the older woman said, sighing again. There was a moment of silence.

"You wrote him what you thought?"

"Not—not in the words, exactly. But he couldn't mistake it."

"And he didn't answer that?"

"Yes, just a week ago. He said not to worry, and that his mother was sure everything was all right, and that he might be going to South America with his father."

"Well, he's not going to South America with his father, or I'd have heard of it," said Mrs. Bucket definitely. "But if he wrote you that it amounts to the same thing. She's told him—his mother's told him—to put the whole thing out of his head and not worry about it. She gets home tomorrow. I think you ought to see her."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Dina said, shuddering.

"You have to take every chance of straightening it out for the sake of your child, my dear," the other woman said soberly. "You've got the child to think of now. He gave you a ring? He wrote you something about getting married?"

"No, nothing like that," Dina said, frightened. It was a fearful thought that one had to produce this sort of thing, show it—to whom? In a lawyer's office? In court?

"You're how old?"

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen, God help us! And you've a mother?"

"A father and mother, and six brothers and sisters. The littlest one is only three, and there was another baby who died last year."

"And what's your father do?"

"Well, nothing mostly. We get state help and milk, and I work in a grocery,

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and over Christmas my brother got ten dollars a week, delivering bundles."

"H'm!" commented Mrs. Bucket. "How long were you and Vere going together?"

"Only a few weeks. Then he asked me to go up to the Sierras, skiing. It was so wonderful—all of us up there in the snow, fires in the cabins and such marvelous meals!"

"And you went every week end?"

"No, only once. We were planning to go again, we were planning so many things—talking of being together always—"

They were reaching the unsavory neighborhood of Bonita now. Mrs. Bucket looked out of the window into darkness and disorder with here and there a dim street light dangling, accentuating rather than breaking the blackness.

"I asked Hall to leave me at the station," said Dina, "because we live across the track and beyond the dump, and I don't believe a big, heavy car like this could get in there."

"We'll *have* to do something about all this," the housekeeper said hurriedly as they parted. "I don't know what it will be, but there is some way out. Perhaps I could get you a housemaid's job with me, and you'd be hidden away in that big house—"

"Oh, if you would, if you would!" Dina said, clinging to her hand. "If this time was only over, if it was this time next year, I'd make it up to you! Just not to have my mother and father know, and my little sisters—they've always thought I was sort of an example—"

"Don't cry. I'll see what I can do. You know that he talked this over with his mother?"

"Vere? Oh, yes. He wrote me that he had. But nothing serious. Just sort of joking. He didn't send me his address in the East. I didn't know where to send a letter. The one I did send went to Palm Springs but I didn't know whether they'd know where to forward another after he left. I was so frightened and sick all the time, and so afraid that time would go by—and go by—"

She stopped, swallowing, her mouth dry.

"I said in my letter," she went on, as the other woman made no comment, "that I'd have to come east, I'd have to get out—go away somewhere. But he didn't say anything about that! 'My mother says that it's silly to worry, nothing's going to happen.' That was what he said."

"That's what she would say," commented Mrs. Bucket grimly.

"Thank you a thousand times for being so good to me!" Dina had to climb past her companion to leave the car and suddenly Mrs. Bucket drew her down and kissed her wet face.

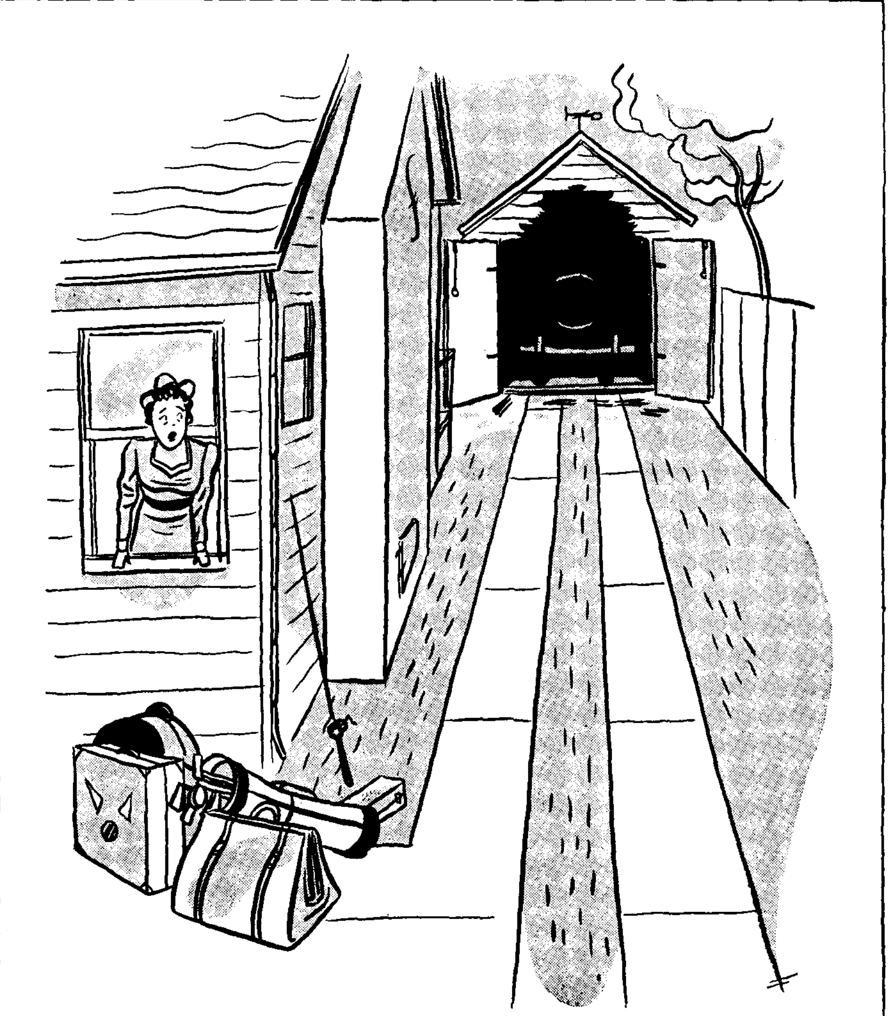
"Mr. Holland has your address?" she asked. "Yes, I know he has. You'll hear from me. Good night!"

IT WAS midnight. Dina picked her way carefully through wide, shallow puddles and heaps of refuse. The only sidewalks were occasional planks, propped on rocks and tipping in the mire. There was no light in the Cashman house.

Long familiar with its limitations, Dina noiselessly entered the kitchen, and in the warm atmosphere of grease and pipe smoke and coffee began rapidly to undress. She was clad only in her undermost garment and carrying the others over her bare arm when she went into the bedroom. A little groping under the curtain that hung at an angle across one corner of the room secured her nightgown, a limp, soft string, and she pulled it on, reached under the bed for her precious shoe box and jar of cold cream, in the dark cleaned her face of cosmetics and brushed her mop of curled and tight-pinned hair. A dim shaft of light from the adjoining room and a step beside her made her start.

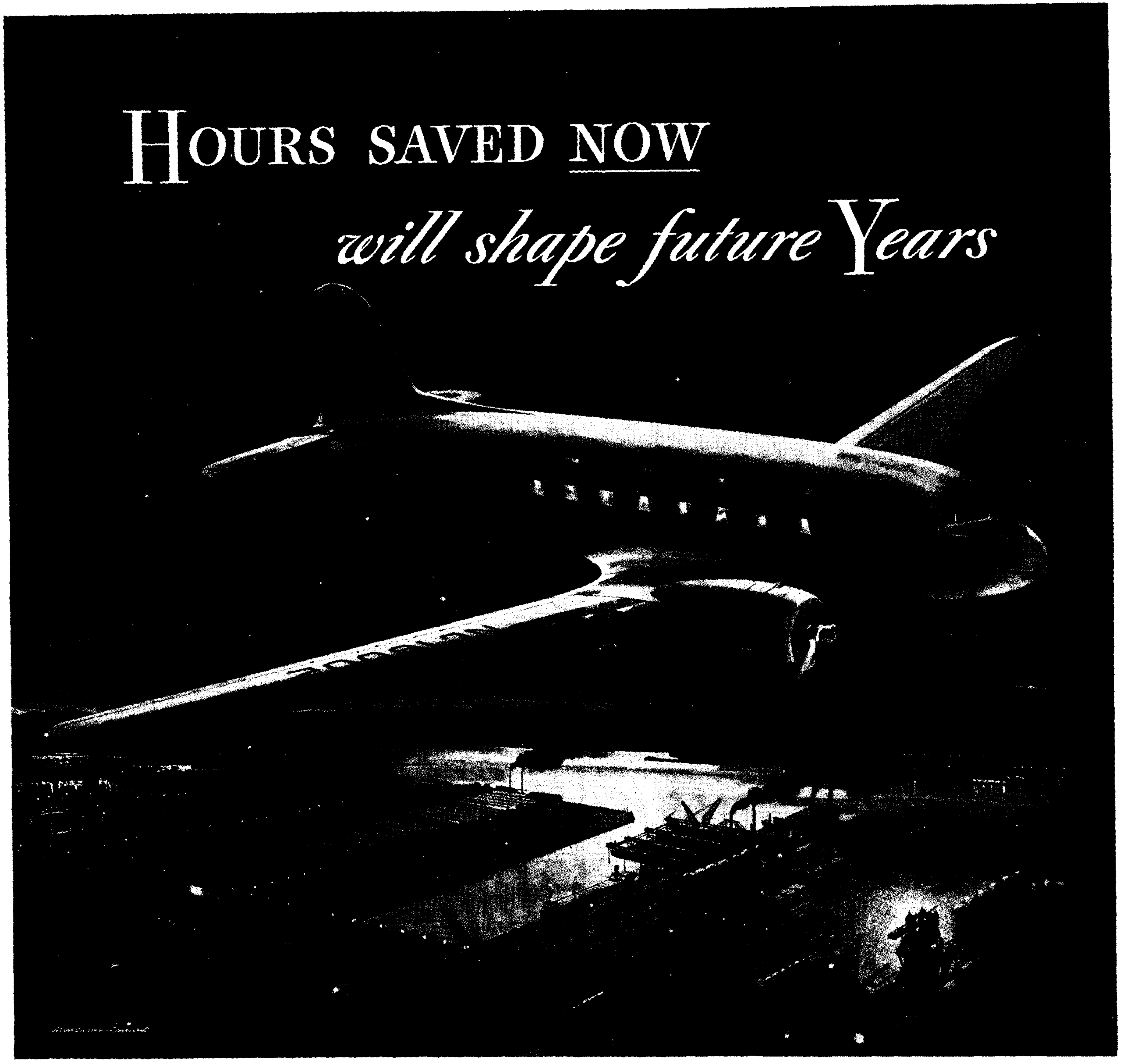
"Mamma? Goodness, you scared me!"

Mrs. Cashman was carrying a candle;



"Don't forget to take the boat off the top of the car, dear!"

FRITZ WILKINSON



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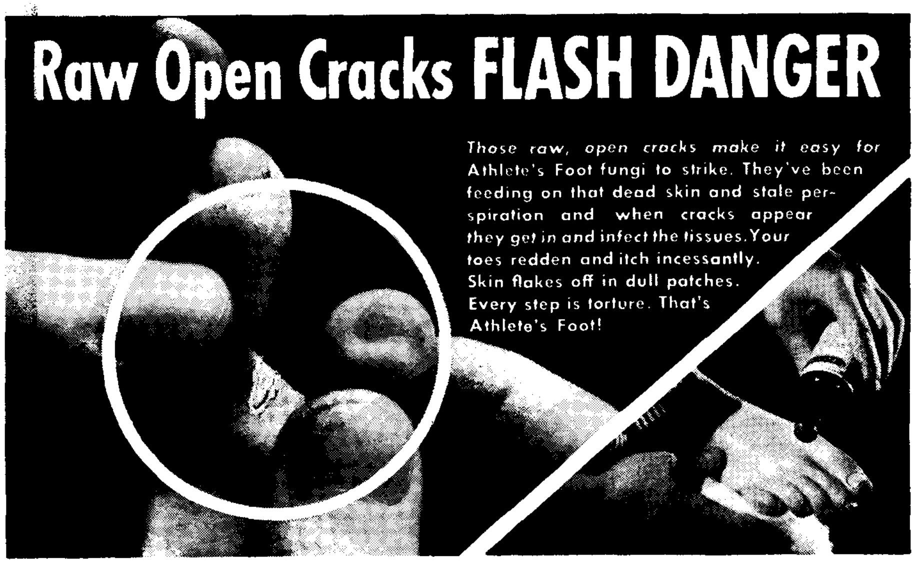
When your feet perspire and steam in perspiration, that is the time to beware of Athlete's Foot. That excessive perspiration feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot . . . makes them grow twice as fast! And it causes the skin to crack between your toes so the fungi can get in and spread. Then agonizing pain tells you you've got Athlete's Foot!


Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER

Those raw, open cracks make it easy for Athlete's Foot fungi to strike. They've been feeding on that dead skin and stale perspiration and when cracks appear *they get in and infect the tissues.* Your toes redden and itch incessantly. Skin flakes off in dull patches. Every step is torture. That's Athlete's Foot!

SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES! Look between your toes tonight. Soak even the tiniest cracks with Absorbine Jr., *full strength, night and morning!*

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi on *contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **Soothes and helps heal broken tissues.**
5. **Eases itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

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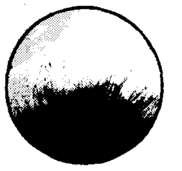
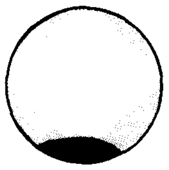


Fungi growing fast

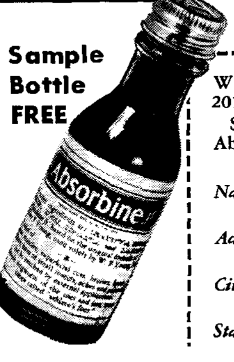
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

Sample Bottle FREE



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she shaded its light with a lean, ungroomed hand.

"Dina, have a good time?" she whispered.

"Oh, fine." It all seemed like a dream now, and almost as hard to recall as a dream: Fires and carpets; servants moving about; women bare of arms and in exquisite dresses; jewels, real jewels; silver candlesticks and flowers.

"Where were you?"

"Up Burlingame way." Mamma thought of course that it had been just one more dining and dancing party with the neighborhood group. Dina hoped she never would think differently.

"What I got up to tell you was that Lou was real sick," her mother said. "I moved her in here because nothing would do but that she had to sleep in Dina's bed."

"Sick!" Dina stood still in dismay. Lou was her favorite among the sisters; the pale, anemic, undernourished small girl of ten had always seemed to draw actual strength and vitality from Dina. Myrna was getting very independent; Dooley was a bold, handsome child who needed little encouragement in her vigorous fight for good times, popularity, movies, gum and ice-cream cones; El'ner was still a baby at seven. But little Lou really needed mothering, warming, spoiling, and Dina had made a special pet of her. In return Lou blindly adored her big sister.

"What was the matter?"

"Oh, her cold is worse and she felt real hot and her dinner came up. We had some pork sausage and hot cakes but she didn't eat much. Dooley said they'd had some cake over to Bridges'."

"Ah, the poor little thing!" Dina, by candlelight, sank on her knees beside the bed, her practiced hand inside the collar of Lou's flannel pajamas. "She's good and damp; she hasn't any fever," she whispered.

"No, I think she's all right. But my gracious, what crying and carrying-on when she came in for supper and found you'd gone!"

"Lou, my little old sweet—" Dina murmured, her cheeks against the damp cool little face. The drowsy child stirred and mumbled contentedly. "Has she been coughing, Mamma?" Dina asked.

"Not like she was last night. Well, I'll go back," Mrs. Cashman said, yawning. "I'm glad you had a good time."

"You came back, Dina," Lou muttered, clinging tight.

"Of course I came back, you silly! What were you crying about?"

"Becuz I missed you so." The thick, hoarse little voice dwindled away. "Don't go 'way again, Dina," Lou whispered. "I cry when you're not here."

"I'll be right here." Dina was kneeling beside the bed; now she drew an old blanket about her shoulders and settled on her knees, holding Lou's little relaxed hand against her cheek.

BEYOND the window that was just above the bed winter moonlight was flooding the Flats. It lent beauty even to their griminess and disorder; it silvered the line of empty freight cars on the tracks and lay kindly on the jumbled humble roofs and sheds; the shadows of the fences were like lace. Far off to the east the long line of the massive shoulders of the Sierras swam in misty vagueness, sky and mountains mingling in the wash of unearthly whiteness.

Dina, holding her little sister's hand, knelt motionless for a long while. She thought with an ache as keen as physical pain in her heart of this child's love for her, and that she had betrayed her. Lou needed her; her mother needed her; Dooley and Myrna needed her.

With all its poverty, crampedness and ugliness, still this was home. These were the rooms she knew—the chairs and beds and plates and towels; these were her own people. They turned to her. Dina could do it; Dina could fix it; Dina could make them laugh, could find the right touch to make any meal satisfying, could solve their school problems.

She had known her moods of irritation, of bitter discontent. But they had been passing moods. Under them and around them all had been the satisfaction of being Dina Cashman, pretty and strong, capable and popular, and free to plan any future, no matter how glorified, and hope for any change, no matter how improbable.

And now the curse of womankind lay heavy upon her. Now she must carry within her for long, slow months the very proof of weakness, of unforgivable stupidity. Life would not forgive her, and time would not forgive her. For that one hour of forgetting the law, she would pay all her life long, through all the days to come, and an innocent human being would pay, too; be shamed, be marked, be set apart.

A child! Her spirit writhed away from the thought of it. A little boy like Donny, or a tiny, delicate girl like Lou—the Lou whose small, sweating body was lying against her arm. Small shoes to be tied; small mouth into which cereal must be spooned; little questions coming along, harder and harder to answer. Her child!

SHE had thought of having a baby, as all girls do. She had talked with the other girls, walking home from school in the early teens, deciding eagerly what qualities a husband must have, what his profession must be, what the first boy and the first girl should be named. But she had never thought of motherhood as coming to her this way.

No boy, in all the years that lay between those little-girl days and today, had ever been allowed any familiarities with Dina Cashman. She was the untouchable; there need be no overtures wasted on her, because the boys knew, Tom and Stew and Joe and Willie and Ward knew, that such advances would avail them nothing. She had thought it out herself; determined upon her course; they might as well understand it.

But there had been no thinking, no reasoning, no plan when Vere had come along. Kneeling in the dark, looking with wide, tragic eyes at the panorama of the flats in the white moonlight, Dina told herself tonight that from the moment of their meeting she had never put Vere in the category of the other boys. His remoteness from her, his membership in a class to which no other person she had ever known could lay claim, his sureness when lunch and dinner checks were presented and waiters tipped, the very coat he wore and the big gloves stuffed so carelessly into the coat pocket—these things had marked him apart, had lent to his personality a glamor and a fascination. But then why analyze the details, why think out the road, when details signified so little, and she had taken that road so blindly?

Geraldine Cashman, whose mother and father were proud of her, hoping for her courage and wit and capability a better fortune than theirs had been. Geraldine Cashman, telling Art and Myrna of the days ahead, promising them better times, a big house with a bathroom and a garden, a new car, a sitting room with no beds in it!

"Oh, there must be a God!" she whispered. "There must be, or people wouldn't go on praying to Him! Oh, God, help me out just this once! Don't make me go away from home! Give me a break! Don't let them all be ashamed of me, asking Mamma what Dina did, and why she had to go away! Help me, help me, help me!"

Ten days later she sat in Mrs. Bucket's pleasant downstairs room, finishing a long talk with the housekeeper. Outside, upon the dark old gardens of the Holland house the warmth and light of a glorious, hot spring day were doing their best to make an impression. Heavy, old acacia trees had burst into pompoms of gold against the foliage of the eucalyptus trees and pines; the new leaves of the lilacs were pale green about the scented plumes of the blossoms.

With two well-shuffled packs of playing cards and some unfinished knitting Mrs. Bucket had a little bouquet of wild flowers on her desk: Buttercups, satiny poppies, grasses tipped with tiny starry bloom, a branch of flowering peach in full blossom.

"I picked those on a walk yesterday; I love the first flowers every year," she told Dina.

Dina sat sober and quiet, facing her. The talk had been a serious one; they had differed at its beginning but they were in agreement now. Dina had steadily maintained her point; she could not come as a chambermaid, as assistant housekeeper to the Holland mansion.

"If you knew how I'd love it, Mrs. Bucket, and what it would mean to me to get away from everything and to be here with you," Dina had said more than once. "But—don't you see?—I can't. It's too near my mother and father and all the people I know. And there might be a chance—there'd always be a chance, that he might come in—Vere. It's his uncle's house. And I couldn't bear—I couldn't bear ever to see him, to have him know where I was or what I was doing."

"But then where will you go, Dina?" the woman asked.

"I have a hundred dollars. I'll go—oh, not too far. Los Angeles, maybe, or maybe San Francisco. Some place where I can get lost—where I can work, where there's a big hospital that has free wards. It seems a pretty poor start for anybody," the girl finished, with a smile that her suddenly watering eyes belied, "but it's the best I can do."

"You'll get a job?"

"Yes. I'll stay here until—oh, April maybe. I'll stay home as long as I can. And then I'll go away. You see, I get eighteen a week at the grocery. That's all Mamma has except what Art gives her when he gets after-school jobs, and Pop's relief check the first of the month. That only pays the rent, and maybe gas for the car. Anyway, it's always gone in the first week. So they need me. And some day," the girl said, with her pale face and tear-rimmed eyes suddenly filled with a look of determination, "I'll come back, and I'll really help them all —Myrna and Dooley and Lou. I don't know how, but I can live this down—I can live it down somehow, and begin all over again."

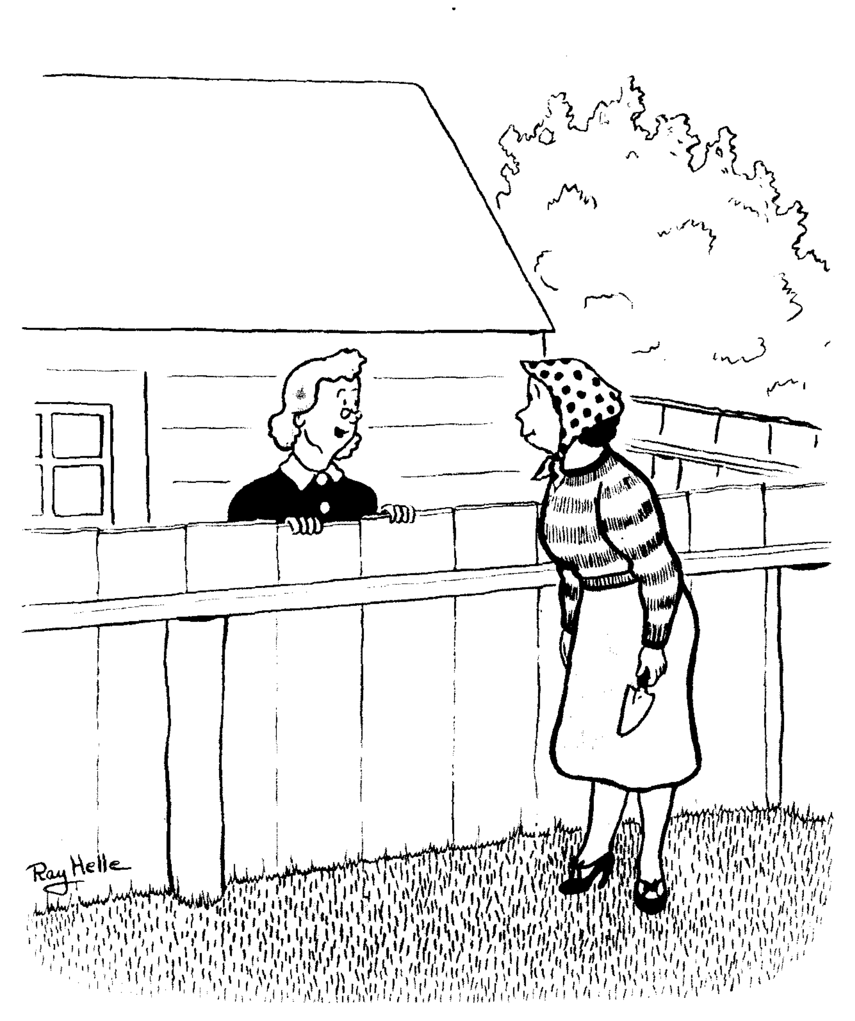
"Being sorry, Dina, *is* living it down. Being sorry gives you something you never would have had if you didn't make the mistakes," Mrs. Bucket said.

"I wish I could believe that! I wish I didn't feel as if all our lives were going to be hurt." She seemed to Mrs. Bucket years older than the girl who had first come there less than three weeks ago. There was a quiet acceptance, a quiet resoluteness about her today that to the older woman, although she could not have defined them, were infinitely touching.

"WHAT I'm wondering about," the housekeeper said, "is how you can get a job, the way you'll be, by April or May. I had a long talk with Mr. Holland about it," she went on, "and I think he's going to ask you to let him help you out for a while anyway. You should take it, my dear," she went on, knitting busily now, "for though I know it's hard to be under obligations to anyone, you have to remember that his family owes you a—a— an apology. His family has done you a wrong."

"No, no, no," Dina said in a weary voice, her eyes staring out of the window. "I did it myself."

(To be continued next week)



"My Wilbur is at the awkward age. You know, between twenty-one and thirty-five"

RAY HELLE

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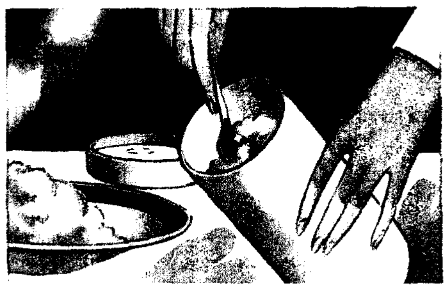

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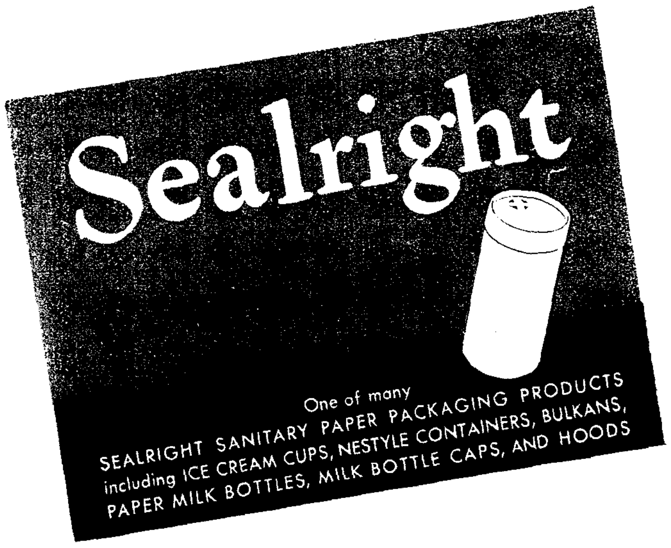
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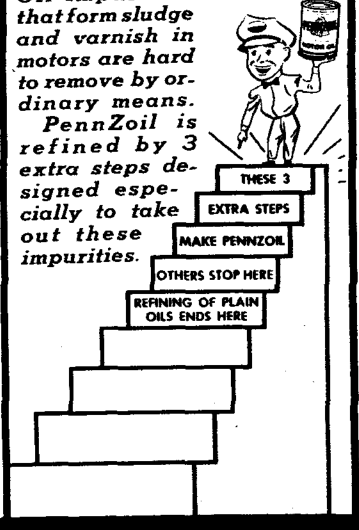

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Amazing Maisie

Continued from page 23

called him on the phone and asked him if he wanted to be in pictures with her. ("Thought somebody was ribbing him. Then he almost fainted"—says the press release.) They rehearsed . . . "Lester threw her over his shoulder and around his neck . . . Ann Sothern was sold on Mr. Lester; so was J. Walter Ruben." On the second day of shooting, he threw her too hard. Zowie! Out—out like a light! She finally awakes and looks at the terrified group of executives. "Why can't I do Noel Coward drawing-room comedies?" What wit! What courage! Zowie!

She married Roger Pryor, son of Arthur Pryor, the famous band leader, and every time Roger hies himself into the provinces with his band and leaves Ann behind, there are rumors of a split. They seem less than accurate if one sees them in the Beverly Hills home, a very formal city residence with a garden in the rear.

Sothern, who is a bit of amateur decorator and also an amateur horticulturist and also an amateur dictator, had considerable trouble with a tree that was being moved about the garden. She ordered it here; she changed her mind and had them dig it up and plant it again over there. Roger took this in his usual bland manner but managed to get in a word.

"I have an idea," he said. "We give the gardener the house; we live under the tree. We save money."

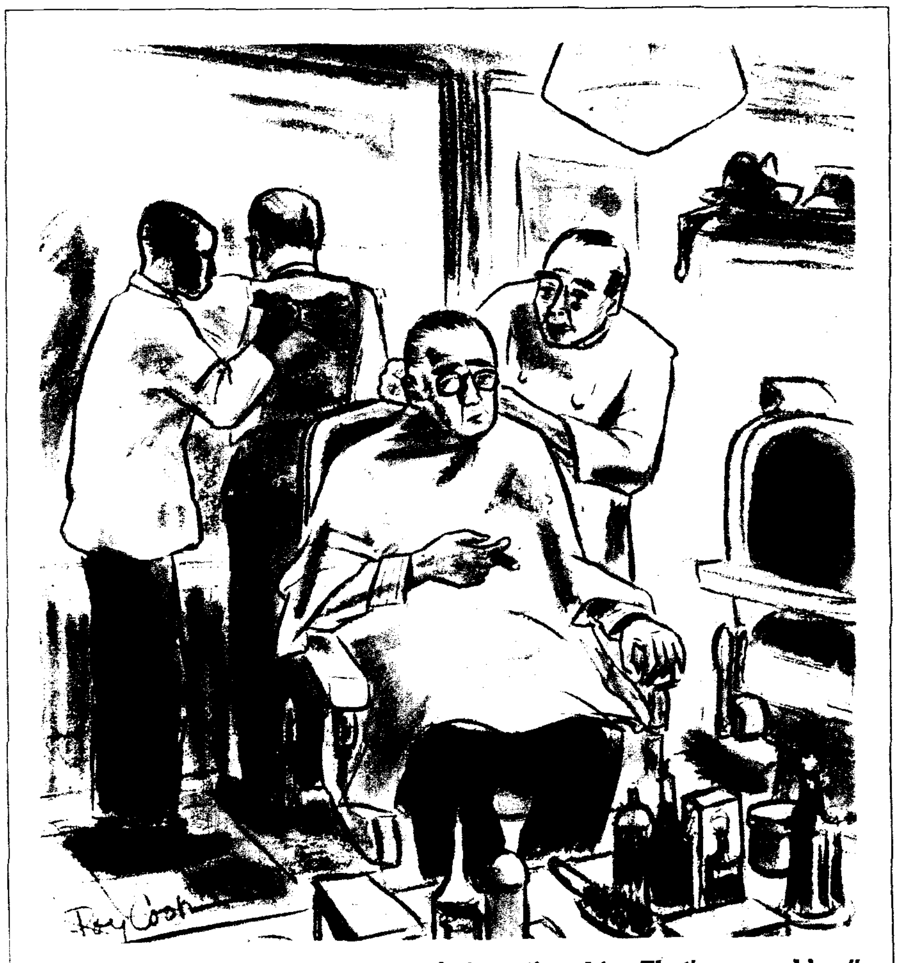
Mrs. Pryor just looked at Mr. Pryor and kept moving the tree. But if they disagree about this, they are in splendid accord in cherishing an excellent notion to confound their friends who are convinced that they will starve to death in the trying years to come unless they have a ranch in San Fernando Valley. The number of people who discover that they do not care for ranches after they have once bought a ranch must by now run into the millions and the Pryors are aware of it. As a consequence they are doing their kindergarten work in farming right at their home in Beverly Hills.

In a personal way Miss Sothern has quirks of her own: she is a nut on reading medical volumes and is an authority on everything from bunions to scurvy; she likes to fish; she likes to eat; she never diets; her favorite dish is stuffed cabbage; she has a marvelous figure, which she maintains without much care; she still plays the piano exceedingly well (Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms—the big boys); she refuses to ride in a plane piloted by her husband, who has a private pilot's license; she hates to drive a car; whether at the studio or at home; she likes to sit in an old rocking chair; she and Mr. Pryor hate night clubs because Mr. Pryor used to lead a night-club band; she loves parties, will give a surprise party for anybody at the drop of a hint, and adores dancing, considering Cesar Romero the most satisfying partner in Hollywood; the most overworked word in her vocabulary is "really," pronounced with a long, slow drawl. Some people hate it.

At parties otherwise intelligent people think it will please her if they forget her name and call her Maisie. Her mail comes that way, hoodlums yell at her in the street that way; newspapers and magazines would never think of referring to her unless they mention Maisie. The ultimate arrived when a kid collecting autographs almost took her head off because she signed his book "Ann Sothern."

"Whattaya mean—double-crossin' a guy!" he bellowed. "Sign that there Maisie, like ya oughta!"

She didn't sign it and she also didn't kill the young man—this constitutes what is known as a Mexican standoff. All even.



"Now, don't you worry about your hair getting thin. That's my problem"

ROY COOK

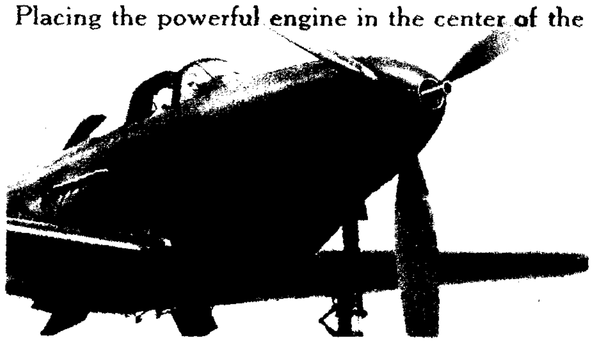
"Making Aviation History—THAT'S WHAT BELL AIRCRAFT IS DOING"

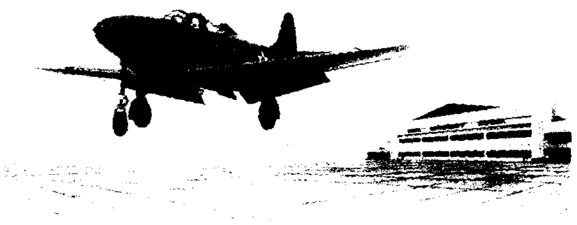
Every day people marvel at the Bell Airacobra. Aviation history is being made again by a group of men who have long been a part of Aviation's history. As early as 1935, Bell Aircraft foresaw that powerful cannon were needed to give decisive fire power to single engine defensive fighters. Because firing through the nose of the plane—center line firing—means greatest accuracy, the cannon was located in the nose where the engine is normally placed. *A brand new conception of aircraft design was involved.* Today, the exceptional speed, the fire power of a 37 mm. explosive shell cannon added to six of the usual .30 and .50 cal. machine guns, and the adaptability to volume production, prove the sound design of the Bell Airacobra. The history making effort now continues by speeding production for the U. S. Army Air Corps and British forces. Scores of machines have been developed by Bell employees to speed precision work. Unusual assembly methods employing unskilled workers have been perfected to offset skilled labor shortage. And—at the front of Bell Aircraft's progress stand these thousands of employees whose spirit and co-operation mark them as loyal partners in America's defense.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

A NEW VIEWPOINT IN AVIATION

The Bell Airacobra—the "Cannon on Wings"—is a new viewpoint in Aviation. It's the result of forseeing a need, and then letting no engineering obstacle stand in the way of meeting it. Placing the powerful engine in the center of the airplane has given the Airacobra other important advantages. Pilots welcome the extra vision and increased maneuverability, and its speed is stepped up by a higher degree of streamlining.





Take-offs and landings are made safer and easier because the design allows room for the installation of a tricycle landing gear.

BELL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

BELL AIRCRAFT ORDNANCE DIVISION **BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.**

The Fortunate Cop

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

In the matter of the murder of Conrad Schmeckebier, Detective Richard "Lucky Dick" Blauer has all the luck, as usual. Is it anything against a policeman if he gives the breaks a chance to favor him?

THEY were a handsome but oddly mated pair, at late dinner in the Dahlia T-Shoppe on Lexington Avenue.

The blond girl looked common, plump and pink and bold and vulgar, her chubby features relaxed in artless admiration of the distinguished-looking fellow across the table for two. He was a showy chap, big and dominating, evidently as conscious of appearances as a woman or an actor; his fine head, massy with waved chestnut hair, was inclined toward the blonde, and his brilliant eyes held her as he talked with slight and constant smile.

Intent on each other, they were unconscious of the deadly stare leveled on them through the slatted blind of the window by the two men looking in from dim Lexington Avenue.

"That's the lug," growled Krum the General, the taller of the two peering men. "That's Dr. Cosmo Sage—with my Lois. See him, Gus?

"He's going to get called out to the phone booth in the hall," he continued. "They answer it from the restaurant. His party will ring off, and you go in the hall—there's the door—and wait by the booth till he steps out, and put your rod on him and march him out to the car. If he makes a fuss, give it to him right here and hop in the car and go. If he comes along, ride him over to Queens and take care of him there. . . . After, give me a ring at Knuppel's and ask for Mr. Klug; that'll be me. Only remember, keep touching iron, your hand on the rod, if you look in his eye!"

"Okay, General," said Little Gus.

Krum the General glanced at a taxi of the night-hawk variety parked before the T-Shoppe, its driver slouched over the wheel, a cigarette burning in his heavy muzzle. The General walked down Lexington Avenue to a busy drugstore, entered by a side door, went to a telephone booth.

"Dr. Cosmo Sage is eating in the T-Shoppe!" he announced. "Call him to the phone, important, will you?" He waited a moment, hung up, left the store.

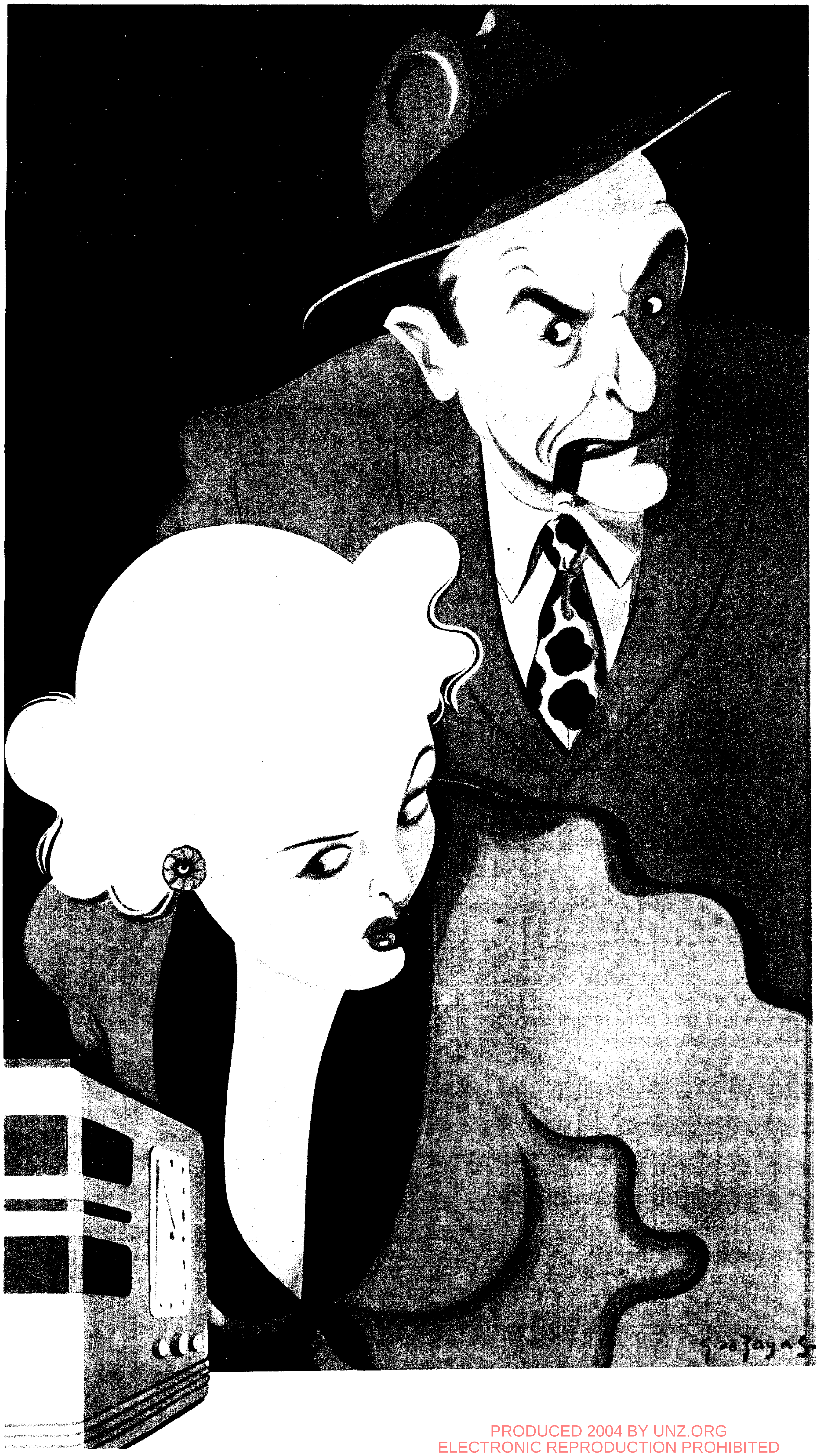
He loitered on the corner, watching. Little Gus was looking again through the slatted blind; now, hand in side pocket, he entered the hallway beside the restaurant. He reappeared, walking close behind the tall and handsome chap who had been dining with the General's blond Lois. The pair marched to the cab, got in; the cab came down the avenue, passed the General and halted at 86th Street for the lights.

There had been no alarm, no notice taken by any outsider, and Dr. Cosmo Sage was well on his way to sudden death in suburban Queens across the 59th Street bridge; but now the cab door opened and the appointed victim bolted for the subway entrance—after him, Little Gus. Down plunged the fugitive, out of sight; after him, the triggerman. In the noise from a train below and the racing engines of the waiting cars above, the General was unsure that he heard the shots; but up came Little Gus, jumped into the cab. The lights changed; the cab crossed 86th Street and fled southward.

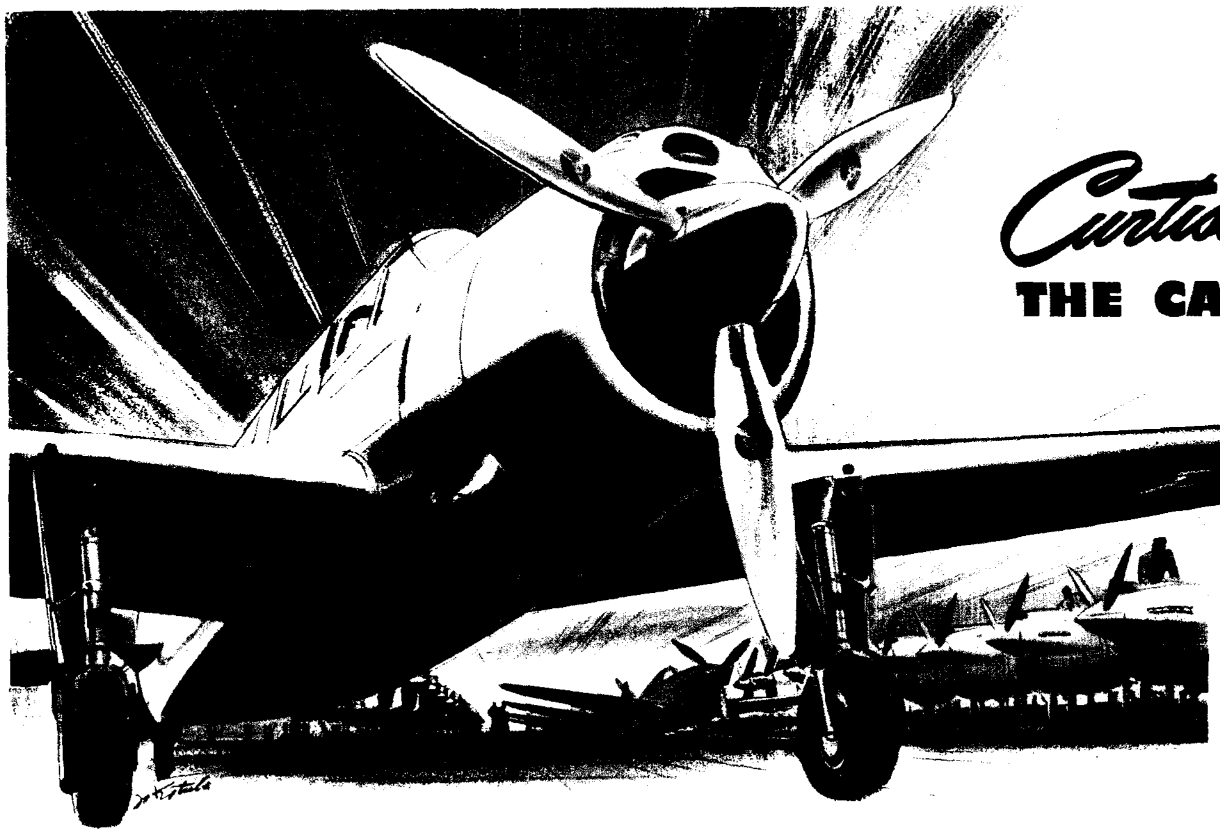
THERE was no disturbance, no alarm, for several seconds. Then people from a train poured up into the street, milled, cried excitedly, pointing down the steps. The crowd gathered.

The General watched anxiously hopefully, and then with joy. No one pointed into the street, pointed after the fleeing cab. He went nearer, hung in the fringe of the crowd, listening to bewildered inquiries and answers: "Search me. . . . Accident in the subway. . . . Man shot himself in the subway—here he comes!" A police car had come, and then an ambulance, and now a stretcher was coming up. The General saw the bulky form of the local chief of precinct detectives, "Lucky Dick" Blauer. "Dead," went the word through the crowd.

The General skirted the crowd and hurried down



Lois hung on its accents intently, mouth open, red-nailed hands clasped. Krum the General moved backward, scowling at the instrument



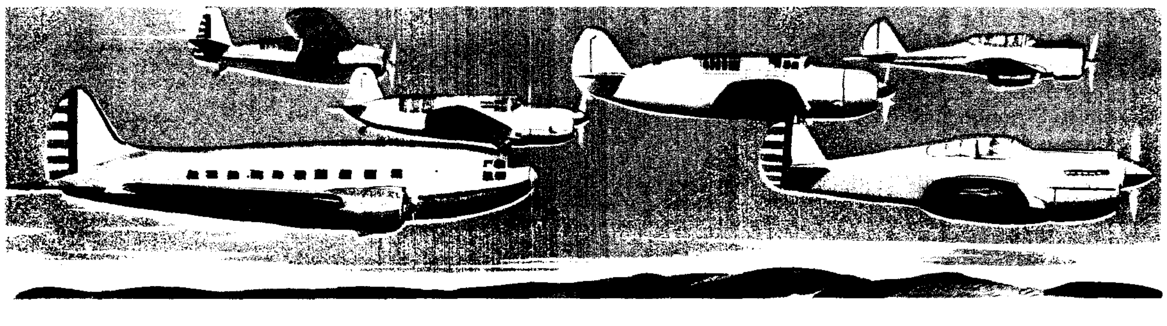
Curtiss-Wright ANSWERS THE CALL FOR QUANTITY..

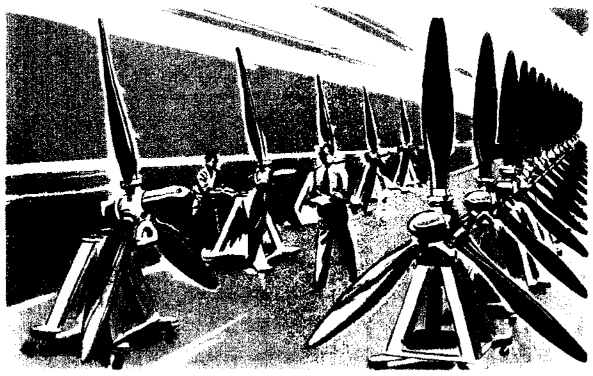
WRIGHT CYCLONE AND WHIRLWIND radial air-cooled engines for many of the latest types of military and naval aircraft are today rolling off the lines from six different factories at the rate of nearly 2,000,000 horsepower a month. This production, nearly ten times that of 1938, means that the engines built by Wright each month develop as much power as all of the country's hydro-electric plants put together. This figure will double again in the coming year.

...15 Huge Plants SPEED THE AIR DEFENSE PROGRAM

From its far-reaching experience as aviation's pioneer, Curtiss-Wright has met the national emergency with swift expansion. Today, in 15 great factories, Curtiss-Wright occupies nearly 11,000,000 sq. ft. of floor area — more space than did the entire aviation industry less than two years ago. Aircraft, engines, and propellers are being manufactured ahead of schedule on a vastly accelerated scale for national defense.

CURTISS MILITARY AIRPLANES include the famous P-40 type of Pursuit, a large number of which have already been delivered to the U. S. Army Air Corps and to Great Britain. The huge twin-engined C-46 Army Cargo Transport, the Army O-52 Observation plane, the SB2C-1 Navy Dive-Bomber, the SO3C-1 Navy Scout Observation and the SNC-1 Navy Trainer reflect the scope of Curtiss-Wright's aircraft production. From four airplane plants strategically located across the nation these aircraft will soon be produced at the rate of 60 per day—nearly three and a half squadrons every 24 hours for the defense of America.





CURTISS ELECTRIC PROPELLERS are installed on many of the Army and Navy's latest fighters, bombers and patrol planes. Curtiss has inaugurated such technical achievements as full-feathering action, hollow-steel blades, reverse pitch and four-bladed propellers. With five plants in production, Curtiss-Wright will have the largest propeller manufacturing facilities in the industry.

Curtiss-Wright's expansion is representative of the aviation industry's rapid strides toward the attainment of American supremacy in the air.

CURTISS-WRIGHT
CORPORATION

★ ★ ★ AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS ★ ★ ★

CAR 23! GO TO A GROCERY STORE AND GET SANI-FLUSH TO CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR!

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Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

ROLLS DEVELOPED 25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints. CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 12, LaCrosse, Wis.

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Here's Home Treatment That *Really* Relieves!

Just feel how *promptly* wonderful soothing *liquid* Zemo relieves the itching, burning distress. ALSO gives raw, cracked, peeling skin between toes a chance to heal *faster*. Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear! Over 25,000,000 packages sold. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00.→ ZEMO

Wrapped in Vacuum Worries? TRY 3-IN-ONE

Vacuum Cleaners, Electric Refrigerators and other household devices give longer, quieter service when lubricated regularly with Heavy Body 3-IN-ONE Oil. Get a can today!

HEAVY BODY 3-IN-ONE OIL

to Third Avenue to await the report of his trigger man in Knuppel's.

Hat off in the bright beer hall, he was a youngish man, lank and sallow, with much the expression of a dog threatened with a stick. His cheeks were sunk, his jaw was thrusting and his black hair was sleeked down hard; but the expression was strongest in his dark eyes, and not only tonight; an expression mixed of ferocity and fawning, and fear.

The General got his back to a wall by the telephone, ordered a seidel of Knuppel's *excellently* kept brew, scanned the patrons with habitual vigilance. Except for such glad moments as he had just had on Lexington Avenue, believing another enemy dead, the General was always afraid.

He glanced toward a table in the far rear reserved for a staid and solid group of local consequence. Dentist Baab was there, realtor Prager, teacher Weber, and wives. Lucky Dick Blauer, chief of local detectives, would ease himself into a chair there during the evening, twinkling genially, joining in the ready roars of laughter. He might be late tonight.

Krum the General had not been long in the neighborhood, but he had spotted Lucky Dick Blauer and made inquiries. The nickname told the story, it was said: a stout, good fellow with an easily won reputation for astuteness—gained by being luckily on the spot, and through friendly tips, and by having people walk right in and give themselves up.

"Telephone for Mr. Klug!"

It was an alias for this time only, in case he was paged or the call traced. He answered. Little Gus was calling: "You, Mr. Klug? . . . Let me hear you. . . . Okay—well, we done that favor." . . .

"Everything okay?" whispered the General. "Okay. I croaked him."

The General sat down, had more beer, contemplated happily the altered aspect of his affairs. This Dr. Cosmo Sage had been trying to shake him for dough—and was giving Lois the eye too! Okay now.

THIS Dr. Cosmo Sage wasn't a regular croaker, he was more one of these astrologers and mind readers, with a pitch in a brownstone front over by Park Avenue. He could tell you the past, the present, the future, and he could blaze his eyes at you and make you dizzy and read your mind. Lois went to see him first, because she's nuts on fortunetellers, and he read her mind like nothing at all and told her stuff the General didn't know how she could know herself, unless he was talking in his sleep.

Lois told the General and thought he best go see this Dr. Cosmo Sage himself and get his mind read; and the General thought too he best go see where this wise guy was getting his stuff. All right, he went, and this Dr. Cosmo Sage blazed his eyes at him too and told him plenty and what he didn't tell him he gave him to understand, gave hints.

Stuff the General wanted kept strictly private: About the business agent of the chicken-pullers that Potato Face and little Gus took care of when the General was getting in that business; and about Maureen, her that was before Lois and that the General happened to cool off one night in an argument with a bottle. This Dr. Cosmo Sage gave him to understand that he'd put in the fix for him with the stars and they'd take care of him, and Lois told him he best and what was a little money, but Krum the General got afraid and thought Potato Face and Little Gus best take care of Dr. Cosmo Sage and never mind the stars. And it wasn't only the dough—it was Lois. He didn't have to go over in the park and look at the stars to read a guy's mind himself that's keeping private dates with a doll and she's lying about it. Well, everything okay now!

LOIS was home when he arrived, in their two-room furnished suite with hotel service on Park Avenue, listening to police alarms on the radio. "Where'd y'eat, baby?" asked the General chattily. She named another restaurant. "Meet anybody?" "No, Krummy—why do you ask?"

"Tell you who I been thinking about all day, baby," he confided, looking fully at her. "This Dr. Cosmo Sage, the fortuneteller that reads your mind! He gave me to understand that he will pick me my lucky stars if I slip him some dough; or I will get unlucky stars and somebody will rap on me to the police."

"Oh, Krummy," quavered Lois, rounding her mouth and eyes to denote awe of the astrologer. "He can swallow his tongue and they can bury him a week and dig him up; he learned how in India—or was it Indiana—he was telling me. And he's got an evil eye and he's only got to give you the eye and you are cooked, but he can be your friend too and wish you luck! Oh, sweetie, what's a little money, a couple of grand? But wait up, Krummy—he's on the air right now."

She turned her dial, seeking the astrologer's broadcast. The General watched her, smothering a grin—it would be the first word to her that her latest romance had been blasted. But then the General's eyebrows pulled down sharply and he stared in resentment and alarm at the radio.

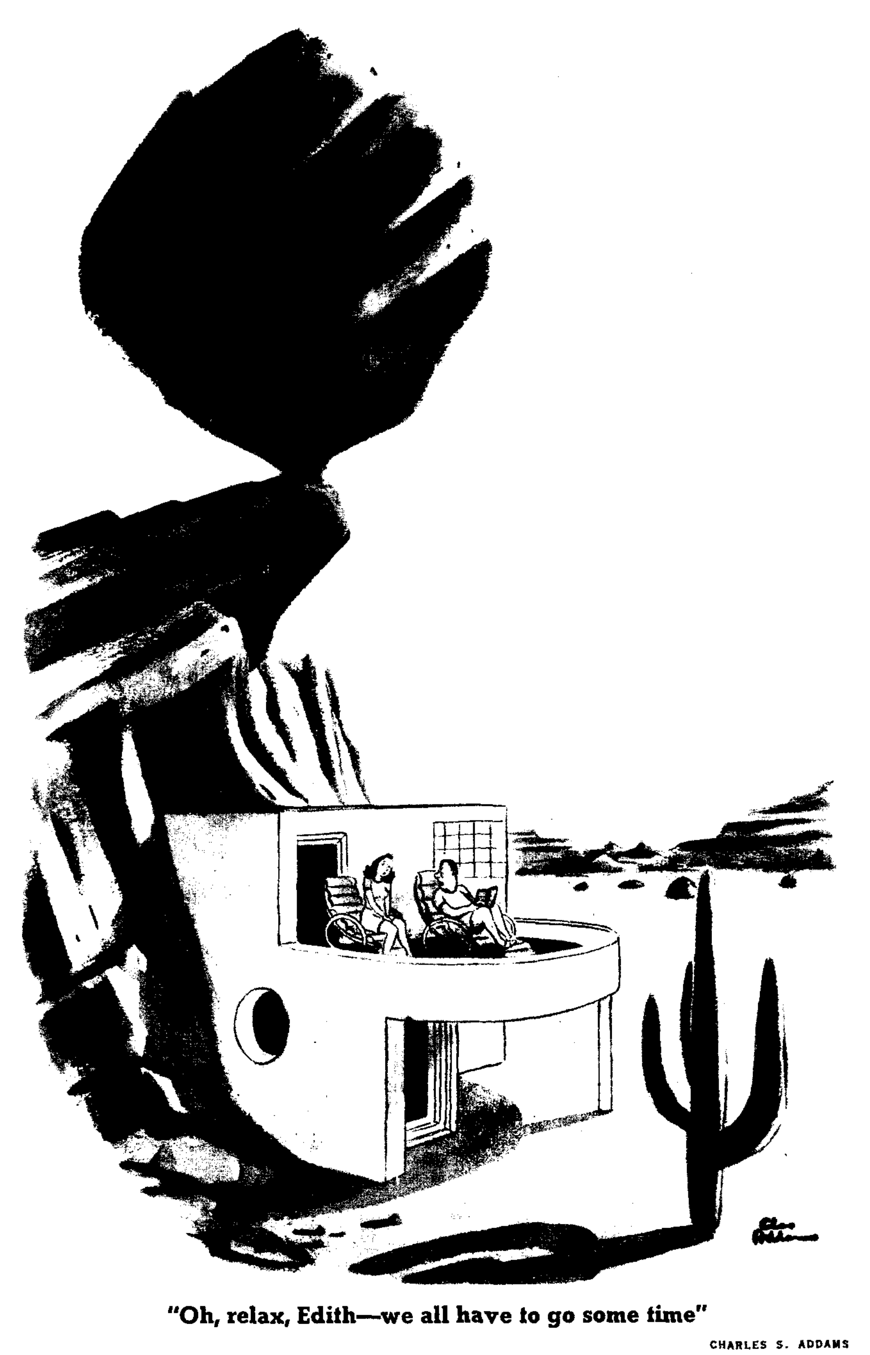
"And now," said the announcer, manly but sweet, "Dr. Cosmo Sage! Go ahead, Dr. Sage." And from the instrument came the grave and measured accents of the supposedly dead astrologer, advising on the past, the present, the future:

". . . Old friends are best; avoid making new friends at this time. Uranus, lord of the unexpected and master of surprise, is now in the house of death with the full moon square, meaning unhappy surprise. Avoid worry, and beware of secret enemies! Today and tomorrow are propitious for changing your residence and starting on a long journey."

IT WAS a good voice for the eerie message, deep and musical but with an undertone of menace. Lois hung on its accents intently, red mouth open, rednailed hands clasped. Krum the General moved backward, scowling at the instrument.

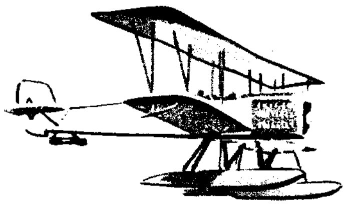
"What, Krummy?" She answered his hopeful inquiry: "No, that ain't no *record! They say, if it is. And I been there!*" She sighed: "Oh, ain't he grand?"

The night final, hurled from down the hall, thumped the apartment door. He got the newspaper, found on the

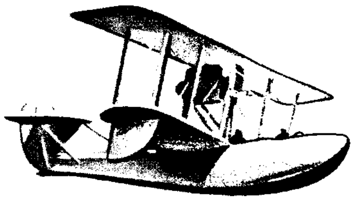


"Oh, relax, Edith—we all have to go some time"

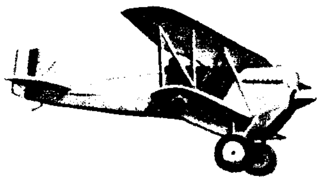
CHARLES S. ADDAMS



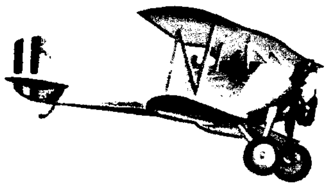
1916 B & W: BOEING'S FIRST AIRPLANE, A SEAPLANE TRAINER



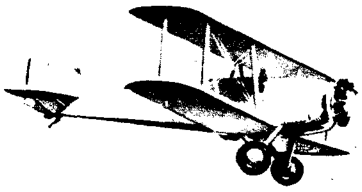
1919 BOEING B-1: USED IN FIRST INTERNATIONAL AIR MAIL SERVICE



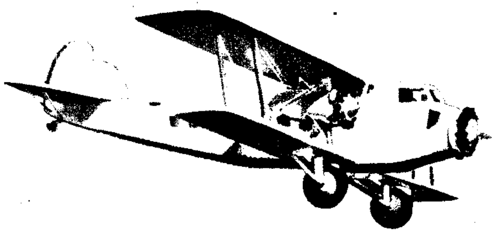
1923 BOEING PW-9: FIRST PURSUIT WITH ELECTRIC WELDED STRUCTURE



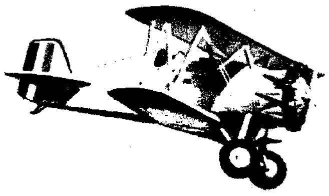
1926 F2B-1: BOEING'S FIRST AIR-COOLED FIGHTER FOR NAVY CARRIERS



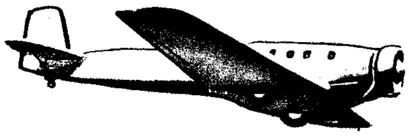
1927 BOEING 40-A: PIONEER TRANSCONTINENTAL MAIL-PASSENGER PLANE



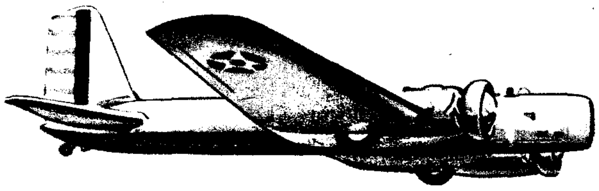
1928 BOEING 80: 12-PASSENGER, TRI-MOTORED TRANSPORT PLANE



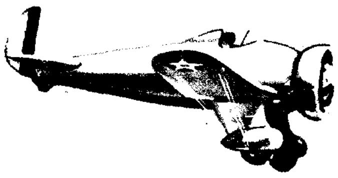
1928 BOEING F4B-1: THE PROTOTYPE OF A FAMOUS ARMY-NAVY FIGHTER SERIES



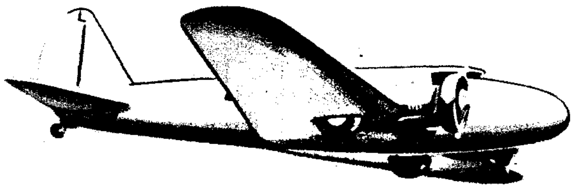
1930 BOEING MONOMAIL: FIRST OF MODERN STREAMLINED TRANSPORTS



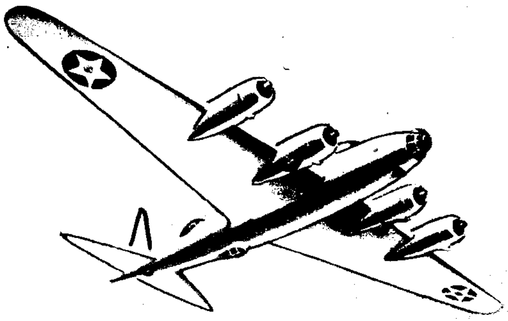
1931 BOEING YB-9: FIRST ALL-METAL, TWIN-ENGINE BOMBER, STARTING NEW DESIGN TREND



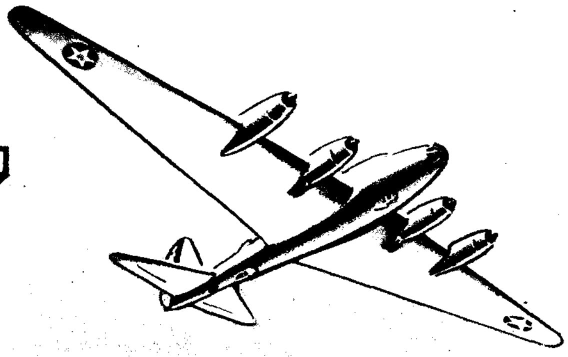
1932 BOEING P-26: IN ITS DAY, THE FASTEST AIR-COOLED FIGHTER IN THE WORLD



1933 BOEING 247: FIRST MODERN TWIN-ENGINE TRANSPORT, INTRODUCING TODAY'S DESIGN



1935 BOEING 299: AMERICA'S FIRST 4-ENGINE BOMBER—ORIGINAL FLYING FORTRESS



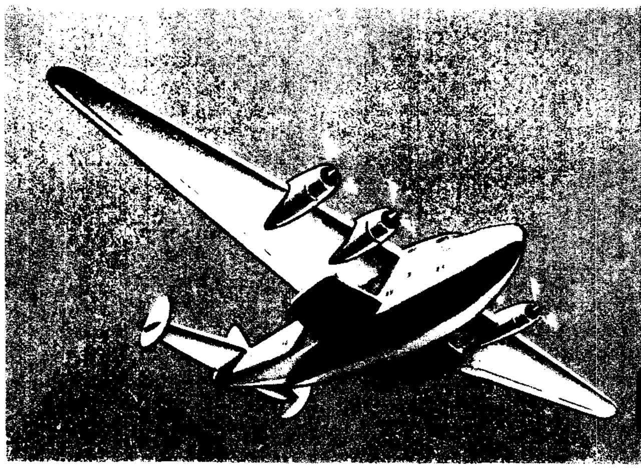
1937 BOEING B-15: FIRST EXTRA-LONG RANGE BOMBER—FORERUNNER OF CLIPPERS

25 YEARS

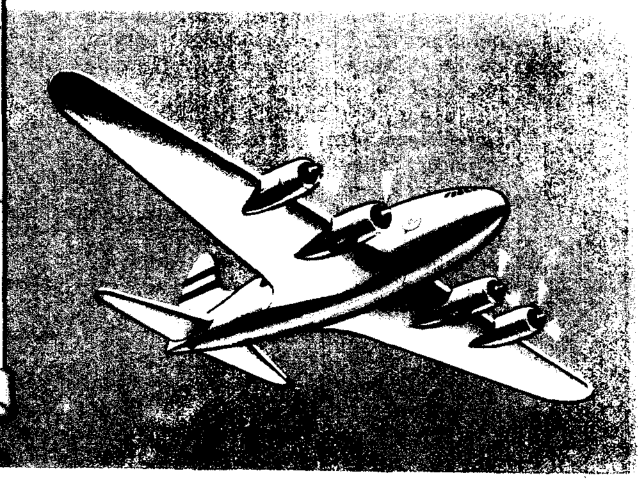
of AGGRESSIVE LEADERSHIP—BACKGROUND FOR TODAY'S EMERGENCY

Boeing

AIRPLANE COMPANY
SEATTLE, WASH.,
WICHITA, KANS.

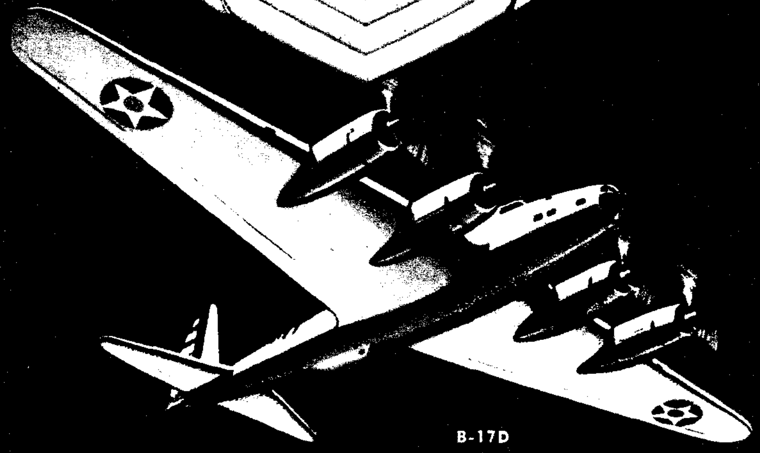


1938 BOEING 314: TRANSOCEANIC CLIPPERS—WORLD'S LARGEST LUXURY FLYING BOATS



1939 BOEING 307: STRATOLINERS—WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY HIGH-ALTITUDE TRANSPORTS

★ 1916 ★



B-17D

★ 1941 ★

1941—BOEING B-17D AND E—FLYING FORTRESSES—AMERICA'S FOREMOST AERIAL DEFENDERS

front page, among late flashes, the item he sought:

"FATAL SHOOTING ON LEXINGTON AVENUE

"Conrad Schmeckebier, 845 East 86th Street, was shot four times and died without making a statement on the downtown steps of the subway entrance at 86th Street and Lexington Avenue about 8:45 tonight. The steps were unoccupied at the time and Chief Detective Blauer of the local precinct, who has the matter in hand, can give no names of witnesses as yet or assign a motive for the crime except to say it looks like murder."

What a break. They knock a guy off in the heart of New York with a million people going by, and nobody sees it, nobody's there, and they ride away; only they knocked off the wrong guy. . . . But wait—nobody there? Dr. Cosmo Sage was there and he seen it. Then why didn't he rap? Or wait—might it be that fat tub Blauer that made the mistake and identified the stiff wrong? That might be; the General wouldn't put it past him. Yes, but he was just on the air! But Little Gus said on the wire that it was okay!

"I got to see a man," he announced to Lois, going out. Best go see the stiff himself. If it was the wrong party, they had trouble, and he'd better find out, quick! If it was the right party, well, nobody seen it, and he wasn't taking a chance, not much.

HE WENT to 845 East 86th Street, the late residence of Conrad Schmeckebier; it proved to be an apartment hotel, and he was told there that the departed guest was at Rhein's Funeral Parlor on near-by Second Avenue.

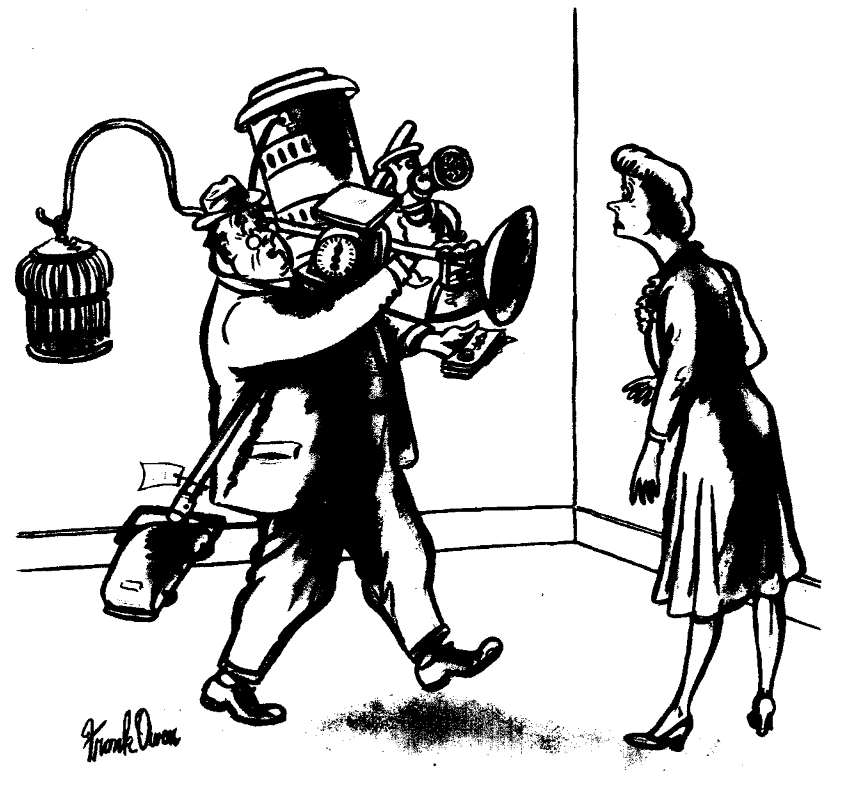
Rhein's was a prosperous establishment, popular in its melancholy way, but the man who received and interviewed the General was not the typical successful undertaker, was not a hearty and jolly man subdued by decorum and with a gift for quick sympathy and understanding; he was more like a patrolman off duty, if anything. He eyed the General skeptically, puffed pipe smoke at him, quizzed him. He was being pestered by morbid sightseers, no doubt. "One of the family? Newspaperman? No pictures."

"Just an old friend," lied Krum the General smoothly. "I used to train with a party called Conrad Schmeckebier years back, and seeing the name in the paper, I wondered. Give a look, can't I? That don't cost nothing."

"Think it's the same one, do you?" continued the receptionist, discouragingly. "Did he keep an art store on 78th Street off First Avenue near Connolly's stables—is that the one? Go to St. Monica's? With a mole here," he indicated on his own face—"and a gold tooth—here—that you notice when he laughs—if he was laughing? And big as—well, he could jump up and touch that ceiling—I mean if he was alive. And keep a Schnauzer dog and go around without a hat on to do his hair good? Is that your one?"

"Well, yes, sure!" accepted the General, intent on viewing the cadaver.

"I'll see," said the receptionist. He went into a rear room, reappeared and beckoned. The General followed, to a table on which lay a still form under a black pall. The receptionist flapped back the end of the cloth, exposing a man's face. The eyes were staring wide; the face had a mole where indicated, and the receptionist moved the upper lip and displayed the gold tooth. "When it's a police matter," explained the receptionist, recovering the still and staring face, "you can't close the eyes or anything till the coroner says so, and then sometimes you can't close them. That him?"



"I finally got that hundred-dollar bill changed, but I had to take some of it in merchandise!" FRANK OWEN

"Yes, sure," said the General, who had seen at a glance that the man was a total stranger and not the astrologer Dr. Cosmo Sage. There was some resemblance; the man could have been mistaken for the astrologer in an uncertain light, as on subway steps, and in hurry and excitement, as in murder. "Yes, that's old Con Schmeckebier! Well, well. Too bad. Thanks."

"Just a minute—you want to talk to the police, don't you?" offered the receptionist. "You want to hear about it, don't you? And you might give them an idea who would want to do it—they can't imagine. They're looking for friends of his. . . . Well, leave your name and address, will you?"

"I'll stop over to the station house," promised the General, heading for the doorway. But there he was halted by the expansive shape of Lucky Dick Blauer. "Friend of his, Mr. Blauer!" called the receptionist officiously.

"Fine," said Lucky Dick, his small bright blue eyes twinkling amiably at the daunted General. His voice was a friendly grumble: "What's the name, please?"

The General thought swiftly, on the spot. . . . It wouldn't do to give a false name if he expected to stick around. All right, he happened to know this Schmeckebier. So what?

"Krum," he said harshly, and spelled it. "I'll come see you tomorrow; I got to run now. . . . What?. . . . I'm a jobber down on 42d Street, buy auction stuff, job it off—General Cash Merchandise Corporation. In the book."

"Good night, sir," said Lucky Dick, moving aside, letting the General out. "I'll be looking for you tomorrow, Mr. Krum!"

THE General hurried down Second Avenue. Another bum break—bumping into that fat slob. Well, what harm? Hooked him into the case, in a way, yes; but why wouldn't he know this lug Schmeckebier? Anybody might; anybody knew hundreds. Knew him to say hello, that's all; say he seen him around, walking a Schnauzer pup with a hat off. He knew he was taking a little chance when he went there, but he had to do it and find out. It was luck; and if you got no luck you don't last anyway. Call him Lucky Dick. All right, he found out.

Those two dummies took care of the wrong man, and now the job was to do over again, and it would be harder, but it had to be done. Something had to be done quick. This Dr. Cosmo Sage was there, and he seen the job done; he seen the car, he seen the boys, he could burn them all. Then why hadn't he rapped to the police?

APPROACHING his apartment door, he saw no light under it, and listened till he heard Lois snoring. He opened the door noiselessly, slipped in a hand and switched on the light, shoved the door hard back against the wall, looked, entered. Lois was asleep. She was a wonder. She could go to sleep in the dark all by herself—and snore—and not snap out of it every minute to look and listen. The General was always afraid when alone.

"You, Krummy?" yawned Lois. "Who was you expecting?" cracked the General. "You, sweetie! Hear anything? It was on the air tonight about a man shot on 86th Street. Was it anybody we know shot?" "No. I heard the name: I don't know him." "Anybody we know shoot him, Krummy?" continued Lois, minded for a bit of gossip. "No! Go to sleep."

He was up early for the morning paper, scanned it for the story of the killing of Conrad Schmeckebier. He found it on an inside page, and expanded only in the writing from the story of the previous evening; no new facts. So Dr. Sage had not rapped up to the time they printed the paper. How was he figuring? Might it be that maybe he wasn't so hot with the police himself? Trying to give the General a shake. He might talk business; go see him. Stall him till he could be taken care of right. Get him before he left his house.

At 9:00 A.M. he mounted the high stoop of the old brownstone residence off Park Avenue that showed the nameplate: DR. COSMO SAGE.

The astrologer's man admitted him to what had been the front parlor of the old dwelling and had become Dr. Sage's waiting room—a chamber like the anteroom of a fashionable physician or dentist.

"Morning, Mr. Krum," called Lucky Dick Blauer, waving from an ample Turkish rocker in a shadowed corner. "You know Dr. Sage too, do you, sir? That's fine. Sit down here and help me to wait for him, if you will, and we can have a comfortable talk. I imagine you may be helpful to the police in clearing up this strange Schmeckebier killing."

"Not home?" rasped the General to the servant.

"The doctor, sir? Not yet, sir. Doctor came home last night about ten o'clock and went right out again and has not returned."

"Sit down, Mr. Krum, sit down!" urged Lucky Dick cordially. "This is a lucky encounter and my hunch is that I'll have the nippers on somebody in short order now! You know, Mr. Krum, I discovered an odd connection between Conrad Schmeckebier and Dr. Cosmo Sage, and perhaps you can explain it to me and I won't have to bother the good doctor. Have you got a few minutes? I won't detain you. Yes, I found in Schmeckebier's pocket a couple of checks, quite substantial too, that he got from Dr. Cosmo Sage, and I want some light on them, and perhaps you—but won't you rest yourself, Mr. Krum?"

"Not right now, Blauer," mumbled the General. "Later! 'Morning." He hurried from the room.

HE WENT down to the 42d Street office whence he prosecuted his enterprises, which, under various pretenses, were essentially extortion, blackmail and swindling. His latest business was jobbing lots of distress merchandise to dead people; he bought the stuff at auctions and shipped it piecemeal to people whose death notices were in the morning paper, and the bereaved family or executor usually paid for it or compromised satisfactorily.

Dr. Sage knew where his office was and might ring him or come in, hearing that he had called; for some reason, the astrologer was keeping away from the police.

"A gentleman was here and left this note for you, Mr. Krum," said his secretary—an honest girl, incurious, interested only in drawing wages, and not suspecting that she was working for a criminal. She gave him a sealed letter. "A tall, very good-looking fellow; he couldn't wait and he wouldn't leave his name." The General opened the envelope and found a typed message, unsigned:

"I believe you inspired the attempt on my life last night. If you wish to adjust this amicably, meet me 9:30 tonight on Fifth Avenue outside Airways Building. Tonight! Tomorrow too late."

So that was why Dr. Sage hadn't rapped to the police: he wanted to talk business! . . . The General's dark and sunken eyes glinted and his thin lips drew back in a silent snarl. On almost deserted Fifth Avenue well after dark; he would keep that appointment, but not alone.

HE CALLED it a day early in the afternoon and went home. He opened his door with his usual caution, swinging it wide, looking in. Lois screamed, starting up from a packed valise; she was dressed to go out.

"I was just thinking of you, Krummy, and was I scared." She watched him in fright, ready to scream again. "I was just running over to Hedy's for tonight; her mother's being operated and Hedy's so nervous. I'll be back, honest."

She edged about him with her bag, fumbled behind her, opened the door to the public hall, and then announced, "There's a letter from Dr. Sage for you in the shaker, Krummy!" She whisked

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out, slammed the door, her heels rattled toward the elevators.

He found in the cocktail shaker a letter printed in pencil:

"Somebody tried to Cook me but they did not They cooked Connie Schmeckabeer that is a *Diffrin Man* and I run in the Subway and Get away. Whoever done it best put Two Grand in an onvelope downstairs at the Desk with Lois' name on or I will Rap. Lois will Rap to. I got my Evil Eye on You right now. Beware.

(signed) Dr. Cosmo Sage."

The General growled. It was not hard to tell the author of this note; this was Lois' work surely. She too had taken a business view of the killing of Conrad Schmeckebier and was trying to give the General a shake on her own account. Well, then she was probably in with this Dr. Cosmo Sage all the time! She might be the one back of it all! Dr. Sage never came right out with it, it was most Lois' talk. Tipping him to the General's business, trying to scare him with stars and evil eyes and reading his mind, all wurst. But look him in the eye and you saw fire and got dizzy; that was no wurst. Okay, the boys would be touching iron tonight, and then let him look.

He left the apartment, to find his trigger men.

TOWARD 9:30 P. M. he was in the murder car in a side street in the lower Fifties with the ferretlike Little Gus and the stolid brute called Potato Face. Waiting, he turned up the radio, listened impatiently, turned it down.

"Either we get this lug before he raps or he'll burn us all. He knows the car, he knows both you boys now, he seen you do it, so it's only a matter of time. Or what will you do—jump off the earth? No, you won't, you'll stick around till you're grabbed, and there we are. Take care of him now. You done it on us, Gus, putting the blast on the wrong party."

"I'm telling you, General, I give it to the guy you fingered in that restaurant. He jumped out, I jumped out, he jumped in the subway, I jumped in the—"

"But he's the one kept jumping, that's it. You gave it to a different man—some guy coming up; don't tell me, didn't I go see him for myself? It looked like him but it wasn't him." He turned up the radio again and the melodious and vaguely sinister voice of Dr. Cosmo Sage filled the car:

". . . Today and tomorrow are propitious for changing your residence and starting a long journey. An unexpected inheritance may come to you, but also a disaster through another's death. Uranus, master of the unexpected, in square with the moon, signifies unhappy surprise . . ."

"He's about shot," said the General, switching the radio off. "Let's get over there. I'll meet him inside and talk to him and come out with him and talk to him a minute on the sidewalk and you can't give it to the wrong man this time. Unless it's me, you lug! Look out for that. Let's go."

The car ran over to Fifth Avenue, halted across the wide thoroughfare from the Airways Building; the General got out, crossed to the building, entered, waited by the newsstand in the main hall.

He was unhappily surprised. Watching a dial as an elevator descended, he moved forward to intercept the trim and elegant astrologer; but the door slid back and out trundled Lucky Dick Blauer.

The General tried to avoid him, but the corpulent officer spotted him at once, hurried after him, calling cordially: "Mr. Krum—hello! We do seem to run into each other, don't we? Waiting for Dr. Cosmo Sage again, I judge, aren't you? Did you see him go out? That man is hard to find; I been hunting him all day, and I came down here thinking to catch him for sure, but he's escaped me again. I'm beginning to think he's keeping away from me! Going uptown, Mr. Krum? Can I give you a lift?"

"No, thanks, Blauer."

"Smoke, Mr. Krum?" The detective turned to the cigar stand, tapped. "I know you were a friend of Schmeckebier's, and I gather you're a personal friend of Dr. Sage too. Hunting for him today, I learned that your wife had dinner with him last night, in the Dahlia T-Shoppe."

"My what? Oh, yes, I see what you mean, Blauer. My wife, yes—she ate with him. I knew all about that. It was all right by me."

". . . and here's our special brush for reaching into corners, cracks and crevices"

GERALD GREEN

"Having dinner with him in the Dahlia T-Shoppe," mumbled Lucky Dick, biting his cigar, "a minute before Schmeckebier was shot. That was odd too, Mr. Krum: Dr. Sage got a ring and got up and walked out—right at that time!—and didn't come back. And has kept out of sight ever since, till he showed in the studio upstairs for his broadcast and then ducked again. Between ourselves, Mr. Krum, I don't know what to think. . . . Got a minute? Or let me go along with you where you're going."

"I got time now, Blauer. So what is it?"

LUCKY DICK spoke in a confidential rumble, looking hopefully at the dead-faced racketeer: "Why has Dr. Sage been paying Conrad Schmeckebier all that money? Here, I'll show you something—this is a police matter, Krum, so keep it very much under the hat. Look at these two checks I found in Schmeckebier's pocket last night, and then I'll tell you more. Know the doctor's signature, do you?"

THE checks were for one hundred dollars each, drawn by strangers, on out-of-town banks, to the order of Dr. Cosmo Sage, and endorsed by him, "Pay to Conrad Schmeckebier." "And that's only a drop in the bucket, Mr. Krum. They tell me at the Bank of Avenue A, where Schmeckebier has his account, that he's been tapping Dr. Sage for thousands and thousands. If this is some honest business arrangement between them, Mr. Krum, you'd be likely to know about it, as a friend of them both, and I thought I'd ask you, since Sage seems to be giving me the run-around."

The General's sallow face drooped in cynical enlightenment.

"Blauer, I wouldn't put the bite on no man and speak evil, but if I know a guy is giving up to somebody in a big way—and even the bank can't tell me why—and then the somebody is knocked off—and the guy himself is last seen up the block a minute before—well, Blauer, I'd know what to think if he ran away."

Lucky Dick chewed his cigar, frowning aslant at the racketeer. "You think so, don't you, Krum? By Jumbo, I'll lose no more time with that fellow; I'll send out a general alarm for him, and he can either explain himself or I'll lock him up. . . . If you think of anything that might be helpful, stop in and see me. . . . Take care of yourself!"

They walked out to the street. Lucky Dick got into a car beside a driver in civilian clothes, waved genially and was driven northward. When he was out of sight, the General crossed the Avenue and hurried to the murder car.

"It looks like a grab, boys," he announced sourly, head in window. "I found that fat slob Blauer waiting for Dr. Sage over there, and they're sending out an alarm for him. They'll get him; and then there'll be an alarm for you boys. It'll come any time now, so get away quick! Get another car, get out of the city, up to the farm, and lay low till I get word to you. Want dough?" He straightened to reach for his wallet, but dropped his hand, started back from the car, saying loudly, "You say this cab's engaged? Okay!" He had seen bearing down on them a police car, with uniformed men.

He strode swiftly away. Rounding the first corner, he glanced back; the police car was halted by the cab and two policemen were standing beside it. Was it perhaps a routine inspection of an occupied car standing in a wealthy and quiet neighborhood—or a grab? Had he been watched and followed? If the cops reefed the boys and the car—and they would when they looked them over—they'd find the rods. They'd hold them, hold the car. And Blauer'd get Dr. Sage—bound to—and he'd rap. He'd get Lois and she'd rap. Potato Face, he only drove; he might rap. Time to rap first. Sing! Lam? Where? Can't hop a boat any more. Anywhere else, they get you, bring you back. No good singing then.

He flagged a cab rushing through the side street, sprang in. "Up Sixth—step on it." What lousy luck, bumping into Blauer all over like that. Somebody had an evil eye on him all right. What luck. But he had one swell break—the party Little Gus knocked off was this Schmeckebier that was shaking Dr. Sage for big dough. Funny, that was. Happen like that. Well, it could be that Dr. Sage seen his friend Schmeckebier going down in the subway and that's why he hopped out, for help. Well, it was this Schmeckebier anyway and it was a swell break. Oughtn't he get one break? "Hey—go over to East 86th Street! No rush."

LUCKY DICK BLAUER was in the muster room of the Yorkville Police Station when Krum the General entered, pale and tense, whipped in by fear.

"Hello, Mr. Krum," grumbled the stout officer amiably. "Thought of something helpful already, did you, sir? Let's go in the captain's room where I can make notes. Sergeant, this is a friend of mine, Krum's the name, big jobber downtown—General—ah—"

"Pleased to meet you, General," said the desk sergeant. "But what about Dr. Cosmo Sage? He's phoned, and he'll be here any minute."

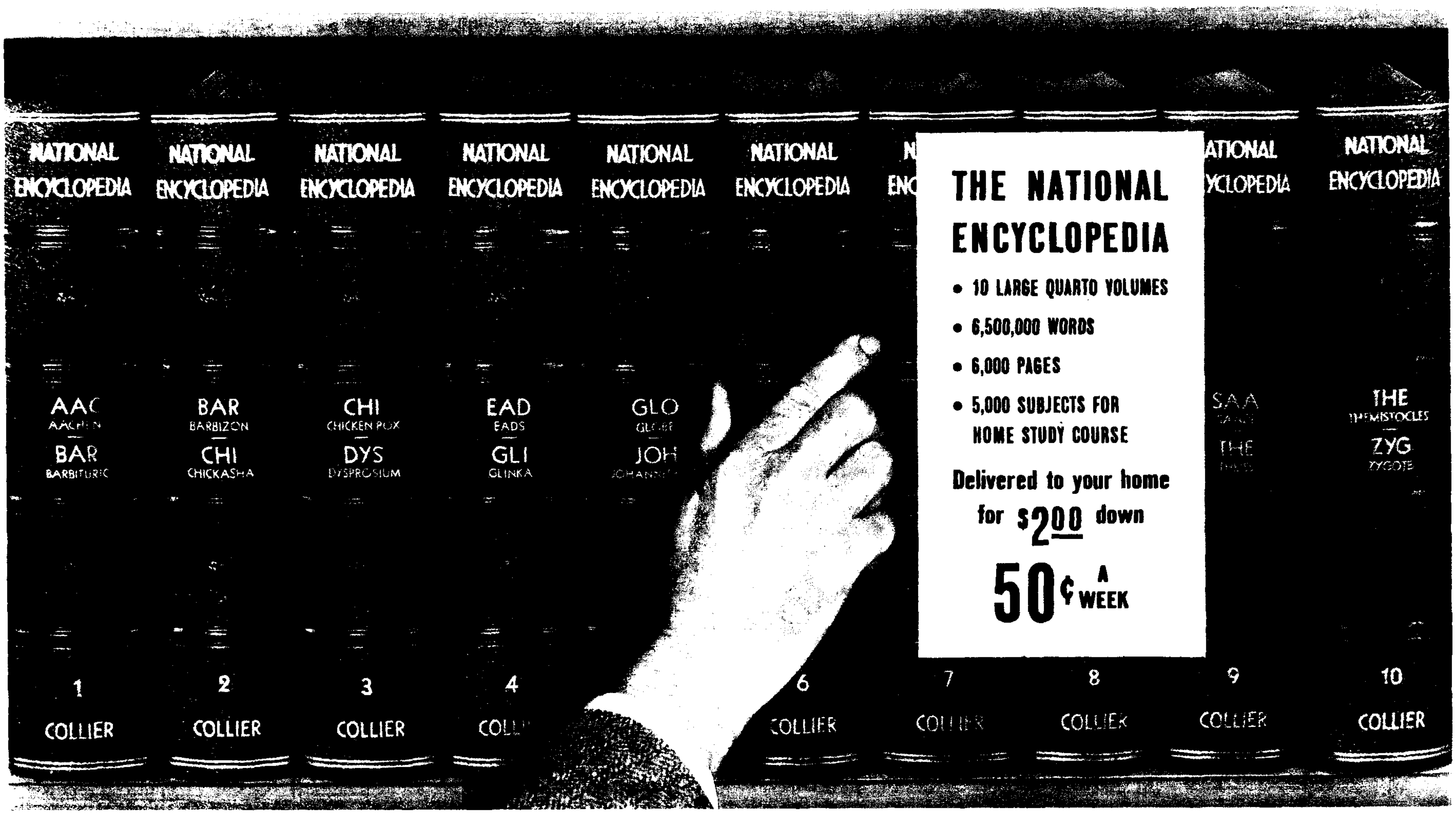
"Hold him," ordered Lucky Dick. He pursed his big lips, nodded. "Hold him!"

"This job, Blauer," said the General, ugly and resolute, speaking across the police captain's desk, "was done by two boys called Potato Face and Little Gus, my opinion! And the party that hired them for the job was this Dr. Cosmo Sage."

"A professional job, eh?" said Lucky Dick, writing. "That's what it looked like to me, Krum. You know these two life-takers?"

"I'll tell you, Blauer. A while ago Dr. Sage was telling me that he had a growl with a certain party, not naming him, and he would like to give him a beating, and did I know boys would do it. So, thinking nothing, I tell him I heard of two boys that do such work reasonable, and where he could find them.

"Well, Blauer, I go over to Lexington Avenue last night to meet Lois and take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MAZDA LAMPS

in a picture. She was eating with Dr. Sage in the Dahlia T-Shoppe, so I looked in the window and walked up the block to get cigarettes; coming back, I see Dr. Sage outside talking with Little Gus, and Potato Face is waiting in his cab. So I stopped in a doorway up the block."

"This was before the shooting, Krum?"

"Just before, Blauer," said the General, feeling easier, being launched on his story. "So while I am in this doorway up the block I see Connie Schmeckebier coming along. Now, Blauer, I am not particular friends with this Schmeckebier, but I know him; I used to see him around and meet him places, like I know many people. Well, Schmeckebier wanted to go in the T-Shoppe, and Dr. Sage stops him and talks to him till Little Gus comes up and put a rod on Schmeckebier and walks him in the cab. Well, Blauer, that don't look like a little beating, it looks like a snatch or worse, so I go right away from there. And I am almost up to 86th Street when the cab comes along and Schmeckebier hops out and lams down the subway, and Little Gus hops out and lams after him, and I hear blooie! blooie! and Little Gus comes up and hops in the cab and off they go. And nobody said boo. Blauer, nobody seen it, and don't let nobody tell you they did, because I was right there and seen it myself."

"You're right about that, Krum," nodded Lucky Dick, writing. "Nobody saw it; nobody noticed anybody running. Well, a man running for the subway, or running out to a cab before the lights change, is nothing to notice. Luck was all with the killer. By Jumbo, Krum, this is very helpful! But tell me more about these boys, and the cab. A couple of fellows in a cab were picked up downtown tonight, outside the Airways Building where I was talking to you, and I rather think they're the ones. They must have been waiting to see Sage, don't you think?"

He noted the General's description of the trigger men and the murder car. "Why didn't you report this to the police at once, Krum?"

"They put a scare in me, Blauer! I was in Knuppel's as I told you and I get a ring and it is Dr. Sage on the wire. He says I better keep it to myself, because his story would be that I was jealous of him and Lois and I got some boys to take care of Dr. Sage and they made a mistake and took care of another party instead. Well, Blauer, that is a big lie; but I couldn't say I didn't know the boys, could I? I was the one got them for him. And if Lois backed him up in the big lie, where would I be?"

"I'm sure the boys didn't make any mistake, Krum," said Lucky Dick, writing. "They took care of the right man. But you think Lois would back him up?"

"Give a look!" said the General. He flipped Lois' letter over the desk. "Trying to shake me for two grand. Is she with me or him, Blauer?"

LUCKY DICK halted his pen, scanned Lois' composition, nodded pleasedly. "This is helpful, Krum! It's plain blackmail. She and Dr. Sage were trying to blackmail you, isn't that it? Where is the girl now? I'll send out for her, and I imagine she'll talk when I show her this. I don't get this stuff about Dr. Sage running down into the subway and getting away; that's the yarn they're making up, I guess; frankly speaking, Krum, I don't believe it. All I have, from people coming from the train, is that nobody ran from the stairs. It's possible, of course, as a man running through the subway is nothing remarkable either, but I just don't believe it. Look this over and sign it, if you will, Krum; each sheet. And then we'll discuss an amendment or two you might make."

He handed the General a pen, struck a bell; a clerk looked in. "Anybody to speak to me out there?" "Dr. Cosmo Sage is waiting to speak to you, sir." "Hold him! I'll speak to him. And send Joe Leffett in here."

The General's pen hung above the statement; he glanced toward the door, and signed.

LUCKY DICK chewed his cigar, eyed the racketeer grimly but not without pity; here was a fellow human, even such as he was, in a terrible fix. "Now let me suggest a change or two, Krum, if you will. First, about meeting you at Rhein's. It struck me, Krum, that these people might think they made a mistake, as they sometimes do, and that's why I was there, to see who came to look at the body. And you came. Did you think the boys made a mistake, Krum?"

"What's that? I don't get you, Blauer."

"Think it over in the next few days, Krum; you'll have time. Tell me, did you hear Dr. Cosmo Sage on the air these last two nights?"

"Did I—well, I might. So what? Supposing I did."

"Supposing you did, Krum," said Lucky Dick, his small eyes bright and fixed; "you were listening to old records. Did you know? The announcer didn't say so because he was told to co-operate. Yes, Krum, the networks record all their broadcasts without exception and hold them for a year, so we had them. Dr. Sage wasn't in the studio either night."

"Dr. Sage what? But—but you yourself—now listen, Blauer!" the General exclaimed.

"You mean that I was there to meet Dr. Sage?" Lucky Dick shrugged apologetically. "I told you so, Krum; but I knew where Dr. Sage was all the time, and I could see him any time I wanted. No, I was down in the Airways Building to meet you, Krum! I hoped you'd keep that appointment we made for you in the note we left at your office. I'll show you in a minute the officer who left the note for you; he looks a little like Dr. Cosmo Sage. You probably noticed the resemblance yourself last night." His tone was suddenly masterful, but not exulting: "Listen to me, Krum! I know your history, and you never showed mercy to man or woman, but I'll advise you: come clean on this and the judge might take a plea and spare your bare life. Think it over, the next few days."

"How do you get like that, Blauer?" blustered the General shakily. "Well—okay, I'll think it over." He got up, meaning to walk out if permitted, but he lost control; he bolted. "Halt!" shouted Lucky Dick, lifting his revolver. "Leffett!"

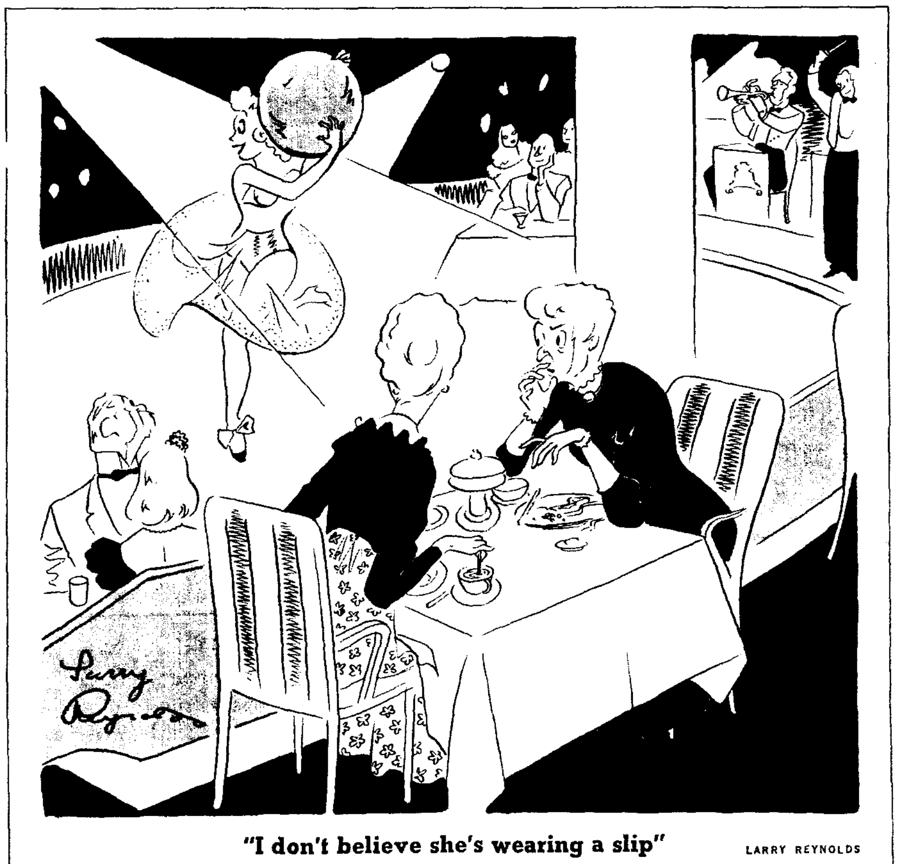
The door swung open hard, hurling the General aside. A big young man was on the sill, looking in alertly; behind him were uniformed men. The reeling racketeer glared at the man in the doorway, with growing and dreadful recognition. That mole, that golden smile, it was the stiff he had seen in Rhein's.

"Know Joe Leffett, do you, Krum?" said Lucky Dick, surveying the racketeer in the grasp of the officer who had impersonated the murdered man. "You saw him in the funeral parlor. We showed Joe to sightseers who had no right to view the body of Conrad Schmeckebier—or Dr. Cosmo Sage, to give him his trade name. Conrad Schmeckebier was his right name, Krum; a fine old American name, like my own, but not so good for his astrology business these times, I judge, over on Park Avenue, so he used the name Cosmo Sage. Don't blame your killers, Krum—they got the man you sent them after. They got Dr. Cosmo Sage. It struck me that you mightn't know his right name. Book him for murder, Joe; I'm going out and bring in the girl Lois."

"YOU hear Blauer's latest, Sergeant?" said Boots, who shined the station's shoes, to the coffee sergeant who ran the errands. "Already he got the guys that knocked off the guy in the subway! Can you tie him for luck?"

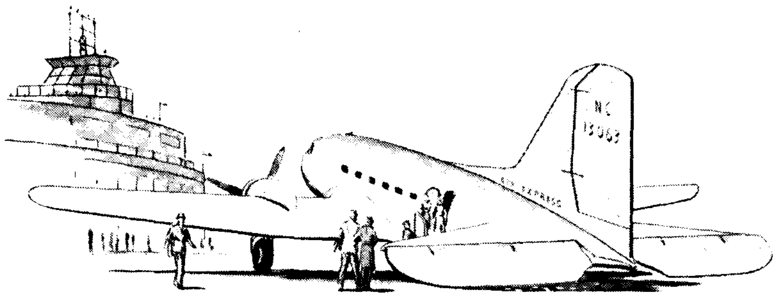
"He did? How?"

"Same way! They walked in themselves and told him. Walked right in here! All hard mugs—and they all sing. All right, he is a swell guy, but call that a swell detective? For five more a week I will be one myself and shine 'em up too. 'Lucky Dick' is right!"



"I don't believe she's wearing a slip"

LARRY REYNOLDS



Above, Douglas DC-3, standard equipment on most airlines. Below, Douglas C-47, U. S. Army cargo carrier. These are basically identical airplanes.

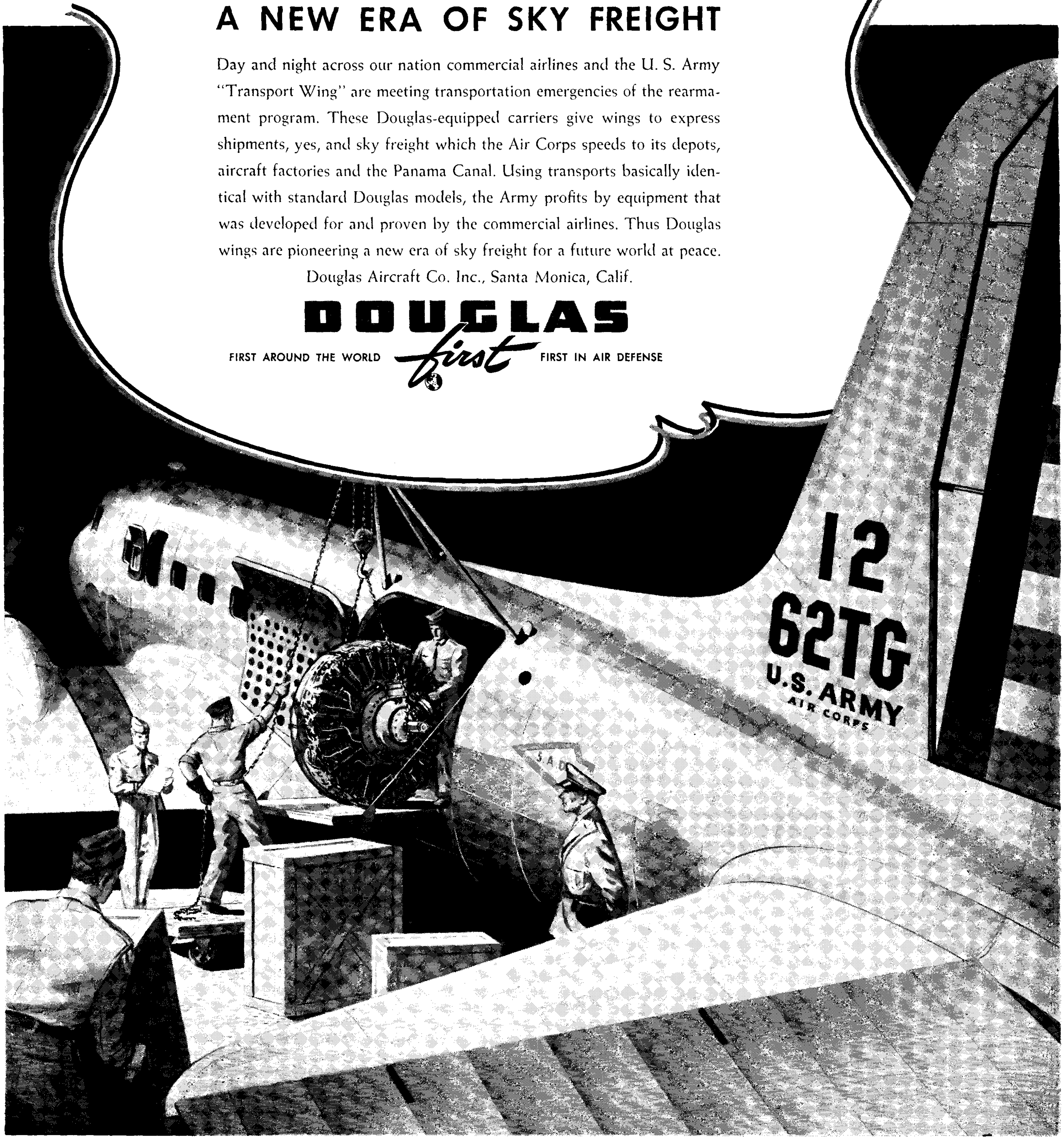
DOUGLAS WINGS PIONEER A NEW ERA OF SKY FREIGHT

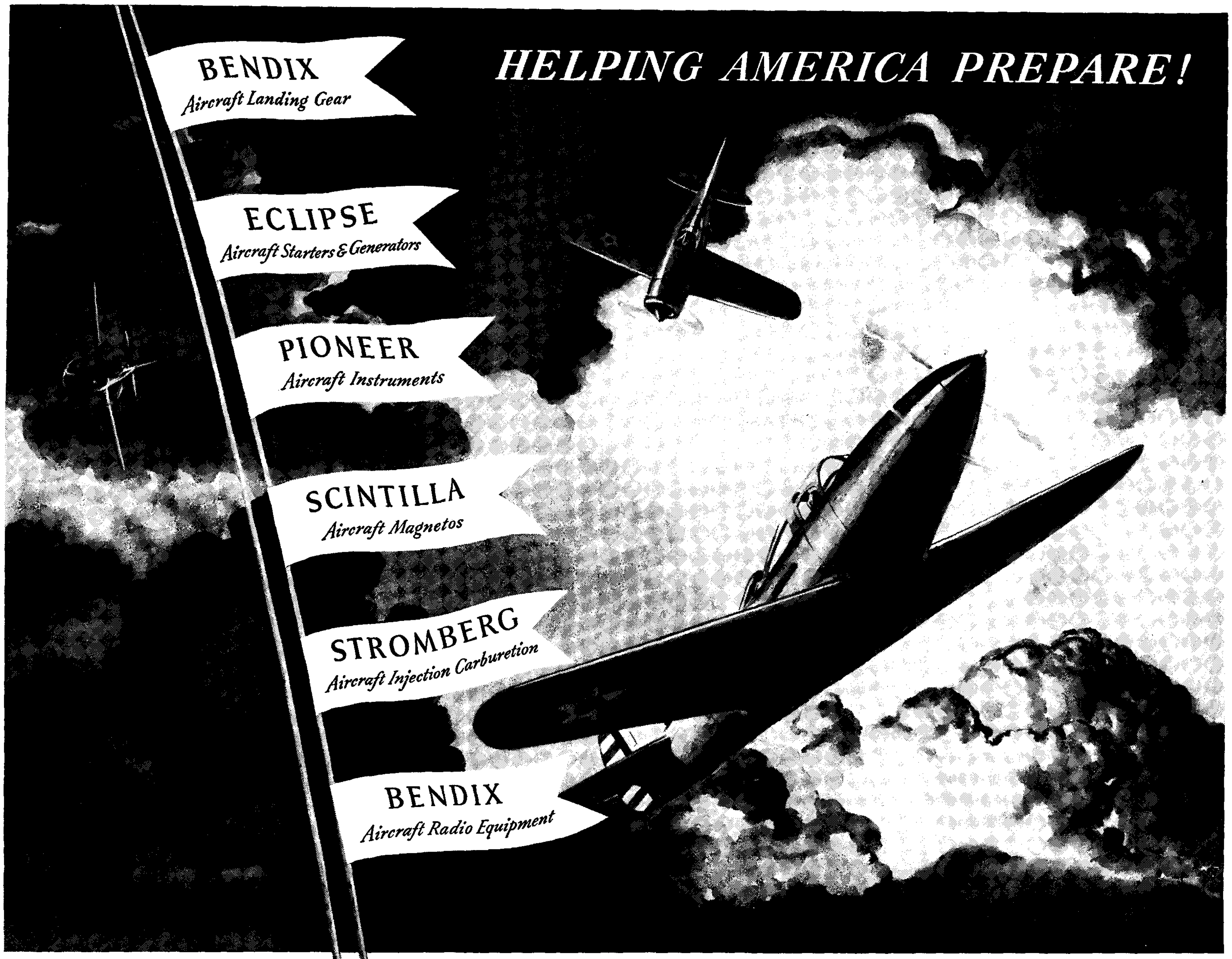
Day and night across our nation commercial airlines and the U. S. Army "Transport Wing" are meeting transportation emergencies of the rearmament program. These Douglas-equipped carriers give wings to express shipments, yes, and sky freight which the Air Corps speeds to its depots, aircraft factories and the Panama Canal. Using transports basically identical with standard Douglas models, the Army profits by equipment that was developed for and proven by the commercial airlines. Thus Douglas wings are pioneering a new era of sky freight for a future world at peace.

Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

DOUGLAS

FIRST AROUND THE WORLD *first* FIRST IN AIR DEFENSE

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SCINTILLA
Aircraft Magnetos
STROMBERG
Aircraft Injection Carburetion
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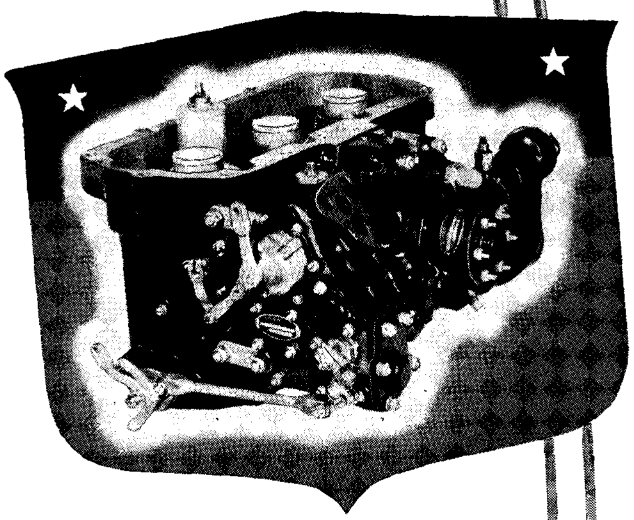
Aircraft Radio Equipment



The Stromberg Injection Carburetor is applied with no basic variation, to all the present high-power-output aircraft engines, both air and liquid cooled. It is standard equipment of American military, naval and commercial aircraft.

For Freedom in flight-performance ...research perfected a new and vastly better carburetion principle

AMERICAN-BUILT bombers can fly hundreds of miles further—have thousands of extra pounds of deadly cargo capacity—because of Stromberg Injection Carburetion. Pursuit and interceptor pilots can maneuver amazingly. They can loop and spin and roll, *never needing to touch the fuel-air mixture setting from sea-level to ceiling*—no matter how violently abrupt the dive or the climb.

These achievements represent years of painstaking research. Months of dynamometer test running, costly air-chamber equipment and flight-tests beyond counting, form the background for these contributions to the science of aeronautics.

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Similarly advanced, and as vital to our national defense, is aircraft ignition of unquestioned reliability—aircraft radio equipment to guide and safeguard our pilots—aircraft landing gear that absorbs impact shock—aircraft instrumental and electrical equipment that is universally trusted. Bendix craftsmen build all these—for Freedom.

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For Freedom's Skies

Continued from page 20

long as they deliver the goods. Both air- and liquid-type engines *are* delivering, and we are going ahead with production on both. We are going to have plenty of first-class power for our air armadas."

"Plenty" means about two hundred thousand engines and propellers for those eighty thousand ships on order. We are starting to turn them out fast; in eighteen months we will be producing nine thousand a month.

If you ask the men at the top how good an air force we can have, the answer is: "Just as good as the American nation wants." Then they add:

"But we can't have it and still expect all the luxuries to which we are accustomed—including strikes." They are quite bitter about strikes, because they feel that, if the air program fails, it is they who will be blamed, and not the strikers.

This brings up the question: Is Army management of its air-force production program as good as it could be? The Army answers quite frankly, No. Things could be done better—and we are trying every day to cut red tape and do them better.

For instance, the Corps is dependent for supplies on sixteen other branches of the service. Radio equipment must be obtained through the Signal Corps; guns through Ordnance; and so forth. Often this means delay. But these and other minor troubles are being ironed out—and will be ironed out faster if public opinion insists on results and keeps on insisting.

For some time there has been agitation for creation of a separate air force. This looks simple but would require, first, creation of a general staff to operate it; and second, the setting up of a complete "housekeeping service" to provide it with everything from ailerons to zinc. The argument for it is that it has worked well in Germany and England; against it, that it would be tantamount to changing horses in the middle of a stream—and a dangerous stream at that. Again, public opinion may decide the question, because public opinion is pretty potent.

Public opinion helped to "freeze" plane designs by its demand for quantities of ships, pronto. Once upon a time aircraft makers were driven nuts because, just as they got a plane underway, the Army or Navy wanted changes. Incidentally, they used to telegraph these changes, collect, to the factories—the red tape surrounding the use of air mail in the War Department made it slower than regular mail—and the toll charges ate into the profits. Many of these change-overs were due to rapidly changing conditions of battle in Europe and had to be made. They slowed down output. But, worse than that, planes never got into production. Nowadays, however, a design gets "frozen," more or less, and it is possible to organize mass production and go ahead in safety. This makes for speed.

Our Fliers Are Best

Now we come to man power—not only to fly and fight planes, but to produce them. About fliers, our Number One man at Washington says:

"It would be hard to imagine a country richer in raw material than ours. We in the Air Corps are convinced that the young men we are getting and training to fly will be able to fly the pants off anything that can stay in the air."

As to that—time will tell. But few Americans will disagree.

Two years ago the Air Corps trained 600 pilots a year. Since then it has stepped up its sights, first to 2,400; then to 5,000. Now it's 12,000—and soon the Corps schools will be turning out 30,000 pilots, plus bombers, gunners, photographers and navigators every year.

On the production end things have not been so good, but the progress made to date, in light of past production ability, is phenomenal. When orders poured in from Army and Navy, the industry was pretty well booked by the French and British. It was not sufficiently large to absorb this demand, and French and British capital financed plant expansion.

It didn't take our procurement experts two minutes to conclude that if we were to have a rate of production demanded by the people we would have to have plants, material and labor. New plants had to be built and still are being built. Planes can't be built in plants on paper. Many will not come into full production until fall or early winter.

Labor has to be trained and material acquired. Shortages developed here and there and still exist, but we have the material in the ground or in process. It is only a matter of time.

Because we never turned out many planes before, we had only a handful of skilled, experienced workmen. As more and more workers are needed, we have to spread these men thinner and thinner, using them in new plants and in key positions where their experience can be transmitted to the new workers. The same is true in engineering, planning and management. In January, 1940, fewer than 90,000 men were employed in the expanding aircraft industry. Today the number is 265,000 and it may go to 400,000 by the year's end.

And so, ahead of the production nightmare—a mild term for it—there is a little daylight. We still have to fly planes from factories to Army bases, yank engines and propellers and take them back to factories to be installed in other planes to fly *them* away—but we won't be doing that long. Production lines still are held up because a strike in the East stops delivery of one part to the West, and vice versa. That sort of thing, too, may be eliminated.

Man shortage has hit the Air Corps, too. Fliers must be trained by fliers; they can't learn from books. That is why the veterans of the Corps are working overtime—without time-and-a-half pay, either—to build man power.

In the old days—two years ago—when a new type of plane was produced, the Corps ordered thirteen copies, turned them over to various squadrons and had them flown and tested for a year. In that time the Corps found out what the ship would and wouldn't do, how to handle it efficiently and what "bugs" there were in it. Then it gave the factory an order—for as many as a hundred, sometimes.

Tests Don't Halt Production

Today, the Air Corps grabs the first three ships off a production line, shoots them out to Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio, and gives them the works. Combat crews in relays fly the ships for a hundred and fifty hours, testing them under every conceivable condition. While the ships are in the air, representatives of the manufacturer stick around. As fast as a defect is discovered, an improvement decided on, it is flashed to the plant and the adjustment made. Meanwhile, production never stops. Tests and adjustments that once took a year now take less than a month.

Then there's standardization. Standardization is why a nut you buy in Crunch Center, Oregon, fits a bolt you find on an ash heap in Google, Iowa. Not long ago, though, the Army and Navy were poles apart on this sort of thing. Each designed its own gadgets and there was hardly anything interchangeable. Today, there are uniform standards and a great many pieces of equipment will fit into any ship, naval or military. All engines from Pratt & Whitney and Wright Aeronautical are identical and go into Army or Navy ships equally well.

We have even gone a step farther—in

"Hereafter, I suggest we don't employ any former cops as waiters"

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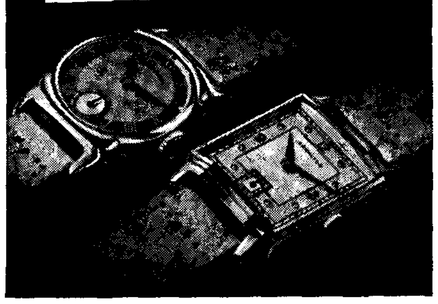

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

the interest of speed and efficiency: We have standardized with the British, although there are minor differences—the British, for instance, pull back on the throttle to open it; we shove forward.

Now let's tackle this business of wings-with-guns and guns-with-wings. At the end of the Spanish Civil War a few small cannon were put into planes, but most ships depended on machine guns. Early in the present conflict, however, it dawned on both British and Germans that they had to have more fire power aloft to bring down bombers and observation ships. This led naturally to protecting aircraft with armor plate, leakproof tanks and glass that would stop a slug. The result was a seesaw—first bigger guns and more of them; then heavier armor; bigger guns—and so on.

The news from Army Air Headquarters today is that our new fighters have armor and fire power "surpassing those of European combat planes." That condition, you must remember before cheering, can be quite temporary unless we keep on our toes.

To date, four of our newest and best types of fighters and bombers have been sent or flown to England, and comparatively few of these. Our day fighters have not been much in use, because the British prefer their own, with ours in reserve. For night fighting we have no new models abroad. New British night fighters are equipped with a detection device which cannot be put on our single-seat fighters, without considerable structural changes. That's why our ships don't go night-flying over England.

Meanwhile, we know the British have a new and superior fighter, although very few of them as yet. The Germans have been tooling up to produce better ships than are now flying and fighting.

However, we have designs for ships mounting from six to ten half-inch guns and carrying double the ammunition handled by similar British planes—with .303 guns. We have adopted a shell-firing cannon for our fast pursuit ships. It has been tested in Army Bell Airacobra and Lockheed interceptor ships, and the Air Corps says "these two fighters can be considered as having the heaviest fire power of any in the world to date."

How Our Planes Stack Up

Everyone, of course, wants to know how our planes stack up against those of other nations. The answer, by men who are careful not to kid themselves or let sentiment influence their judgment, is this:

"We know that our fighters and bombers are superior in performance to Spitfires, Hurricanes, Wellingtons, Whitleys, Messerschmitts, Heinkels, Dorniers and Junkers. The difference is that these all exist in large quantities while ours are just beginning to flow into service. Our advantage is that our designs are newer and we have been able to get ahead of the British and Germans. But British and German planes in 1942 will be better than our 1941 models, most likely. It is only by continuous work that we can keep out in front."

Speeds? Well, any speed the Air Corps tells you is likely to be somewhat less than the real thing. On the other hand, there's that German claim that a Messerschmitt made 467 miles an hour. Maybe—but not in fighting trim. The figure doesn't worry anyone over here. Our pursuit planes are "around four hundred miles an hour," bombers are "a good three hundred," with a service ceiling of "over thirty thousand feet" and a radius of thirteen hundred miles. That radius is important. "Radius of action" means two fifths of the total distance a plane can fly. "Range" is the total distance the ship can fly. Remember, we have to defend our country on the *other* side of either the Atlantic or the Pacific. We have to build more range into our ships—as into our Navy—than either British or Germans, the latter especially. From their French bases the Germans have round trips over England of maybe a couple of hundred miles; load capacity that we have to use for fuel may go into bombs and guns and ammunition.

We don't just have to be good, we have to be a lot better.

Main reason we got those bases from England was to cut down the range of our fighting ships. The more bases we have, and the nearer they are to the enemy, the more efficient we can make *the striking power of our air fleets.* That's why we have bases in Hawaii, Trinidad, Newfoundland, Bermuda, British Guiana and other places, some of them far from our continental shores. They are, literally, jumping-off places. They seem far apart, but we can concentrate our air force at any one of them within a few hours—at several of them within twenty-four hours.

Where Pilots Come From

But where are we going to get pilots to fly these planes to a concentration point, and then take them into battle? Thousands are being trained, from the ground up, by the Army and Navy air forces, as has been noted. Many are coming from what is called the Civilian Pilot Training Program. (More details about the Civilian Pilot Training Program will be found in Wing Talk.)

Today 945 training centers all over the country are turning out pilots at the rate of 3,500 a month. Nearly five hundred pilot-instructors from these schools are teaching in Army contract schools; the Navy will get four hundred more from the same source. Twenty-eight per cent of the Navy's junior fliers come from the Civilian Pilot Training schools; twenty-two per cent of the Army's lads are graduates. This summer the course will train twelve thousand primary students; three thousand of these will take a more advanced course; two thousand will learn cross-country flying.

So there's the story: What we need in the air, and why; what we have, and have not; what we're going to get, and when and how.

Meanwhile, in future when you hear about how many planes we have, how many Germany has, how many England has, remember this: If we have to defend America two or three thousand miles from our coasts, our job will need many more planes than Germany needs to attack England, or vice versa. The average flight of a German bomber is less than six hundred miles—but British bombers must fly around *twelve hundred miles to bomb Germany* and return. This means the British must have at least a thirty per cent superiority in numbers merely to hold their own with Germany—and this, in turn, means more bases, more fuel, more ground crews, more pilots.

Now, it is five hundred miles more from the Atlantic coast to Berlin than it is from the French coast—where German bases are—to New York. That means our bombers would have to fly a thousand miles more, each trip, than German bombers. To equal German striking power we have to have considerable numerical superiority, and this means more bases, more fuel, more crews. So, just because you hear we have as many planes as Germany, don't kid yourself we have equality of air power.

We can, and probably will, build an air force at least half as strong again as that of the next power. Chief thing we lack is time. Time is money. . . . Maybe money is time.

Here's hoping!

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

However, there are 80,000 airplanes on order for the Army, Navy and British and just what size our Army and Navy air forces will end up at is unknown. When the industry reaches capacity production, it will be turning out more than 3,000 combat planes per month. Pilots cannot be turned out that rapidly. There is no substitute for time and experience in this phase of the defense program. That is why Congress, having first run hot on the CPT idea, then cold, is now hot once more.

Further convincing argument on behalf of the CPT comes from OPM, which has released a supply of precious aluminum heretofore closely guarded for combat planes to eleven light-plane manufacturers so they could continue to build trainers for the program. The action of OPM was decided on "because of the importance of the Civilian Pilot Training Program in the training of potential Army and Navy fliers."

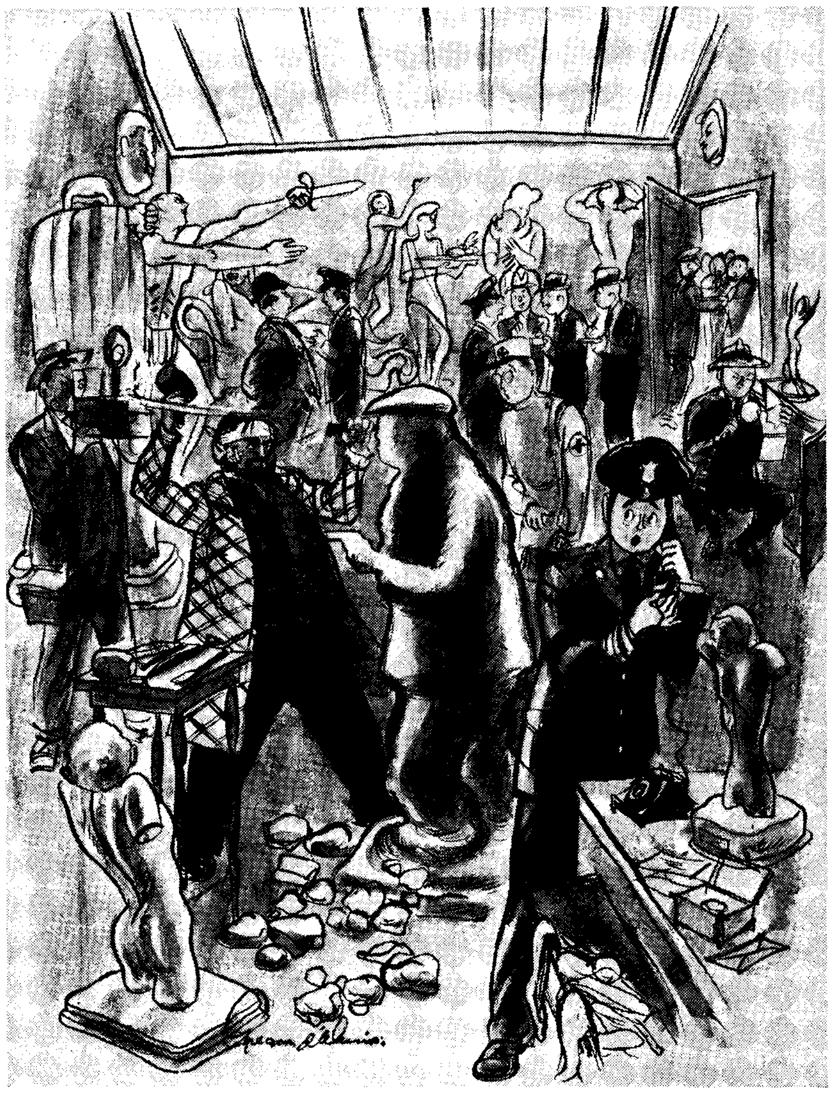
The eleven firms so honored are Aeronca, Howard, Interstate, Luscombe, Meyers, Piper, Porterfield, Rearwin, Stinson, Taylorcraft and Waco. Steps to obtain other critical materials such as duralumin, nickel, copper and steel are being taken by the light-plane manufacturers.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Donald E. Coles of St. Paul, Minnesota, will spend the next two years studying airline operations and engineering—free. Donald has just won first prize in the Air Youth Scholarship competition inaugurated recently by Air Youth of America. His award is a $1,440 scholarship at the Boeing School of Aeronautics at Oakland, California, plus $50 a month for living expenses. The scholarship was donated by United Air Lines.

The contest was open to high-school boys who had good scholastic records and had made some worth-while accomplishments in junior aviation—model building, soaring, aviation radio, etc. Donald, who has soloed fifteen hours, is waiting to get his private pilot's license next year. Between flights he has built 120 models including a gas job with a tricycle landing gear and wing slots. Right now he is experimenting with a dynamic prop tester, a 20-inch wind tunnel and a five-foot autogyro.

Herman O. Eley, Jr., twenty, won second honors, a two-year aeronautical engineering course at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, New Jersey, its donor. Herman, who lives in Newton, Mississippi, has been a model builder for nine years and was eligible for CPT but there was no class within 200 miles so he was grounded unwillingly.

Third prize was taken by Benjamin Chalmers, who was just graduated from high school in Springfield, Massachusetts. He gets a fifteen-month airline service mechanics' course as guest of the Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He worked summers at the local airport for free rides, has built many models and developed a flight-control mechanism for models. Young Chalmers wants to own and operate an airport. F.R.N.



"We'll be some time yet, Chief. The artist is hacking out a memory sketch of his assailant"

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Plymouth Fights Back

Continued from page 25

But the firemen piped the water from the reservoir, hurled it at the flames, and soon the fires were under control. So Drake, dead 350 years, had come out of the past to help his own home town.

But they came back again the next night, and the next, with redoubled fury and with thousands of incendiaries started more fires. Shops were destroyed. Twenty-three of her churches were in ruins. Many hospitals were merely smoking funeral pyres. Unidentified bodies lay on slabs in the morgue. Lovely St. Andrews was a charred mass.

It was now that Plymouth began to fight back. Civilians can't use the ordinary weapons of war. Their weapons are courage, ingenuity, physical and spiritual strength. These weapons Plymouth had in abundance. This is how Plymouth handled (and still handles) her problems, Mr. Mayor. Some day, Mr. Mayor, you may have the same problem.

First there was the question of feeding the people. Every city in England has emergency rations well cached away from the devil's fingers of the bombs and the flames. They consist of canned goods; milk, corned beef, tongue, soup. Thirty centers were established in the city; schools, public halls, any untouched building large enough was commandeered by Lord Astor, mayor of Plymouth. All of the schoolteachers were impressed as cooks.

And No One Went Hungry

Meanwhile, England was coming to help her stricken city. From London came the queen's messenger—mobile canteens sent by America. From elsewhere came huge steam ranges; stoves that generated their own steam. Thirty of these were set up at various points outside the city. Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, rushed great quantities of beef, vegetables, soup, bread to Plymouth. The emergency rationing ceased after three days. Now the huge stoves were ready for action; ready to help Plymouth fight back. The cooked food was put into huge containers capable of keeping it hot for two hours and rushed by truck to centers in the city; to wherever men and women were hungry. Where people could pay they paid twelve cents a meal. A typical meal would be vegetable soup, beef stew, rice pudding, bread, tea or coffee. Even during those horrible days when the invader returned five nights out of seven, no one went hungry.

Those nights were bad. Nancy Astor, the mayor's wife, turned her terrific energy into the task of evacuating and finding homes for the children. She phoned a thousand people she knew; told them what their quota of children would be and then delivered them. They say now in Plymouth that neither the mayor nor his wife slept a wink during those first three days of horror.

Today Plymouth is virtually a city without children. Can you imagine Plymouth, Mass., without children, Mr. Mayor?

Every large untouched building not used as hospital or feeding center may be a rest center. Mayor Astor believes, and experience has taught all of us here, that people are not frightened when they are with others. These rest centers are open all night. If your house is hit and you have been shaken up or wounded slightly you rush to the nearest rest center. There is hot tea and a chocolate bar and a hundred of your friends and someone to play the piano.

Tonight Lord Astor managed to get a military band to play on the hoe. This is a broad plateau looking out toward the sea and it is here that Drake once played bowls. Everyone left in Plymouth came to listen to the band and to dance. A group of Welshmen came to help out. Astor got them to sing. Their voices carried over the water and they might well have reached German territory to tell the Nazis of the defiance and of the endurance of this city which is fighting back so magnificently. One of the Welshmen had written a song that afternoon. This verse is typical:

We'll be coming back to Plymouth by-and-by.
When old Adolf's in the sweet by-and-by;
When we've made a mess of Goering and Goebbels is in mourning,
We'll be coming back to Plymouth by-and-by.
We'll cheer our Winston Churchill by-and-by.
When he makes our skies more clear by-and-by.
We will welcome Franklin Roosevelt and thank him for his help;
To smash the blinkin' Nazis from the sky.

Three thousand people danced and sang, Mr. Mayor, until it grew dark. They knew that the raider would be over later but this was their way of telling him to do his worst.

I got talking to a tall, helmeted policeman. He was smiling at the dancers and he said unexpectedly, "How can old Jerry beat us? They're all going to get it again and here they are dancing and singing. No, old Jerry can't beat us. Not as long as we've got Drake's drum."

He told me the legend—to him a living legend—of the drum which Drake carried on the Golden Hind, carried around the world. The drum is now at near-by Buckland Abbey. Back in 1918 when the German fleet surrendered and the British ships closed in around the enemy vessels, men on board the admiral's vessel heard the long beat of a drum. When, after careful search, neither drum nor drummer were found, even the admiral accepted the fact that this was Drake's drum. They remembered the poem:

Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore, strike it when your powder's running low.
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the Port of Heaven and drum them up the channel as we drummed them long ago.

The Drum Says, Fight On

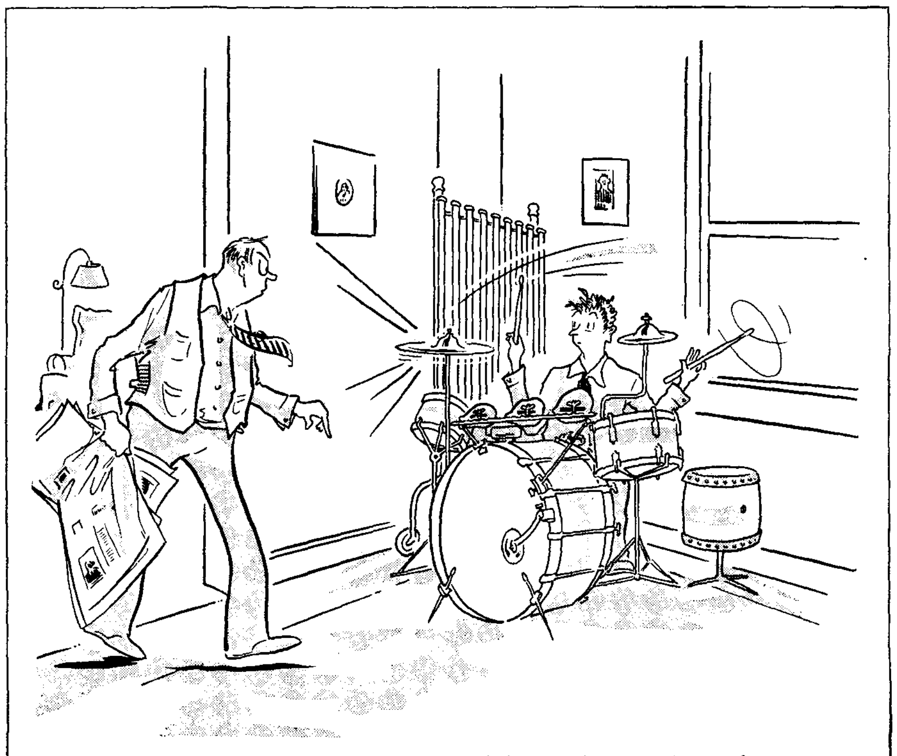
"Now and then that drum sounds again," the helmeted policeman assured me. "Our forefathers heard it when the Mayflower beat its way out of the sound. It sounded when Nelson came to Plymouth to be made a freeman of the city, and it rolled again when Wellington sailed from here to fight Napoleon. Aye, on the first night of the bad blitz we heard it roll again and you'll not find a man, woman or child who'll deny it. It told us to fight on and we will."

Plymouth is very much alive, Mr. Mayor, although her shrines and her buildings are dead. Her shops are ruined, her churches and homes are hopeless masses of debris. One thing remains untouched—the tablet commemorating the departure of the Pilgrims to your Plymouth, Mr. Mayor. Plymouth, England, needs no help to fight back. Bombs are helpless against her courage, her resourcefulness, her endurance. But Plymouth needs help to rebuild the shattered city. Plymouth alone will never be able to repair the Guild Hall, the Royal Sailors' Rest, the Athenaeum, the Plymouth Library, the Church of St. Andrew's, the priests' house—or a hundred other buildings sacred to the people of Plymouth.

And there go the sirens, Mr. Mayor. Jerry is here on schedule time. He's loaded with bombs and he'll drop them in a few moments, but they are impotent, useless weapons against the magnificent courage and endurance of the people of your mother city. Plymouth is fighting back.

Sincerely yours,

QUENTIN REYNOLDS.



"Yes, son, you've practiced faithfully and I think you're a good boy. Now, for heaven's sake, go on outdoors and play!"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCHING FEET and TOES

Broken Skin, Blisters Or Itching Here May Mean You Already Have Athlete's Foot

In summer, your feet are more apt to sweat easily between the toes. In this hot, moist area the spores of Athlete's Foot fungi thrive, burrow deeply in the tissues and spread rapidly. If itching on your feet occurs and the skin between your toes cracks, is thick and white, or reveals tiny blisters, it may mean this dangerous and stubborn infection has already taken place and may spread to other parts of the feet and body.

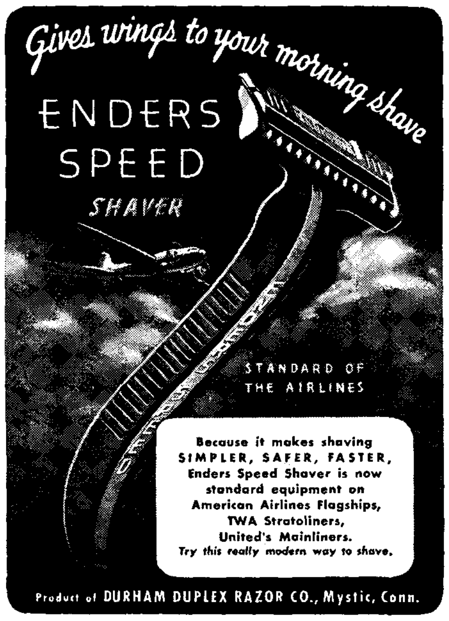
Be on the alert—look between your toes tonight. If there are tiny blisters or the skin is broken, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, a treatment exclusively for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills the fungi of Athlete's Foot it contacts and helps heal the broken tissues. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment). 50c at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store.

Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

PREVENT ATHLETE'S FOOT

To prevent reinfection of Athlete's Foot, spray inside of shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Fungicide. Kills the fungi it reaches on insoles and shoe-linings; dispels odors caused by sweaty feet. Large bottle with sprayer 50c. At Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores everywhere.



Because it makes shaving SIMPLER, SAFER, FASTER, Enders Speed Shaver is now standard equipment on American Airlines Flagships, TWA Stratoliners, United's Mainliners.
Try this really modern way to shave.

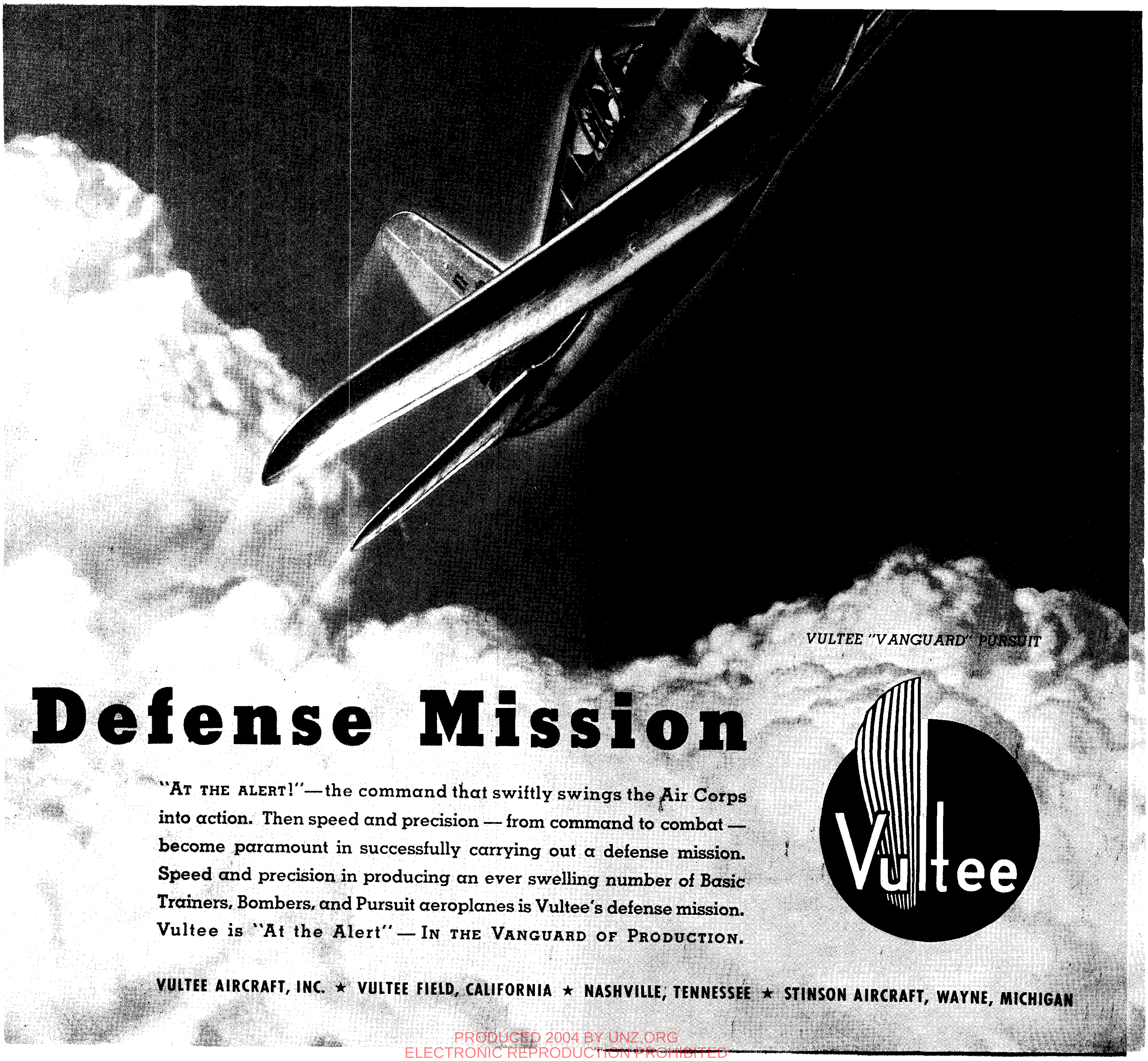
Product of DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Mystic, Conn.

STAINLESS SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC DRESSING
•
Insist on the **ORIGINAL**

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

Use **CAMPHO-PHENIQUE** on **SUNBURN and MOSQUITO BITES**

JAMES F. BALLARD, Inc., Dept. C-8, St. Louis, Mo.
Apply Campho-Phenique Liquid, then Campho-Phenique Powder to cuts for best results.



VULTEE "VANGUARD" PURSUIT

Defense Mission

"AT THE ALERT!"—the command that swiftly swings the Air Corps into action. Then speed and precision — from command to combat — become paramount in successfully carrying out a defense mission. Speed and precision in producing an ever swelling number of Basic Trainers, Bombers, and Pursuit aeroplanes is Vultee's defense mission. Vultee is "At the Alert" — IN THE VANGUARD OF PRODUCTION.

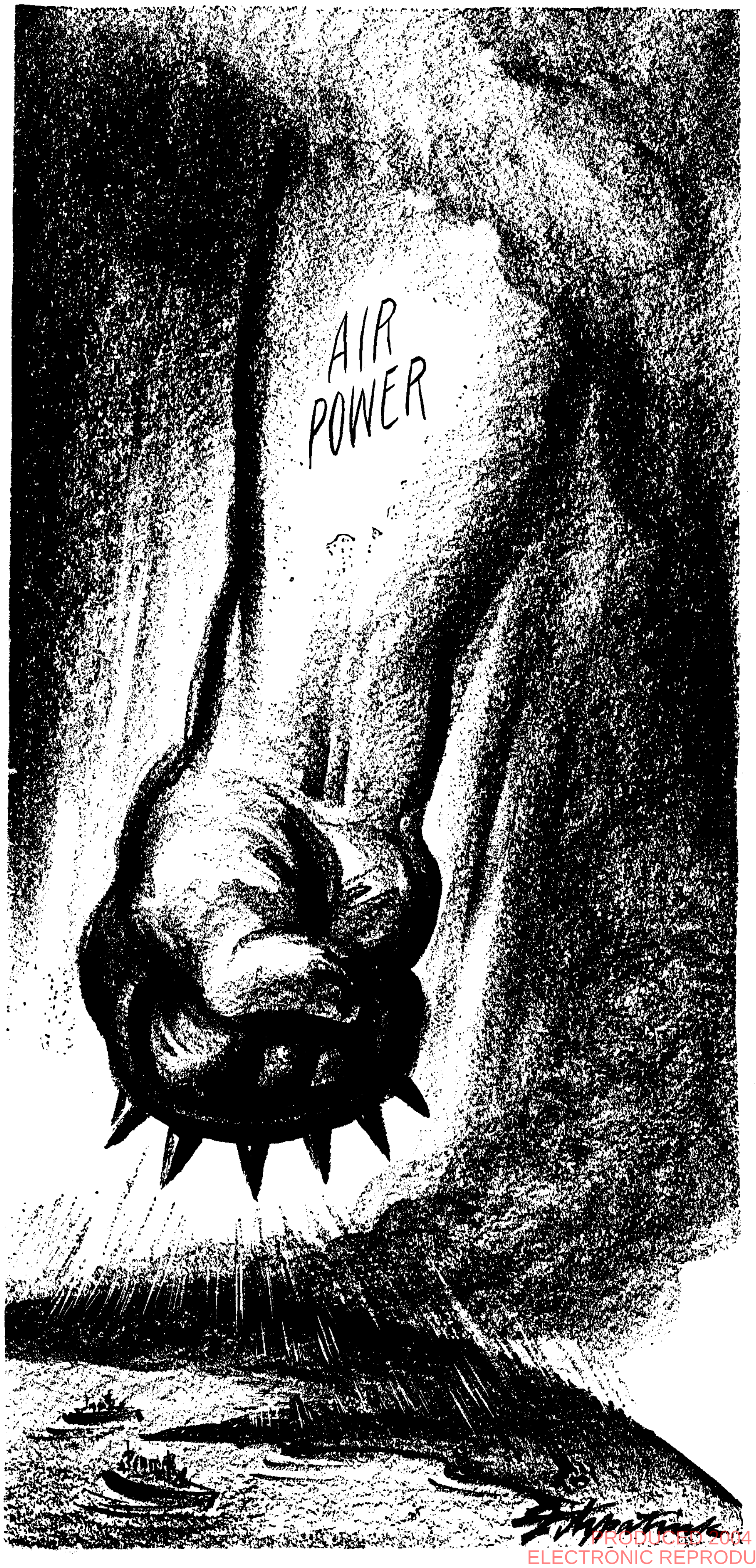
Vultee

VULTEE AIRCRAFT, INC. ★ VULTEE FIELD, CALIFORNIA ★ NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE ★ STINSON AIRCRAFT, WAYNE, MICHIGAN

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

AIR POWER COMES OF AGE



AFTER Crete and the Bismarck nobody outside Bedlam has any doubt about the striking power of an air force. The only machine able to resist a hostile airplane is another and better airplane. Against attack from the air the best ship in the German navy went down. Against air bombs the valiant seamen and the splendid ships of the British Mediterranean fleet were helpless.

We cannot afford to ignore these plain lessons if we want to survive as a free people. In addition to whatever else we want and need to defend ourselves, we need planes and many more planes than we are producing now.

We don't have to fool ourselves or to try to fool anybody else. Our only possible enemies—Germany, Italy and Japan—know very accurately what we have and what we are producing. The fact is—and it's no secret from possible enemies—we have not enough. Not that we have not done well since once we started. We were slow in starting. Whatever our shortcomings, we are all responsible for that, too. The incredible happened. We did not believe it would. So we were caught unprepared.

We don't have to continue unprepared, however, and we are not. Neither the government nor the aircraft manufacturers have performed any miracles, but hard, honest and intelligent work has been done and is being done. Good ships are being built and good minds are being focused on problems of design and of mass production.

We still continue, however, to act as though air power were an adjunct, and a subordinate adjunct, to something else. We underrate the importance of the air force. The military men and the admirals quite naturally have managed to keep the air force subordinate to themselves.

Collier's is not setting itself up as another strategist. Quite enough amateur strategists are struggling for attention. We won't add to their numbers. But without assuming an expert wisdom that we don't possess, we may point out that air power should be raised to equal rank and dignity in our defense establishment with land and sea power.

It is foolish to dogmatize as to just how this should be done. Perhaps a Secretary for Air in the Cabinet would fill the bill. Or perhaps a single department of defense, with co-ordinated, co-equal bureaus for air, land and sea, would be the proper formula. Of one thing we're convinced—that the naming of General Henry H. Arnold as deputy chief of staff for the air arm, though a step in the right direction, is not a long-enough step.

It looks as though we were going to rely upon planes to do most of whatever fighting falls to our lot if war be ultimately declared. We shall need planes to keep enemies away from our shores—not that any military authority expects any serious effort at invasion of continental United States—and we shall need planes for offense—if we get into the war.

The only force anyone has pictured carrying the war to Germany is an air force. If we are forced into war we will want planes capable of such fighting. We will want long-range bombers in multitudes never before assembled.

We are getting up speed in production. We are probably past the worst of the delays due to strikes. Organized labor is at heart as much interested in maximum production as any other group of Americans. Stupid and foreign-inspired local leadership led to bad interruptions in California and elsewhere, but that is over. Our guess is that the Army won't find it necessary to intervene in many places.

We need and we are getting a large army of trained fliers. Fortunately, the Civilian Training Program is being continued and expanded. There are some 65,000 licensed private pilots in the United States and 17,000 privately owned planes. These men and women are obviously not military pilots. Some of them at least are able to do defense work in an emergency. We hope that no departmental rivalries or jealousies will prevent the full use of these civilian pilots and plants for whatever services they are actually qualified to perform.

Air power has suddenly come of age. It behooves us to gather up and utilize all the air power we now possess and to make more of it as rapidly as we can.

This does not mean that other weapons of offense and defense can safely be neglected. Hitler keeps more than 4,000,000 men under arms and Hitler put every ounce of German naval-building talent into making the Bismarck the mighty "unsinkable" that she was. Hitler does not discount the values of fighting armies and fighting ships. Nor do we. The Navy now is ready for action, not as large as it will be, but first-rate and prepared.

What the future holds for us, or for any other people, no one can know surely. We do know that we and all other free and independent nations are faced with threats more terrible than anything that has menaced mankind since Napoleon Bonaparte roamed over the face of the world.

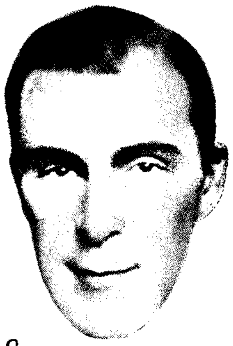
We know that if we are to survive against the enemies that may attack us we shall need all of the force, all of the intelligence, all of the unity of spirit we can muster.

We cannot afford partisan quarrels. We cannot afford bickerings between men or struggles for advantage between labor and management or between any other competitive groups. We can't afford political experimentation, however inspired by idealism.

The American people, slow to wrath and eager to avoid war, realize these realities. So our energies are resolutely mobilized. We are getting ready for any contingency. We have performed no miracles, but we are not lagging. When the tale is told we will hand down unimpaired the heritage of freedom and justice our fathers won during the centuries.

"This new twist in breakfasts scores an ace with me"—says BILL TILDEN

Big Bill, King of the Tennis Courts, Ranks Shredded Ralston America's No. 1 Ready-to-Eat Cereal



"With me, good breakfasts are more than a habit. They're a necessity. Playing competitive tennis day in and day out isn't any picnic. Good physical condition counts plenty. So I'd rank Shredded Ralston as America's No. 1 Breakfast Cereal on two counts. First, it's rich in nourishment and energy. Second, it has a flavor no other ready-to-eat cereal can touch. You've put a new twist in breakfasts that scores an ace with me."

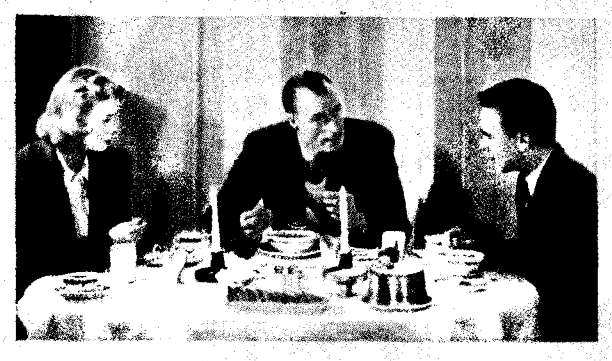
Wm. T. Tilden

THANKS, Bill Tilden, for that volley of breakfast facts. You've put the case for Shredded Ralston as neatly as you smash a tennis ball to any corner of the court.

Shredded Ralston *is* a nourishing cereal, rich in food-energy. It's a matter of scientific record, of course, that whole wheat has few equals as a food for keeping folks in trim, and Shredded Ralston is whole wheat . . . ready-to-eat . . . in a convenient bite size form.

Then, too, Shredded Ralston *does* have a grandly different flavor. The process used in flavoring Shredded Ralston is so different from that used in flavoring ordinary cereals that it earned a U. S. Government Patent. If you're one who thinks all cereals taste pretty much alike, try Shredded Ralston tomorrow.

One thing more. Next time you are at your grocers, ask to feel the weight of a Shredded Ralston package. Compare its weight with that of other cereal packages. You'll find that Shredded Ralston costs less per ounce than most nationally advertised ready-to-eat cereals—only half as much as some!



Bill Tilden, recognized as being the greatest tennis player in history, has long been interested in developing youthful tennis talent. Over a Shredded Ralston breakfast, Mr. Tilden talks tennis to two of his proteges. Millions share Mr. Tilden's enthusiasm for Shredded Ralston, served with fruit and milk or cream. Try it yourself tomorrow.

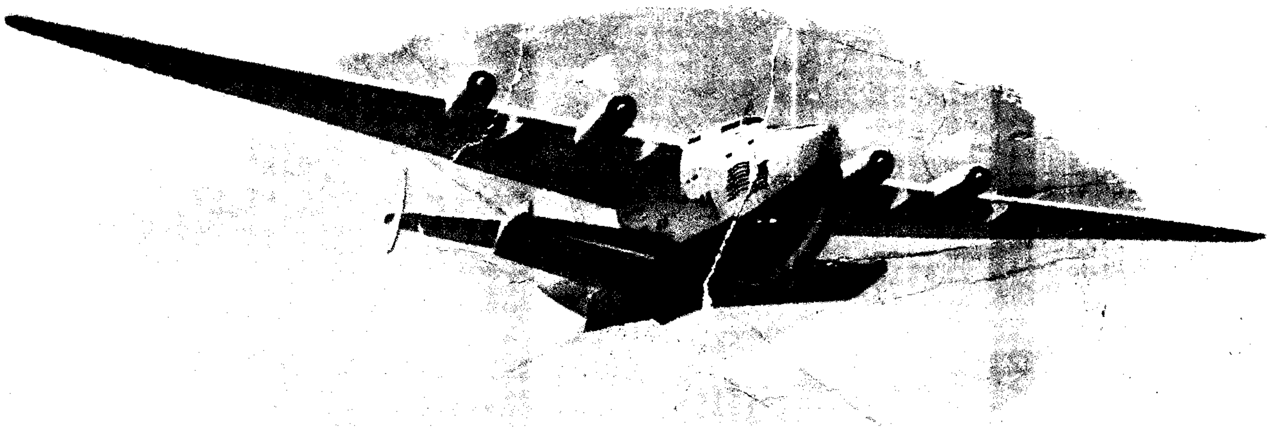
it's Bite Size

NO MUSS • NO CRUMBLING

SHREDDED RALSTON

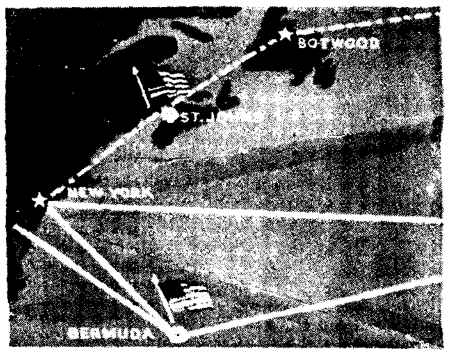
12 OZ
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston
Toasted WHOLE WHEAT Malt, Sugar, Salt

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PRINTED ON EVERY PACKAGE. If Shredded Ralston doesn't make an instant "hit" with your family, purchase price will be promptly refunded.

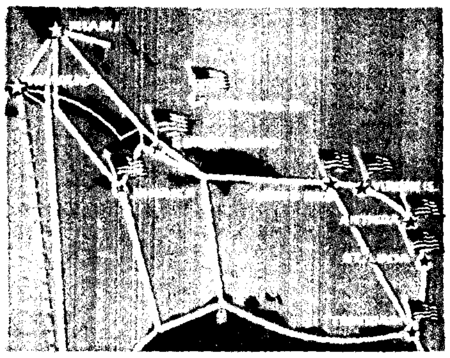


America's Outposts of Security and Defense . . .

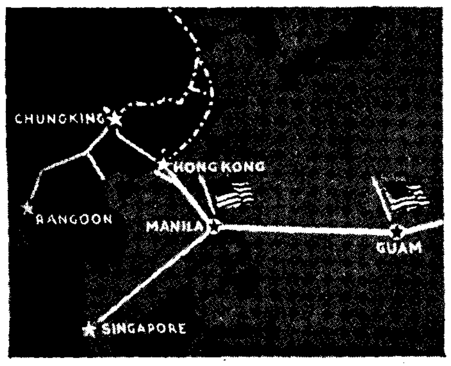
Do you know where they are? How far away? How they are reached? Important facts for every American citizen


BOTWOOD
NEW YORK
BERMUDA

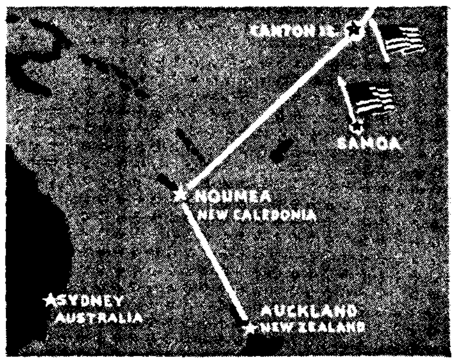
NORTH ATLANTIC bastions of defense are our Bermuda bases. Clippers link them to U. S.—817 miles away—in 5 hours, providing two-days-faster delivery of government men, mail, materials.



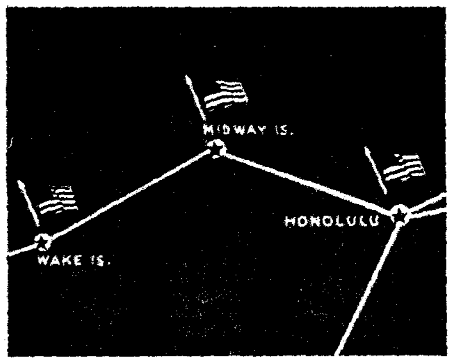
CARIBBEAN bases are 1800 miles from Florida to Trinidad, are joined by as many as 37 weekly Pan American schedules. For example, by Clipper from Miami to Jamaica it's only 5 hrs.; Puerto Rico, 6¾.


CHUNGKING
HONGKONG
RANGOON
MANILA
GUAM
SINGAPORE

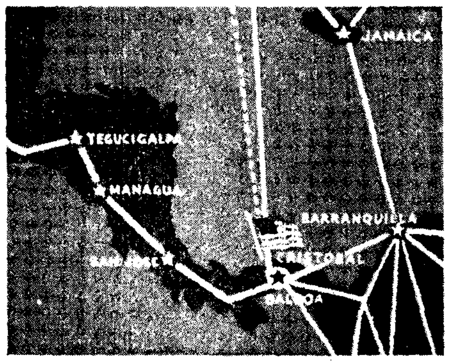
FAR EAST. To Hong Kong by Clipper in 6 days, with Chungking only a day beyond—9,516 miles out of California! It's 11 days faster each way than by boat—time vital to defense and diplomacy!


CANTON IS.
SAMOA
NOUMEA
NEW CALEDONIA
SYDNEY
AUSTRALIA
AUCKLAND
NEW ZEALAND

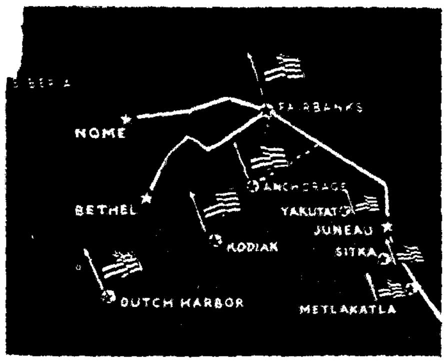
SOUTH PACIFIC outpost is strategic Canton, stepping-stone on the 4½-day, 7,927-mile flight from California to Auckland, New Zealand. Flying Clippers beat steamer time by 11½ days each way.


MIDWAY IS.
HONOLULU
WAKE IS.

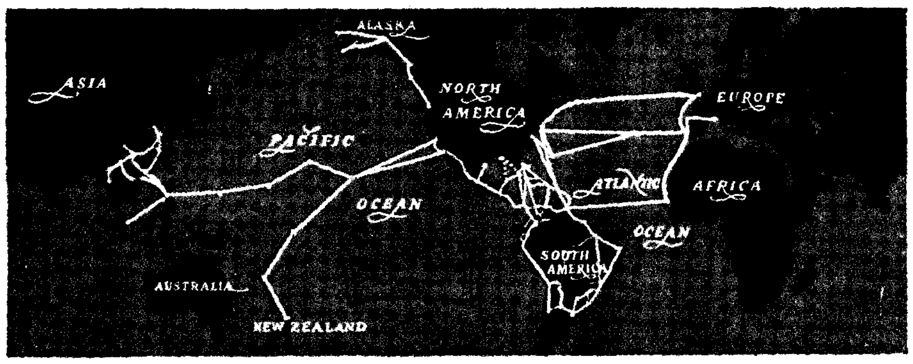
HAWAII, key to our Pacific defenses, is *days* nearer to the U. S. and to the sentinel isles, Midway and Wake—by Flying Clipper. From Honolulu to San Francisco is only overnight; a vital defense link.


JAMAICA
TEGUCIGALPA
MANAGUA
BARRANQUILLA

PANAMA CANAL to Washington, D. C.—2,185 miles and only 16½ hrs. away by air, via Strato-Clipper from Miami! 24 Pan American schedules weekly serve the "hub of hemisphere defense."


NOME
FAIRBANKS
ANCHORAGE
BETHEL
YAKUTAT
JUNEAU
KODIAK
SITKA
DUTCH HARBOR
METLAKATLA

ALASKA. $70,000,000 for defense bases at America's Back Door! Ready for expanding demands, new Clippers speed 942 miles from Seattle to Juneau in 6 hours; swiftly serve other major Alaskan points.


ALASKA
ASIA
NORTH AMERICA
EUROPE
PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANTIC
AFRICA
OCEAN
SOUTH AMERICA
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND

INDISPENSABLE "LIFE LINES" of our nation are the routes of "America's Merchant Marine of the Air." Note how Flying Clippers unite virtually every major sphere of U. S. trade and defense.

FLAG SYMBOLS *on maps indicate location (in areas shown) of major U. S. defense bases, according to the most recent facts made public by the government and available at publication time.*

RIGHT NOW all eyes are on America's military air power. But equally vital to this country's defense is its commercial air development. How do we stand there? You probably know that within our borders this country has an aerial network that no foreign nation can equal.

What about outside the U. S.? There the 75,556-mile system of Pan American Airways is the envy of the world. Its great modern Clipper Ships link 55 countries, fly 98.62% "on schedule." Back of this record are 13 years of "over-ocean" flying, expert pilots, modern equipment, scores of radio and weather stations and a trained, loyal organization of more than 7,000 people.

What does this mean? It means that vital as is Pan American Airways' role in furthering national defense, the Flying Clipper Ships are even more vital as Uncle Sam's strong right arm in furthering U. S. trade and good will. In the great international race for commercial air supremacy, both today and after the war, America is out in front. Our job is to see that she stays there.

PAA

Travel **PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS** *System*